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Welsh Minstrelsy:

CONTAINING

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THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA;

OR,

CANTREV Y GWAELOD,

A Poem, in three Cantos;

With various other Poems.

BY T. JEFFERY LLEWELYN PRICHARD.

Heard ye the voice of the muse of the mountain?
The lays of the land of the mineral fountain?
Hear ye the songs of the Welsh mountaineer,
The son of old Cymry—held filially dear;
Oh list to the minstrel who sweeps the Welsh *telyn*,
Hear! hear ye the harpings of
JEFFERY LLEWELYN.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. JOHN AND H. L. HUNT, TAVISTOCK-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1825.

PR 5190
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WALES:

Printed by John Cox, Great Dark-Gate Street,
Aberystwyth.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

THOMAS,

LORD BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S.

" I mean not here
To wound with flattery, 'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart."

My Reverend Lord,

When the poet Churchill inscribed a volume of his poems to the Bishop of Gloucester, the manly plainness of his dedication, equally removed from servility as untruth, was no less remarkable than the liberality of that amiable prelate, who was pleased with an address so singularly new in the annals of dedications.

With great limitation of my own pretentions, I feel myself, as to motives, similarly situated while addressing your lordship, which I cannot do more aptly than in the words of that eminent poet.

" 'Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great;—
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state;
State is a farce; names are but empty things;
Degrees are bought; and by mistaken kings
Titles are oft misplaced; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off with virtue. ————
* * * * * * *

No, 'tis thy inward man! thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on earth;
Thy life and doctrine uniformly joined,
And flowing from that wholesome source, thy mind:—
Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,
Thy charity for man—thy love of God."

But candour compels me to observe, it was neither your lordship's well known amiability, nor eminent services rendered to the Church in Wales, that induced me to seek the powerful support of your lordship's name to my book. But the strong feelings of nationality, so peculiar to a Welshman, towards a prelate warmly endeared to my countrymen, for the protection yielded to their dearest, and most valued rights—the cultivation of their native language; and enforcing its usage in the Church service: an arrangement no less wise in its tendency of minorating scisms, than generous in an Englishman void of the prejudices of some of his countrymen, who, had they the like "giant's strength, would use it like a giant," to crush our only vestige of the *olden day*, the tongue of our forefathers, the language of the brave and free! in which our heroes spoke, our legislators wrote, and poets sung. A language, venerable for its antiquity, no less flexible than powerfully impressive, that in spite of all the elements combined for its destruction, has survived the wreck of ages; bespeaking, in the glow of its spirit, its pristine emanation from the LAND OF THE SUN.

I have the honour to be,

My Reverend Lord,

Your lordship's most devoted humble servant,

T. J. LLEWELYN PRICHARD.

PREFACE.

Since I commenced the most difficult part of my undertaking—that of travelling to seek subscribers to this work—in compliment to the taste of my own country people, to whom I have been estranged since boyhood, the nature of the publication has been almost thoroughly changed; that is to say, the "Rural Poems," and many of those on fictitious subjects, promised in the first prospectus, are withdrawn, to make room for such as have historical foundations; for the present race of Britons, so far laudably adhere to the maxim of their forefathers, "*Y gwir yn erbyn y byd,*"* to the rejection of fiction in the effusions of the muse. The poem of the "Noble of Nature," is the principal infringement here on that rule. Those who are devoted admirers of the cold, monotonous, methodical, starch English School of Poetry, that prevailed at the period sadly

* The truth against the world.

miscalled the Augustan age, will doubtlessly contemn the measures, style, and manner of the following poems; especially, when the author adds to the offence, by avowing his most decided and hearty admiration of the living race of writers, and prefers the poets of the present day, to any that have graced the country, since the setting of the glorious star of Tudor—the great Shakspearean age! to which, with all deference to those who think otherwise, I conceive *this* to be the legitimate successor. It will be discovered in course of the first poem, that alliteration, which is so prevalent in, and so great an ornament to Welsh poetry, I have sparingly ventured upon, and with little hope of the experiment's success. In my poetic pilgrimage I found that people in general, particularly in the counties of Cardigan and Pembroke, on reading my prospectus, laid particular stress on the expected intelligence concerning *Cantrev y Gwaelod,* so much so, that I began to be alarmed for the scantiness of my authenticated materials; as one triad, and the universal tradition respecting that calamitous inundation, composed my sum total, and, as I thought, a sufficiency for the purposes of poetry. With an anxious desire that no part of my subscribers should experience

a disappointment, I assiduously sought for documents on the subject, and have succeeded in my pursuit beyond expectation; for which, I have principally to thank the Rev. Mr. Thomas, author of "Memoirs of Owen Glendower," whose polite and ready acquiescence with my request, in addition to the valuable historic matter afforded me, claims a grateful recollection and acknowledgement. There are few, it is hoped, but feel some interest, in the recital of a national calamity, although of a remote era, especially when affecting a country so far as to have one of its most beautiful and populous states swept away by the sea; therefore, would it be a bad compliment to the patriotism of the reader, to apologize for the great length of the introductory matter relative to the inundation of Cantrev y Gwaelod. In consequence of which, however, and the numerous, long, but interesting notes, composed partly, of the works of some of our bards, I have been obliged to keep back many poems originally intended for this publication, and among them "Megan Verch Evan." It is with all humility and fearful anticipation, that I inform the reader that should this portion be fortunate enough to be well received, a second volume of "*Welsh Minstrelsy*," shall shortly follow it; the prin-

cipal poems in which shall be "*Rowena with the eyes of blue; or, the Plot of the Long Knives,*" and "*Howel Sele;*" the latter, founded on events of the days of Owen Glyndower, in which that chieftain—our last national hero—principally figures: and the former, on the treacherous massacre of the British chiefs on Salisbury Plain, in the sixth century, by the Saxons, which gave them their first firm footing in this island; having always been beaten by the Britons, by land and sea, till deprived of their leaders by that atrocious event, in commemoration of which, it is now pretty generally admitted, the druidical temple of Stonehenge was erected, and so nicknamed by those whose interest it was to obscure, and ultimately bury the circumstance in oblivion.

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ERRATA.

PAGE.

14 line 3 from bottom, insert the figure (6) at the end of the line.
59 line 9 from top, for I think read they think.
59 line 2 from bottom, for He read She.
61 line 7 from top, for dove read drove.
64 line 12 from bottom, for its? read is't?
78 line 15 from top, for leave read lave.
88 line 17 from top, for negative read vegetive.
104 line 4 from top, for so read to.
112 line 9 from bottom, for So read Lo.
114 line 1 from top, for to read so.
114 line 12, for " Who would vend, read " Who'd vend.
115 line 3 from bottom, for week read weed.
116 line 9 from bottom is wrongly pointed, the passage should stand thus,

" noon or night
Regarded not, the tender rite
Prompt to perform, &c.

126 line 7 from bottom, for zeals read zeal.
127 line 6 from bottom, for currants read currents.
133 line 15 from top, for vestiges read vestige.
200 line 16, the word " no!" in the centre of the line is omitted.
204 line 3 from bottom, for garnished read gairished.
209 line 5 from bottom, for give read gave.
219 line 16 from top, for brows read brow's.
238 line 7 from top, for wakened read weakened.

SUBJECT

OF

THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

THE Poem celebrates a singularly awful circumstance — an inundation by the sea of a beautiful and populous champaign country, called in Welsh Cantrev y Gwaelod, and in English the Lowland Hundred, a district of Cardigan and Pembrokeshire, recorded in the Welsh Historical Triads to have filled the space now occupied by the "tempestuous bay of Cardigan;" and to have contained "sixteen fortified towns and cities, surpassing all in Wales except Caerlleon on Uske." The author has met with some wiseacres, who ground their claim to extraordinary knowledge on an affectation of stubborn incredulity as to the existence of this calamitous, and well authenticated event, in the face of the most absolute proofs. The Rev. Thomas Thomas, author of "Memoirs of Owen Glendower," in a letter to the author, accompanying various historical extracts on the subject says, "I have enclosed every document in my possession, respecting Cantrev y Gwaelod, which coincide in proving the event, though they differ in the date and extent of the inundation; an incongruity to be overlooked from Bards, Antiquaries, and Historians, who have written at different periods." The documents here alluded to, with many others here inserted, whatever may be the merit or demerit of the Poem, it is hoped will at least set the question at rest forever, and establish the indubitable fact of the inundation, to the satisfaction of all parties, except those who love cavilling and hate that conviction which would destroy a preconceived notion, however at variance with truth. Peter Pindar, of facetious memory, tell us that

"Information to some folks is hell."

The quotation is particularly applicable to those oracles of their own circle, who testily oppose every thing that has its source with others

than themselves. The most ancient account of this melancholy catastrophe is to be traced to a part of one of the Welsh triads, which among "the three notorious Drunkards of the Isle of Britain," [1] records one to be Seithenyn, the son of Seithyn Saidi, King of Demetia, who, when in a fit of intoxication, suffered the sea (by neglecting to attend to the sluices) to overflow the Lowland Hundred, or Cantrev y Gwaelod. For the purposes of Poetry, an atrocious motive is here given Seithenyn, for what is traditionally imputed to him merely as neglect; and indeed it would otherwise be difficult to reconcile why a prince, and of another country too, should be a kind of a centinel over the sluices. As it may be necessary to the satisfaction of the reader, that previous to commencing the Poem, he should carry in his mind a firm conviction of the reality and established authenticity of the groundwork, he is here presented with

HISTORICAL AUTHORITIES, &c.

Proving the Inundation of

CANTREV Y GWAELOD.

Meyrick, in his "History and Antiquities of the County of Cardigan," after enumerating the towns, &c. says, "there was formerly another hundred, called Cantrev y Gwaelod, or Lowland Hundred, now entirely covered with water. The authority we have for this, is partly traditionary and partly historical. The boundary of this, on the north-west, was, we are told, Sarn Badrig, or St. Patrick's Causeway, which runs out to sea, in a serpentine manner, about two and twenty miles from the coast of Merionethshire, about half way between Harlech and Barmouth. The coast included between this Causeway and Cardigan, bounded it on the nort-east and south sides, and a supposed line from Cardigan to the extremity of Sarn Badrig, formed its western limit. It seems to have been an extensive, rich country, containing several towns, and its principal city is supposed to have been Caer Wyddno, or Gwyddno's city. This Gwyddno was the last of its princes, and flourished from about the year 460 to 520; he was surnamed Garanhir, or Long Shanks, and was a poet. The Llyvr du o Gaervyrddin, or Black Book of Carmarthen, written as early as the ninth century, contains three specimens of the powers of his muse, which we shall present to the reader.[2] A moral Ode, a Poem on the inundation of Cantrev y Gwaelod, and a Contention between Gwyddno and Gwyn ab Nudd."

Meyrick's Cardigan, p. 50.

Caer Wyddno, or Patches, is a patch of foul ground, lying about two leagues north-west of Aberystwyth, dry on some low veres, and

very dangerous; from thence there is a narrow ridge of foul ground to Gwallog, called Sarn Gynfelin, which makes the bay of Aberystwyth.

Morris's Survey, p. 8.

Tradition says that Caer Wyddo, was the city or castle of Gwyddno Garanhir, prince of Cantrev y Gwaelod, whose extensive domains were overflowed by the sea about the close of the sixth century. Yet tradition is but a vague authority, unless attended by some corresponding circumstances to confirm it, and which we fortunately have in this instance. A Welsh bard records this disastrous event in the following words:

"Uchenaid Gwyddno Garanhir
Pan droes y don dros ei dir."

Carlisle's Topographical Dictionary.

The Antiquary, Mr. Lewis Morris, mentions his having seen a stone found in the sands, about a hundred yards below high water mark, on the coast of Merionethshire, which was a part of this drowned country, with an inscription in Roman letters; and there is an adage or proverb in every body's mouth in this part of Wales to this day, when any great tribulation happens:

"Ochenaid Gwyddno Garanhir
Pan droes y don dros ei dir,"

Which is literally,

"The sigh of Gwyddno Garanhir
When the wave turned over his land."

Meyrick's Cardigan, p. 74.

Cantrev y Gwaelod is supposed to have occupied that portion of St. George's channel which lies between the main land and a line drawn from Bardsey Isle to Ramsey, in the county of Pembroke: and the proprietor is called in ancient authors lord of Cantrev y Gwaelod, in Dyved; Dyved in old records always meaning the county of Pembroke. Mr. Edward Llwyd greatly corroborates this tradition; having observed roots and stumps at a low ebb, in the sand between Borth and Aberdyfi, in the county of Cardigan. And Giraldus says that St. David's Head extended farther into the sea, and that trunks of trees with fresh marks of the axe were apparent.

Carlisle.

We may gather from these words of Giraldus, that this Cape (St. David's) once extended farther into the sea, and that the form of the promontory has been altered. "At such time as Henry II. was in Ireland, by reason of an extraordinary violence of storms, the sandy shores of this coast were laid bare, and the face of the land ap-

peared, which had been covered for many ages. Also the trunks of trees which had been cut down, standing in the midst of the sea, with the strokes of the axe as fresh as if they had been yesterday: with very black earth, and several old blocks like ebony. So that it did not appear like the sea shore, but rather resembled a grove, by a miraculous metamorphosis, perhaps ever since the time of the deluge, or else long after, at leastwise very anciently, as well cut down as consumed and swallowed up by degrees, by the violence of the sea, continually encroaching upon, and washing off the land." And that saying of William Rufus shews that the lands were not here disjoined by any great sea, who, when he beheld Ireland from these rocks, said, he could easily make a bridge of ships, whereby he might walk from England into that kingdom.

Camden's Britannia, p. 632.

Addition to the above by Edward Llwyd. "Besides this instance of the sea sands being washed off, we find the same to have happened about the year 1590. For Mr. George Owen, who lived at that time, and is mentioned by our author as a learned and ingenious person, gives us the following account of it, in a manuscript history of this county. About twelve or thirteen years since, it happened that the sea sands at Newgal, which are covered every tide, were by some extraordinary violence of the waves, so washed off, that there appeared stocks of trees, doubtless in their native places; for they retained manifest signs of the strokes of the axe at the falling of them."

Camden's Britannia, p. 635.

Sărn Badrwyg (vulgarly Sarn Badric) is a stone wall which runs out into the sea from Mochras, a point of land a few miles south of Harlech, in a south-west direction, for nearly twenty miles. It is a wonderful work, being throughout, about twenty-four feet thick. Sarn y Bwch runs from a point north-west of Harlech, and is supposed to meet the end of *this*. The space between these, formed, some centuries ago, a habitable hundred to Merionethshire, called Cantref Gwaelod. The Welsh have yet traditions respecting several of the towns, as Caer Gwydddo, Caer Cenedor, &c. These walls were built to keep the sea out. About the year 500, when Gwyddno Goronhir (Gwyddno with the high crown) was lord of this hundred, one of the men who had the care of the dams got drunk, and left open a floodgate. The sea broke through with such force as also to tear down part of the wall, and overflow the whole hundred, which, since that time has always been completely flooded. Thus is Cardigan bay, a principal part of which Cantref Gwaelod formerly occupied, for many miles so full of shoals as to render it extremely dangerous for a vessel of any burthen to venture at all near the Merionethshire coast.

Bingley's North Wales, vol. 2, *p.* 20.

Sarn Badrig, *i. e.* Patrick's Causeway, off the Cwmwd of Ardudwy, cantref of Dunodig, (now called the hundred of Ardudwy,) county of Merioneth, North Wales. According to Mr. Morris, this is a ledge of rocks, very narrow and steep on the north side, but with regular soundings on the other. It is dry at low water spring tides, for about twenty-one miles to sea, stretching out from the coast of Merionethshire, and lies about east-north-east, and west-south-west. The extreme end is about four leagues south-south-west from St. Tudwal's road. Numbers of vessels have been lost here. History informs us that all the bay between the causeway and the county of Cardigan, was formerly dry land, called Cantref y Gwaelod, *i. e.* the Bottom Hundred; and that the whole of this territory was inundated by the sea in the life time of Gwyddno Garanhir, who was the prince thereof, about the year 500. There is a poem still extant, composed by Taliesin, upon this calamitous occasion. Gwyddno Garanhir was also a poet himself, and some of his composition is inserted in the Welsh Archaiology.

Carlisle.

Two leagues east from Cardigan Isle, lies Cribach road, where, tradition says, there was a town, before Cantre'r Gwaelod was inundated, which was much frequented by the French in former wars, and shows how well that nation was acquainted with our coast.

Morris's Survey, p. 9.

This inundation must have happened about the year 520, which was in king Arthur's time. Elphin was the son of this Gwyddno, and the patron of the great poet Taliesin. Indeed it was to him that Taliesin owed his existence and success. It is a curious circumstance that Taliesin was found exposed in a wear belonging to Gwyddno, the profit of which he had granted to his son prince Elphin. Being an extravagant youth, and not finding the usual success, Elphin grew melancholy; and his fishermen attributed his misfortune to his riotous, irregular life. When the prodigal Elphin was thus bewailing his misfortunes, the fishermen espied a coracle with a child in it, wrapped up in a leathern bag. They brought him to the young prince, who ordered care to be taken of him, and when he grew up gave him the best education, from which he became the most celebrated bard of his time. The accomplished Taliesin was introduced by Elphin to his father Gwyddno's court, where he delivered him a poem giving an account of himself, entitled Hanes Taliesin,[3] or Taliesin's History, which in the notes, is presented to the reader. When afterwards Elphin fell in disgrace with Maelgwn Gwynedd, under whose protection he had placed himself after the loss of his patrimonial territory, Taliesin being then the poet, prophet, and counsellor of Maelgwn, procured Elphin's release out of prison. We have the invocation for Elphin's release

still preserved in a song entitled Canu y Medd, or an Address to Mead, a celebrated Welsh beverage, extracted from a distillation of honey, &c. Taliesin wrote another also on the same subject, but addressed I'r Gwynt, To the Wind.

Meyrick's Cardigan, p. 62.

It seems very probable that Sarn Badrig was one of the boundaries of Cantrev y Gwaelod; for all that vast ridge becomes dry at low water, and is very deep on the north side, but shelving on the other. Besides this, there are still to be seen, at low water, four other causeways, or roads, in this Cantrev. They are Sarn y Bwch, or the Goat's causeway, which extends about a mile and a half into the sea, just by Aberdysyni, in Merionethshire. Sarn Cynfelyn, or St. Cynfelin's causeway, to whom there is a church in Cardiganshire dedicated. This extends seven miles into the sea, from a place called Gwallawg, or Gwallog, in Cardiganshire, which seems to imply the inundation of this territory, as it signifies "defective." At the end of this causeway is Caer Wyddno, very rocky ground, and supposed to have been the royal residence. The next is Sarn Ddewi, or St. David's causeway, extending about a quarter of a mile into the sea, and being exactly in the same line with the church of Llan Ddewi Aberarth, or St. David's at the mouth of the river Arth. The last is Sarn Cadwgan, or Cadwgan's road, about half a mile or more from Sarn Ddewi, and reaching rather more than a mile and a quarter into the sea. Just where this juts out from the shore is an old fort, called Castell Cadwgan. Besides these roads there is a great deal of ground that becomes dry at low water. About three miles to the west of Aberaeron, in this county, and about half a mile from the shore, is a piece of foul ground called Eglwys y rhiw, or the Church on the hill side. At the end of Sarn Badrig, just before mentioned, are sixteen large stones, one of which is four yards in diameter. There are also roots of trees in their natural situation to be seen in the sea in this Cantrev; and as the ocean still gains on the coast of Merionethshire, in that beautiful valley called Dyffryn Ardudwy, it is probable all that low ground will undergo the same fate in the process of time, by the almost constant westerly winds, which blow the sea upon that coast, and cover it with sands. On the coast of Merionethshire, between Aberdyvi and Towyn, is a turbary, regularly covered every tide by sand thrown over by the sea. When it is low water the people scrape off the sand and dig turf from it.

Meyrick's Cardigan, p. 72, 73, 74.

The sea sand, in several parts on the coast of this county (Pembroke), having been formerly washed away at different times, by a long continuance of stormy weather, discovered very large trees, some of which having been felled, lay at full length, while the trunks of others stood upright in the place where they grew. The trees lay so thick,

and in such numbers, that the shore, for a considerable space, appeared like a forest cut down. On these trees were as plainly the marks of the axe as if they had been but just felled; but the wood was become hard and black as ebony. Hence it appears that great part of the coast of this county was anciently a forest, upon which the sea broke in, and at length covered it with sand.

Description of England and Wales.

According to the triads, the haven of king Gwyddno, in North Wales, was one of the three principal or privileged harbours in Britain;[4] and if it was formed of that portion of the sea, included between Sarn Badrig and the coast of Merionethshire, it is by no means wonderful that it should have obtained this distinguished appellation. The arms of Gwyddno, as appears by an old manuscript written about the latter part of the sixteenth century, were gules a griffin displayed vert; and those of his son Elphin, or a griffin segrant vert, whose descendants are men of Llanegwad, Carmarthenshire.

Meyrick's Cardigan, p. 75.

Among the papers of the late Theophilus Jones, of Brecon, Esq. a very celebrated Welsh herald, the following curious pedigree was found: Gwyddno Goronhir, prince of Cantref Gwaelod, on that part of Cardiganshire and North Wales which was swallowed up by an inundation of the sea, during his reign, about the year 520. His descendants are, Llwyd, of Towyn, Merionydd; Pugh, of Mathafarn; Perkins, of Pilston, Monmouthshire; Pryce, of Gunley, Monmouthshire, and Pant y Perchill; Evans and Davids, of Newtown Carmarthenshire; and Parry, of Noyadd, Tyglyn, Blaenplant, and Cilgeran Forest, in Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire. History as well as tradition agree in stating that Cantref Gwaelod, (in English the hundred towns on the level or flats) of which my ancestor, Gwyddno Goron-hir (in English Gwyddno with the long crown) was the king or reigning prince, reached all the way to the Irish coast, that it was only a small river divided them, till it was inundated. I have often heard it said, that the Earl of Farnhan, and the member for Cavanshire, who write their names with a B instead of a P: viz. Barry instead of Parry, have the same blood running in their veins by the maternal sides, being descended from prince Gwyddno. The Marquis of Sligo, and other noblemen in Ireland, are relations by the father's side, having emigrated from Green Castle, near Carmarthen, possessed by the Browns, a very ancient family now extinct. Bingley, vol. i. p. 125, says that Gwyddno Garanhir was brother of Maelgwyn Gwynedd.

Among the thirteen rarities of kingly regalia in the Island of Britain, the third is mentioned as belonging to Gwyddno Garanhir. "Mwys (neu Bwlan) Gwyddno Garanhir; buyd i ungwr a roid ynddi, a buyd

i gannwr a gaid ynddi pen egorid." The budget, basket, or weel of Gwyddno, surnamed longshanks; if provision for a single person were put into it to keep, a sufficiency of victuals for a hundred persons would be found in it when opened. This weel was probably some kind of a fishing basket, which having sufficient bait for one person, might be the means of catching as many fish as would satisfy a hundred.

Meyrick's Cardigan, p. 74.

Besides so much authentic information relative to Cantrev y Gwaelod, the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, of Llwyndyris, in this county, has an old poem, compiled, most probably from tradition, with a little colouring from the author, whose name is unknown.[5]

Meyrick's Cardigan, p. 76.

Here we close, and the reader is placed as a judge on a point in history of peculiar interest, never disputed but by those who are strangers to the coast, as well as the various extracts here quoted; which, like witnesses on a trial, have deposited their evidence here without a comment. The triads, the poems of Gwyddno Garanhir, and other documents here alluded to, and given in the notes, are also indubitable proofs of the disastrous, melancholy event. The forests, noticed by all writers on this subject, are here described as containing trees of large demensions; and as such are never found near the coast, it is an argument demonstrating that lands of some extent must have been flooded before the ocean reached so far inland, as the very air of the sea is unfriendly to the growth of trees. The five different causeways, or roads, mentioned by Meyrick, with the other concurring accounts, and not the least in the scale of evidences, the pedigrees derived from prince Gwyddno weigh well to the point: but the translation of Cantrev y Gwaelod to be "the hundred towns on the flats," is erroneous; it simply means the hundred of the lowland. On the other side, the various modes in which Gwyddno's surname is written, as *Giranhir*, *Garanhir*, and *Goronhir*, do not at all invalidate, or weaken the testimonies of his existence. It is a curious circumstance, highly illustrative, and forming a strong component to the mass of proofs already adduced, that Bardsey Island, in Cardigan bay, situate on the Carnarvon coast, and three miles from the mainland, is still considered a part of Pembrokeshire, and pays its taxes, &c. as such, although part of the coast of Carnarvonshire, and the whole of the coast of Cardigan, intervene between that island and the rest of the county of Pembroke. When this is taken in connection with the extract from Carlisle, which says, "Cantref y Gwaelod is supposed to have occupied that portion of St. George's Channel which lies between the mainland and a line drawn from Bardsey Island to Ramsey, in the county of Pembroke: and the proprietor is called in ancient authors lord of Cantref y Gwaelod in Dyfed; Dyfed in old records always meaning Pembrokeshire,"—the

conclusion is obvious. But it also would infer that Cantrev y Gwaelod was more a district of Pembroke than Cardigan, while Gwyddno Garanhir's being styled king of Caredigion, or Cardiganshire, in some records, would again shew an apparent contradiction, which is easily cleared up by the great probability that his dominions included both counties in addition to the country lost. As the English reader may not readily yield the credit due to records contained in the Welsh triads, but consider them merely in the light of vague tradition, or ingenious fiction, the following account of those singular vehicles of ancient British history, from the pen of his own countryman, Meyrick, may be satisfactory; premising, that as the Druids did not commit either their precepts or records to writing, the memory was the universal depository. "The triads are a species of record peculiar to the Welsh, the convenience of such a form for the purpose of oral tradition is self-evident, the number of circumstances being neither too few to make an impression, nor too many to be clearly and strongly impressed on the memory, whether historic facts or moral precepts. Possibly it was from such an use, together with its allusion to the trinity, that the number THREE itself was held sacred; as also from its being a kind of limit of the natural power of repeated exertion. This idea is so far, however, founded in nature, that it became a favourite with the poets of all ages. The ancient Druids and the Bards, among whom alone learning was preserved, transmitted the principles of history and science under this form to their disciples; and hence, from the antipathy of the disseminators of the Christian doctrines to their institutes, these valuable resources, though not entirely, have been long cut off from the knowledge of succeeding ages. These triads being merely commemoratives of facts, no further connected with each other than by similarity, the dates of the facts can only be known from internal, or concurrent evidences to each severally.

"Besides these triads, the Welsh possess other historical documents in their ancient chronicles, and in the productions of their poets. These venerable sages, whose maxim, in conjunction with the druids, was, *Y gwir yn erbyn y byd*, "the truth against the world," had so great a regard for it, that fiction is seldom, if ever, employed in the poems transmitted to us. Merddin, Taliesin, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hên, are names to whom the historian must confess his gratitude. Their existence and their evidence have been most ably vindicated from the malevolent aspersions of the ignorant, and they must be admitted to form a vast source of historical knowledge. Even those who were conversant with the Welsh language, had but little opportunity of searching into the annals of their country, and comparing them with accounts of the Roman and Saxon writers. Our own history is much indebted to the Welsh records, which have been judiciously employed

by Sharon Turner, Esq. F. S. A. an assiduous contributor to Saxon literature. It is in this age, when literature, from the highest example, is patronized by all ranks of people, that those valuable records have been saved from decay; rescued from private libraries, where they had become food for moths and vermin; and laid before the public. The Welsh Archaiology presented a new and interesting source of knowledge, and into that we are to look for such information as our own antiquaries have either confounded by their ignorance of the subject, or left unexplained. The Welsh poets, so long as they continued under their own laws, never admitted fiction into their compositions, as appears from those now extant of that time, and it is curious that during the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, while the poems of all Europe abounded in giants, fairies, and other legendary fictions, those of Wales were purely historical, religious, or moral."

It may not be irrelevant to add the following accounts, which, although they relate to another inundation, it was about the same period, and on the adjoining coast, therefore they must be admitted to throw an oblique light on the subject under present consideration.

All the rest of the bay, (speaking of the bay of Beaumaris) for several miles, is left dry at low water, and has the name of Lavan sands. These are supposed to have formed a habitable hundred of Caernarfonshire, that was overflowed during the sixth century. In the churchyard of Abergeley, a village on the coast of Caernarfonshire, there is the following inscription:

Yma mae'n gorwedd
Ym monwent Mihangel,
Gŵr oedd a'i annedd
Dair milldir yn y gogledd.*

Bodies of oak trees, tolerably entire, have been discovered at low water, in a tract of hard loam, far from the present banks of the sea.

Bingley's North Wales, vol. 1, p. 335.

Immediately under and adjoining the parish of Llanfair-fechan, and that of Aber, is a large tract of land, about twelve miles in length, by seven or eight miles in breadth; being formerly the possessions of Llys Helig ab Glanog, which was overflowed in the sixth century, and are now called Traeth Llafan, or the Lavan sands.

Carlisle.

* This is an Epitaph which merely implies, the inhabitant of that grave lived three miles northward of the spot of his present occupation. It is necessary to add that now the sea bathes the very walls of the church-yard in that direction.

THE

LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

CANTO I.

THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

CANTO I.

And thou art lost beneath the waters—
Once loveliest of Cymru's daughters!—
Thou flosculous and fruitful fair one!
The sun has wept his perish'd rare one,
As weeps the heart-rent widow'd lover
His chosen maid whose smiles are over:—
And never in his circuit ample
Since has he seen so sweet a sample
Of earthly charms—the pride of nature!
So fine of form, so sweet of feature:
So comely in thy daily vesture
Thou Beauty of the winning gesture!
None who view'd, but quick approving,
Grew entranced, and yearn'd with loving!
But thou art lost beneath the Waters,
Once loveliest of Cymru's daughters!

Thou wert salubrious and pure,
The sweet-breath'd Mountain was thy wooer,

Thy nymph-like form in bloom that sparkled,
His giant arms near semicircled—
Whilst thou, the coarse embrace defeating,
To hoary Ocean down retreating,
A soft and trembling refugee—
The sought protector turn'd on thee,
As a ruthless human dæmon,
On a helpless tearful woman.
But thou art lost beneath the Waters,
Once loveliest of Cymru's daughters.

The Mountain mourns his buried loved one,
The wondering Earth's most sweet approved one!
And sighs afar the healthy gale,
O'er thy vast grave, long perish'd vale!
And thou whose robe with gems was shower'd,
With every hue of beauty flower'd,
That once didst trip in virgin pride,
Full merry as a peasant's bride—
Gay, proud, magnific, and august,
E'en as an empress bright and just;—
Thou—once of youthful smile so vivid,
Oh now art lifeless, pale, and livid;
A grave of water's now thy home,
Thy shroud the niveous ocean-foam.
Yes, thou art lost beneath the Waters,
Once loveliest of Cambria's daughters."

So, to myself in thought, I said,
As o'er Pen-Dinas Hill I stray'd,
Gazing downward o'er the bay,
Pond'ring, strangely to essay,

And trace the Country, waves had swallow'd
In ages past—Cantrev y Gwaelod:—
For bright in Cambria's history,
Shines that beauteous level land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea—
The lawns, at which all strangers wonder'd,
E'en Europe's gem, the Lowland Hundred.

Long gazed I on th' unruffled wave;
Vast tombstone of a Country's grave—
But not a vestige could be seen,
That told, a Country there had been:
Their boats the boatmen o'er it row,
And vessels pass there to and fro,
O'er the tops of lofty towers,
Over fields, and groves, and bowers,
Villages, and towns, and cities,
Whose ruin now no being pities,
Although calamities more dire,
Oh never roused amazement's fire;—
A greatly wondrous wild event
As e'er created marvelment,
Fraught with awful ruinous blast,
As e'er struck listener aghast—
But centuries have past—the breast
Clings not to things remote, with zest;
And men are apt to doubt the tale,
Where strange recitals much prevail.—
Indifference—incredulity—
Thus bid true records cease to be,

And true historian oft I wist,
Thence deemed a very fabulist:—
And yet—to think on our own land,
Such things did hap—might sure command
Energy's most anxious strain,
In breasts of country-loving men,
And foremost in the mental march,
Philosophy's deep wise research,
Scan of antiquarian hoar,
And song of bard, loved evermore,
To perpetuate or revive
Events or feats; and prize and hive,
All, whatsoe'er's vernacular
Of ancient days—of peace or war.

So thought I, gazing o'er the bay,
Wandering on a fair spring day,
And long there stood, in pensive mood,
And paused and ponder'd o'er the flood,
In all the depth of serious thought;—
Then moving down towards the town,
Wrapt in Cambria's past renown,
My eyes a figure caught—
By Aberystwyth's castle's ruin,
As if the slumber'd billows viewing,
A man of age, and aspect sage,
With palmer's staff of pilgrimage,
Of contour strong, yet looks most meek,
Sat with his face towards the sea,
His elbow resting on his knee,
And hand beneath his cheek;

Well deem'd I, he, as well as me,
Was wrapt in pensive reverie,
While thinking of the lovely land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea—
The Country ancient song had hallow'd,
The perish'd fair, Cantrev y Gwaelod—
The land at which all strangers wonder'd,
E'en Europe's gem—the Lowland Hundred.

He was, in sooth, a fine old man; —
And much my thought delights to scan,
The health-fraught, time-defying red
On age's grave cheek,—the hoary head
That never knew the palsied shake,
That does not wander, droop, nor ache,
Where reason graced by beauty shines,
Humanity antique sublimes:—
Oh fair's the charm of hale wise age,
That smiled on many a winter's rage,
Though scathed, yet strong—unyielding still,
Like green-wreath'd tower on a hill,
That years and storms are e'er pursuing,
Oh beautifully gay in ruin!—
He was, in sooth, a fine old man,
As ever mountain breeze did fan,
And brace and nerve, to vigour rouse,
With breath so salutiferous!
And he look'd kind and heavenly good,
Array'd in ancient pulchritude;
Divest of all th' ascetic pride
That glooms the would-be sanctified:

His hair was white, eternal night
Had thrown her shadows o'er his sight,
Yet boasted he, right merrily,
That he beheld far more than me,
Of that same beauteous buried land,
Now changed to water, stone and sand,—
The Land beneath the Sea:—
The Country ancient song had hallow'd,
The perish'd fair Cantrev y Gwaelod,
The lawns at which all Europe wonder'd,
The gem of lands—the Lowland Hundred.

He pleased me well, the gay old man,
His jests, himself mock-praising, ran;
"How can it be that you can see"—
(Cried I, jocosely) "more than me,
Since you're a man of darkness?
The sun to you doth nothing shew,
All bears th' eternal gloom of woe,
Chaotic, dull, and markless."
"Not so,"—(the old man answered kind,)
"Than me I'll prove you far more blind:—
What can you see in yonder bay,
Save far-spread water at noon day,
Or boats, perchance, and ships beside?—
But through the wave my glance is cast,
I see all as in ages past,
The Lowland Hundred's pride,—
The fair champaign, the growing grain,
The royal park and smiling farms,
Each village neat, and city great,
The plenteous harvest—boscage sweet,
Both Art and Nature's charms;

Sixteen fair towns well fortified,
Surpassing all in Wales beside,
(Except Caerlleon, the bright and proud)
All view I in their ancient dress,
Oh bright as song could e'er express,
Where living souls do crowd;—
All's clear to me as eye can see,
The vivid beauty of that land,
Which you deem water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea—
The deluged Country, song has hallow'd,
In ancient days—Cantrev y Gwaelod—
The vale at which the trav'ller wonder'd,
E'en Europe's gem—the Lowland Hundred."

I smiled the gay old man to hear;
He grasp'd my hand with warmth sincere,
And said, in manner truly kind,
"Excuse an old man's folly, pray,
What though I view no gleam of day,
Nor can discern a floret's hue,
Begem'd with summer's morning dew,
Nor God's dear gift, the gracious light,
Yet, *see* I still—in darkness' spite—
Mine eyes are of the mind!*
And though by Heaven's decree denied
The view of nature's bloom and pride,
The ample sky with stars impearl'd,
And God's great lamp that lights the world,

* "But it were with the ilk eyen of his mind,
With which men seen after they been blind."
Chaucer—Man of Law's Tale.

I sorrow not—for I've a bliss
That compensates a loss like this,
Though once I deem'd it very death,
And drew in pain long years my breath;
The nerve disused for sight, is used
To strengthen other faculties;
Thence grows the ear so silv'ry clear,
That sounds the most remote are near,
To him who nothing sees;—
And so the blessed powers that be,
Dear guardians of humanity,
For good witheld, to reptiles give
A saving power to relieve,
In pity to the dark ordain,
The mole should hear the softest strain,
Or danger's lightest tread,
And that the snake, within its brake,
With clogg'd up ear, asleep or wake,
In spreading circles laid,
Has still an eye, and it can spy
Whatever there's to dread:—
But oh to man, supremely kind!
Him Heaven donors with a mind—
And more than stilly sounds I drink,
For I do think—aye, strongly think,
Until my wand'ring mind inherits
Its place within the world of spirits;
And oh the blessed sweets of thought—
On Earth commensurate there's nought!
Not even light—had I my sight,
To view the beautiful and bright,
And all the blessings flowing thence,

But in that hour to lose the power
Of self-communion — deep — intense —
I would forego its blessed sense! —
Roused with imagination bright,
I rarely knew the gloom of night,
Nor ought that springs nausea ;
The chearful heart on fancy's wing,
E'en cuckoo like comes with the spring
Gluts on the sweet idea !
Thus oft I sit me in the sun,
On spots where deeds of note were done,
And build the scene as it had been,
(Warm Fancy's architecture keen,)
Full many ages past; —
My guiding boy, then full of joy,
His playmates joins in boat or hoy,
But leads me home at last ;
My chary lad is always glad,
His grandsire's hours to cheer ;
(I've taught the boy to call me so,
Though nought to me is he I trow,)
The harp he plays, and 'twould amaze
You much his skill to hear ;
And oft he'll read me ancient tales,
Penillion,* triads, hoar of Wales. —
I now came here to *see*
All he read of that famed land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea ; —

* Penillion, a short lyric Poem, resembling the Epigram, except in its tendency to point and wit. They are generally of four or six lines, and sung to the Harp.

That Country by a deluge swallow'd—
That martyr'd land, Cantrev y Gwaelod,
So sudden from existence sunder'd —
That gem of lands—the Lowland Hundred."

" Oh tell me"—eagerly I cried,
" Of all that did that land betide,
For scantily am I informed;
But it has e'er my bosom warm'd
To read or hear a Cymro speak
My nation's history antique."
Full readily the blind old man,
Cantrev y Gwaelod's tale began."[8]

" The Vale of Clwyd e'en strangers prize,
As Britain's very Paradise,[7]
Eulogized in tour and stricture,
Described in poesy and picture,
With glowing strain and vivid tint,
Addulced by taste's most finish'd dint—
Its antique towers, unbrageous bowers,
Its verdant lawns and waving groves,
Romantic rocks and grazing flocks,
No contrast harsh the sight that shocks,
But all that chastest fancy loves!
There frisking goats brouse in the moats,
Where dark deep floods once circumfused,
Round castles high, that now low lie,
For many ages since disused:—
Green dales and hills with verdure graced,
White gay chateaus and lawns of taste;
Enclosed with pales and quickset sweet,
The peasant's cot is more than neat;

The bracing air with health imbued,
All freshness, softness, claritude ;—
With vast embrace to circumvest,
And bound the whole, high hills are placed ;
Upon each fair majestic brow,
Bold trees of various natures grow :—
Sweet look the intersecting waters,
'Twixt hills, o'er plains, now seen, now lost,
But more—man's hearty sons and daughters,
Warm beauty's crown of priceless cost!
The children of the Britons—fair
And brave as Europe's choicest are,
With nature's honest frankness graced,
E'er gainly form'd and florid faced!
Combined, the mental beauty charm'd,
Else what avails how faced or form'd.
But oh, the Land that's in its grave,
Could boast a scene thrice amply brave,
Yet now, not e'en it's corse see we,—
Though once the pride of Britain's land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea ;—
The country ancient song had hallow'd,
That martyr'd land, Cantrev y Gwaelod—
So sudden from existence sunder'd,
That gem of lands, the Lowland Hundred.

"In those far days lived Prince Seithenyn,
The worthless son of Dyfed's *brenin*,*

* Brenin, the welsh word for *King*.

(One number'd in the triad, he,
Of Britain's arrant drunkards three;)
He woo'd a princess of the land.
Bright Rona of the snow-white hand,
The zest of bards, the star of song,
Round whom did high-born princes throng;
But—virgin of the gentle thought!
Far other mate than him she sought,
And smiled on princely Elfin, son
Of Gwyddno, king of Ceredigion,
Whose praises sung with warm regard,
He—Britain's highly gifted bard,
Famed Taliesin, strangely found[8]
Upon the Lowland Hundred's ground,
Gwyddno Giranhir's wear,
Exposed in helpless infant years,
Whom gen'rous Elfin nobly rears,
And in return found cheer,
And love and consolation kind,
From the poet's grateful mind,
When with despondence oft he pined
In lassitude most drear;—
Oh in th' atrabilarious hour,
Dear, dear, is Friendship's gen'rous power!
The evil angel half retreats
From him who doth possess its sweets,
Though clutch'd within its dæmon hand,
Or smit by Desolation's brand,
The heart half-withered may revive,
And new-born Hope fresh treasures hive.
Yes, 'twas that earth did boast the birth
Of him—the prince of bards,

Which might give name, and deathless fame,
E'en to a sterile land of shame,
And claim the world's regards:
But Gwyddno's wear hath ceased to be,
And all of that same beauteous land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea;—
That country by a deluge swallow'd—
That martyr'd land—Cantrev y Gwaelod—
So sudden from existence sunder'd,
That gem of lands—the Lowland Hundred.

Of her he loved so well bereaved,
Most wildly sad Seithenyn grieved,
And jealousy diseased his blood,
As if the madd'ning herb he chew'd—
He grew a prodigy—a wonder—
E'er disregarding storm or thunder,
While darkness would his steps entice,
Oft would he seek each precipice
That Danger made his chosen haunt,
And nought was there his breast to daunt
In fighting elements—resort
Would he where they caused awful sport,
Th' intoxicating cup he quaff'd,
At times he wept—at times he laugh'd—
At times, for hours he'd ponder on,
But speak or answer make to none;
Then to his rage give widest scope,
And rave and curse his blighted hope,
In disappointed passion's keenness,
And yet in mere splenetic meanness.

Repulsed where love's fond wishes lie
What tongue can tell the agony —
When ardent love and gallant pride,
At once are stung and mortified ? —
Ah where's th' ingenious form of speech,
The deep excess of pang can reach,
That wrathful blasts what kindest blooms —
That man's warm heart of hearts consumes ?
What tongue of eloquence can tell
The palpitating bosom swell —
The throb intense — the wild commotion —
The lava of a boiling ocean,
Divided to a thousand streams,
And each with glowing fire that teems —
Electric floods ! through nerves and pulses
That rush — till all the frame convulses ;
Oh then in listlessness to languish,
Heart-broke, unnerved, in death of anguish —
To think — until bewilder'd think —
The poison of despair so drink —
Perchance to leap o'er ruin's brink —
For dread the frenzy, extreme the deeds,
A numbing calm likethis succeeds —
The desperate season to allure
Man to be destruction's wooer,
And in his phantasy's wild pride,
To clasp and win his dæmon bride, —
But oh — in sooth, I share his pain,
To tell of *him* who loved in vain.

Dared reason in so wild an hour,
Exert her wise and righteous power,

Well might she deem all folly's sottage,
Mere childhood's whims or age's dotage;
And she might weep to mark man frantic,
Thus spurning peace with rage romantic,
Since on great truth's eternal shrine,
Truth's self inscribed these words divine,—
"Connubial bliss man ne'er shall find
Save in the dear congenial mind."

But oh the mightiness of man!
The spark whence awful ruin began,
Was but an evil cast on one—
And he—wild passion's frantic son!
Back hurl'd it on a num'rous host,
Thence swept off from the earth and lost;
E'en as the Greeks with nobler view,
To a friend's manes their hundred's slew,—
But self-avenging, he
A population and fair land
Transforms to water, stone, and sand—
A Land beneath the Sea,—
A country ancient song hath hallow'd
That gem of vales,—Cantrev y Gwaelod—
So sudden from existence sunder'd,
That lovely land—the Lowland Hundred.

Now chafed and spurr'd to calid madness,
In all the cecity of sadness,
The drunkard son of Dyved's king
Felt hopeless love's wild racking sting;
Oh that immedicable wound
To cicatrize no charm is found!

When the spirit fierce and proud
Is baffled in the aim avow'd;—
When it no fortune knows to bless
So beatific as success;
Nor no disgrace so fraught with shame
As failure in that bosom-aim:—
Then disappointment 'gainst success
Durst e'en God's laws and man's transgress;
His burning malice roused and hurried
In tiger springs of vengeance furied.
Seithenyn's wrath was unsublimed
With ought that bears a gen'rous glow—
'Twas subtly by reflexion timed,
And fraught with direst woe;—
His bound-disdaining, with'ring hate,
The world would fain incinerate,
And revel with demoniac glee,
Could he the conflagration see
Aloof, and on a cloud unscathed,
And glory in the horrid waste.
Yet was it void of princely bearing,
Divest of manhood's gallant grace,
'Twas dark, malignant, stilly, base,
Reverse of bright chivalrous daring—
Resembling—not a torrent's force
Greatly ruinous in its course—
But a green foetid choked up stream
That doth with slimy reptiles teem,
Damm'd up for seasons of great length,
To gather power, nerve, and strength;
And then enfranchised in its might,
In all the force of deadly spite,

Like bursting lava, blackly deep,
Down bearing life off, in its sweep;
Then rolling darkly o'er the dead,
Or in billowy leapings dread
Mad celebrating triumph fell,
In dev'lish glee and songs of hell.

Instead of combat-daring word,
And manful, grasping spear and sword,
He plann'd a deed the most abhorr'd—
A deed so fell—which but to name
The human face is dash'd with shame,
And blanched with horror—oh a deed
That God and man have death decreed,
To its most pernicious doer—
Wild speedy vengeance its pursuer!
A deed that darkness cannot hide,
Though cavern'd deep, nor light abide—
At which the flower-enamell'd earth
Grows arid, and too ill for birth—
Nature waxes wild—convulsed,
And quaking to her bosom's cnre,
While from her face each charm's repulsed,
As if to bloom no more,
Perishing with deep nausea
And horror of the damn'd idea.

A band of blood he sought,
Who took his pay to smite and slay,
(Remorseless fierce Gwyddelians* they)
And make his foe-man nought,

* The Irish: their rule in Britain lasted twenty-nine years.

And long he rail'd that still they fail'd
To slake his rav'ning gory thirst,
Soon did his brain prolific teem,
E'en with a deeper, darker scheme,
Thrice darker than the first—
'Twas awfully terrific—great
As master-fiend could machinate.
While stalking once with steps unhallow'd,
Through Gwyddno's pride, Cantrev y Gwaelod;
His eye the embankment caught,
That parted from that vale the sea,
He glutted on it joyously,
And hatch'd a damned thought—
So his ruin-devoting eyes,
Satan fixed on Paradise,
And all that smiled, or shone, or bloom'd,
To utter dissolution doom'd;—
The curst Seithenyn like him then,
Vast towns and country, women, men,
Anticipated tomb'd—
'Twas then engender'd he,
The ruin of that lovely land,
By him made water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea—
The Country ancient song had hallow'd,
That beauteous land, Cantrev y Gwaelod,
On which the trav'ller paused and wonder'd,
Bright gem of lands—the Lowland Hundred!

The paralizing villainy—
The deep, the damn'd atrocity,
Of his ferocious black design,
Where all that's greatly bad combine,

Would shake his soul with transient fear,
Yet, with the vase worst thoughts cohere,
Whose fluid, like oil on fire, blazes,
And timid indecision razes;
While sophistry upholds the merit,
With chaster falsehood aids that spirit:
At length, wound up in soul, he stood
His enemy's fair land to flood—
To blast but *one*—beneath the waters
To stifle *all* men's sons and daughters—
The human face young, fresh, and vivid,
To render putrid, loathsome, livid,—
Brave manly forms, adroit in motion,
Make carcasses beneath the ocean—
Rotting carcasses!—and harmless
Beauteous woman worse than charmless;
The sweet soft cheek so gayly florid,
A skeleton of aspect horrid;—
And all for one—for one chance blow
Of blast on him he call'd his foe.—
To malice, oh, what poisonous food,
Is appetible made, and good;—
In her maw insatiate dwell
The rancorous fang, the gust of hell;—
And then her thirst—what ample lake
Her thirst unquenchable can slake?
Scarce life's accumulated streams,
The hot hot blood of man that steams—
She'll drink it boiling—to the lees!
And wallow in quick crimson seas.

His nation of the hills he sought,
And to the vale of beauty brought,

Those ruffians, who'd impignorate
Their souls for pay, to glut his hate; —
These secret ministers of ill,
Burrow'd, many a midnight still,
And for the cataclysm, made
Channels deep, the scheme to aid;
And with a cunning most refined,
Th' embankments vast they undermined,
Jagg'd all their length with chasms wide,
To invite the entrance of the tide; —
Like thirsty mouths each monstrous gap,
Where sultry earth her full might lap,
And in the calid rage of thirst,
Drink, aye — until her bowels burst.
The fiend accurst — the horrid slave,
Implacable, to immolate
A peopled land to private hate,
Thus planned a lovely country's grave —
Where souls were to be immured alive,
Where babes and women were to strive,
And vainly strive — and gasp for life —
Struggle — as with th' assassin's knife. —
Oft ambush'd on the hill stood he,
To watch the ruin of that land,
By him made water, stone, and sand —
The land beneath the sea.
That vale admired, loved, and valued,
Cymru's boast — Cantrev y Gwaelod —
So sudden from existence sunder'd,
The lovely verdant Lowland Hundred.

Many a night the moon revolved,
Since first their work the villains delved,

And the jagg'd bastion of the land
With loose earth filled, each morn, and sand,
At night removing it again,
Inviting in old Ocean's reign ;—
At length a night of storm arose,
A night of desolating woes,
A night in Ruin's calendar,
Well fraught with hell's successful war,
Whose horrors, lips of truth most strict
Ne'er adequately could depict—
A night so dread—no bardic tongue
So eloquent has said or sung—
A night, when dæmons from their hell
Broke loose, and raised o'er earth their yell ;
By havoc led, resolved to blot
From Nature's face her sweetest spot.

Oft on the hill Seithenyn sate,
The ingress of the flood to wait ;
But now with many a villain mate
He sought the breach to machinate,
And imprecate the powers of ruin,
Even while the storm was brewing.

In early part, clear shone the night,
Luna paced th' etherial height
In gentleness and stilly grace,
While lovely looked her silent face ;
And her innumerable train
All sparkled, pleased beneath her reign,
Like smiling eyes, light hearts revealing,
And that bright calm of hearted feeling—

That clear serenity of scope
Which gild the hours of youthful hope.
As when coarse ribald warriors rude
Among the valley's nymphs intrude,
A gloom cast on their sunshine hour,
And seek to clasp them in their bower,
While each with screaming terror flies,
With ruffled look and tearful eyes;
So when the sable clouds of storm
Began the face of Heaven deform,
The nymphs of brilliance left the sky,
Mixed with the winds their wailing cry,
Though ever and anon their queen
Peeped forth, storm's ranks of war between.
'Twas told Seithenyn—"Lo, at last
Behold, the sky is overcast,
The growing winds and swelling sea
Now augur tempests soon to be."
But in the surliness of pride,
Derisively the prince replied,
" Such omens have before deceived,
No portends henceforth be believed."
" But see—like warriors in their pride,
With rapid march the dark clouds stride,
Till halting, rank in war array—
Lo, moon and stars retreat away;—
And then afar loud screams are heard
Of many a wild aquatic bird."
But in the surliness of pride,
Still thus the haughty prince replied,
" Such Omens have before deceived,
No portents henceforth be believed."

"But listen—lo the Sea-mew's shriek!
See—flocks of gulls with rav'ning beak—
On pinions of the rising breeze,
Landward hasten from the seas—
And in this valley all alight,
Oh this will prove a woeful night."
But in the surliness of pride,
Still thus the haughty prince replied,
"Such omens have before deceived,
No portents henceforth be believed."
Incautious grown he'd sit and flout,
And deal his largess round about,
The powerful much-fermented draught,
And many a potent cup they quaffed;
Beside their lord upon the shore,
At length they slept—*and woke no more!*
Fell homicides! with curst Seithenyn,
The drunkard son of Dyfed's brenin:
The framers of this night of death,
First to its power yielded breath;
All suffocated in their drink,—
E'en now they float—anon they sink—
Die!—for ever and ever die!
Or live for aye to infamy.
Lo! foaming now with anger fierce,
Man's element the waters pierce,
And dint usurpingly,
Impugning all that lovely land,
Since changed to water, stone, and sand,
A Land beneath the Sea—
A Country by the water swallow'd,
That beauteous land—Cantrev y Gwaelod—

So sudden from existence sunder'd,
That gem of vales—the Lowland Hundred.

Impelled by blust'ring Tempest, wrath
Old Ocean forced herself a path,
On, hurtling with impetus strong,
Wave after wave with power along—
Each chasm forcing into one,
All in a rapid conflux run,
Soon of th' embankments there were none,—
But all dissolved had ceased to be,
The vale's incanton'd with the sea !
Lashed by the tempest's smiting brand,
The writhing waters rush to land,
To hide them from its fury,—woe
Still follows on, where'er they flow;
The wolf—the badger—and their kind,
Who subterraneously had mined
Through earth's innumerable pores,
Heard Ocean's march beyond the shores,
And felt soon on their furry hide,
The trickling waters—fear their guide,
All might, they strive to burrow deeper,
But their unrelenting steeper,
The frantic refuge-seeking wave,
Possess and drive them from the cave;
Vain buffetting with wild despair,
Up rush the beasts—but meet their foe
With mighty force that smites them low—
They gasp and perish in their lair.—
Now, in the wildness of the hour,
Down topples many a lofty tower,

The waters force the mansion wall,
That quick doth on its inmates fall,
Who thoughtless of th' usurping sea,
Still slept in peace insensibly;—
Many a maid in nature's pride,
The previous day was made a bride;
Many a youth his wedded love,
Clasped in his arms, all fears above,—
Ah little dreamt they of the blight
Thus cast upon their bridal night!—
Some houses isolated stood
Half buried in the battling flood,
The billows brunt, behind, in front,
Coacervate in power,
Beam, rafter, wall, together fall,
Men, women, children, creatures—all,
Oft crushed beneath the shower!
Oh God! it was a madd'ning sight,
A horrid marvel-making night!
Those who lived further from the sea,
With such strange shocks roused suddenly,
And drowning cattle's roar,
Would straight immerge into the surge,
And some would reach the shore—
(The *new-made shore*—the rising ground
That late did form the valley's bound.)
Some in the vast circumfluent stream,
Now wakened—wild—thought it a dream,
And sunk, but rose no more;
Oh woeful did the female shriek,
From hundreds in the water speak,
To manhood's aching breast;

More piteous still, the infant shrill,
In fainter echoes from the hill,
By death to anguish pressed;—
The cattle's moan, the human groan,
Wafted on the winds afar,
Now fainter grew;—save some stout few,
None buffet waves, of suffering's crew,
Mid'st the elemental war.
The vale hath ceased to be—
Remains there none of that fair land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea.—
The vale for nature's beauties hallow'd,
The trav'ller's charm, Cantrev y Gwaelod—
So sudden from existence sunder'd,
Cambria gem—the Lowland Hundred.

Those who the tempest's force withstood,
Full many a bitter hour,
Were seen to grasp the floating wood,
With all their strength and power,
Till seaward carried by the tide,
There perish'd on the ocean wide,
The last lorn victims of its anger,
Crushed with fatigue, and cold, and hunger.—
Some on the tops of highest trees,
Were seen half covered by the seas,
Their arms—their hands—like close-drawn bands,
Clung round and gript an eager hold,
Th' embrace of life, thus man in strife,
Will clutch and drop both gear and gold.
That knot—which fear of death had tied,
Not e'en the billows could divide—

Though weak — half famished — and inane
In ruin, sorrow, and in pain; —
The sinews to their utmost stretched,
Their hold with eager frenzy catched,
Nor would forego, though algor keen
Its icy axe did intervene
To cut the tendon of that clasp,
The hug to life — the cling — the grasp —
To slacken and give up for prey,
To death, the dæmon of the day —
But numbed, at last, did many fall,
Some died — yet clutched their hold withal.
Their coracles did others reach,[9]
And landed on the new-made beach;
The hill's foot — succoured by the crowd;
Some speechless moped, some wept aloud,
Their perished all — of kin and kind; —
And what sways much the human mind,
Their worldly thrift — that soon and late,
'Twas theirs with toil to aggregate. —
Aye — e'en in such a blighted hour,
Such reflections have their power;
And minds there be, that know no pain,
Save that which mars to hoard again, —
Cold beings, who a corse have stript,
And in its garb themselves equipt,
Or sold at high and rarest rate,
That wrapt a kinsman's form but late —
Who in parsimonious thirst,
The cearments of the dead have burst,
And from a wife or mother's ear,
Remorselessly the gem durst tear. —

Exhausted in the sea and storm,
Half dead was many a pallid form,
And who recover'd but to learn,
Their destitution—and the stern,
The strange wild fate that made them friendless,
Calamities extreme as endless!
Enless? no—th' acutest grief
Was in duration far most brief—
The fate of those most loved, but spoken,
A pang succeeds—the heart is broken.
And there was many a lifeless frame,
With shattered limbs, and smeared with gore,
Thrown by the surge upon the shore,
With no surviving friends to claim,—
So changed, so mutilated—few,
Or none the altered likeness knew.

Some by the ebbing tide were driven,
To many a distant bay and haven,
Where then perforce they made a stop—
Some settled on Eryri's top,[10]
A dreary harsh and fruitless land,
Black-soiled and stony—grassless sand—
With desolation cover'd o'er,
Where tarrience ne'er made man before.—
Oh 'twas a sight the soul to freeze
Of those sad ruin'd refugees,
Whose youth was spent in that same vale
Where Plenty reigned, midst breezes hale:—
So hard and drear, harsh and severe,
Wild, gaunt, gigantic, and austere,
Appear'd the world—a wilderness—

To Adam's train who wept in vain,
(The primal family of Pain)
Who looked again—and aye again,
Towards Eden in distress.
And these—no Paradise see they,
Before them rocks and briars lay,
Dry deadly earth or rotting marsh,
Curst scenes to contemplation harsh—
Deep forests—dark, and thick, and wild,
Where cheerful sun-beam never smiled,
Within whose shades fell beasts of blood
Fierce howling fought and killed for food;—
And they had music sorrowful,
The howl of storm, the shriek of gull,
The cry of drowning wretches—they
Then thought upon the rueful day
When Ruin leaped with glee,
And drove them from their lovely land,
Then changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea—
That Eden of the Britons!—yellowed
With ripened corn—Cantrev y Gwaelod—
The trav'ller paused, well pleased and wondered,
To mark the blooming Lowland Hundred.

But I, unskilled to tell the tale,
Have wandered from the drowning vale,
Where from adjacent hill and glen,
Roused by the storm came many men,
There gathered to behold the sight,
And aid the suff'rers of the night,—

For they amidst a deaf'ning squall,
Heard mystic human cries withal
Mixed with the winds—like men's distress
Beset with wolves in the wilderness.—
And chilled was many a breast of valour,
To hear such hearted yells of dolour.
Conspicuous midst the gazing throng
That lined the hill's vast side along,
In sorrow pond'ring o'er the flood
The king of Ceredigion stood,
The heart-torn Gwyddno Garanhir,
Who saw, distracted, disappear,
Many a village, many a town,
Fair tract and city of renown,
The gems of all his proud domain,
His people scattered o'er the main;—
Oh there be sighs of many a kind,
The troubled heart's tempestuous wind;
The sigh of love, the sigh of care,
The sigh of thought for those that were,
And aye for every bitterness,
At visiting of each distress;—
But ne'er was sigh so fraught with woe,
For Fortune's spite and direst blow,
As that which Gwyddno's soul unmann'd,
While sighed he o'er his floated land.[11]
There Elfin too, his son, was seen
With chief of bards Taliesin,
They marked the Country lose each feature,
Its pride of art its bloom of nature—
Its generations clearly traced
To ancient days—swept in the waste—

All perished—save its name—
And that shall live, aye, live forever!
From its sovereign what shall sever
The Lowland Hundred's fame?
Not even Time;—the mighty crime,
In grandeur of the dark sublime,
Shall live, that swept it from the world;
And Pity's tears, in future years.
May fall for those to ruin hurled,—
May weep these elemental slaughters
And lovely land beneath the waters.
Its bardic king his loss did sing,
And touched his harp's most woeful string
As 'twere a nerve that pain did wring,
Till notes acute it thrilled of anguish,
And then anon it breathed a tone
That seemed to pant and languish,
As if it caught the very cry
Of horrid drowing agony.
His theme—it should not die—
Could Poesy to Fancy's view,
The hideous ruin still renew,
And beauty vivify;
Though human optics nought can see
Of this same beauteous drowning land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea—
By shades of death now gloomed and sallow'd,
The gem of vales, Cantrev y Gwaelod,
So sudden from existence sunder'd.
The fair and fertile Lowland Hundred.

The desolation wildly great!
Was now most terribly complete—
The howling winds forbore to press,
The ocean's roar waxed less and less;
As if appeased, at length its rigour,
Or as if maimed in nerve and vigour,
The pausing waves with heavy swell
Against the hill still weakening fell;—
E'en thus—as if fatigued with smiting,
And with the unresisting fighting,
The storm no more the ocean lashed,
The sea no more its fury dashed,
But like some mighty conqueror,
Now rested from the cares of war;—
Until at last nor wind nor sea
In motion could men hear or see;—
A calm—an awful calm succeeds—
The sun looked forth on Ruin's deeds—
Gleamed on the sea most fearfully,
That back reflects its gloss again,
A smile most drear, and void of cheer,
And fraught with inward pain;—
So shines it on the warrior's steel
Full coldly as on wintry snow,
That plates a breast that cannot feel
Its influence, its gentle glow—
Though on its surface placid smiles—
Beneath—the deadly heart of wiles.—

That sun—well might its brilliance deaden,
And quick recede from scenes so leaden—

As changes man by suffering's force,
To view his loved one's perished corse—
Hers—that in his heart he cherished,
To mark her pulseless—cold—and perished—
It set upon a beauteous land—
It rose—upon an aqueous strand,
Whose surge rolled over thousands—they
Were joyous, fearless, yesterday.—
The businesses of life pursued,
Well cheared by hope's beatitude,
But now—what are they now?—the wave
Ill veils the secrets of their grave—
Vast shoals of scaly brood now hem
And prey on those who preyed on them.—
It set upon a land of bloom,
Where all was stir, and life, and breath,—
And rose upon a country's tomb,
Where rotted all in death.—
And yet, the new-born day was bright,
The sun shone on the ruinous blight,
With awful calmness—seemed to sooth,
With placid smile the waters smooth,
Though now and then the surface bubbled,
As if beneath, some spirit troubled,
That had outlived the wretched host,
Now conquered, yielded up the ghost."

So closed his tale the blind old man,
Expression through his features ran,
As on the mournful theme he dwelt,
That proved he deeply thought and felt.—

Though not a ray his eyes could see,
I owned in sight he mastered me,
For eyes from him that day I borrowed,
And saw, and felt like him, and sorrowed;—
His little boy returned from play,
With rosy cheeks and features gay,
Chattering his mirthful pranks,
With playmates on the meads and banks;—
The old man pats his cheek and head,
As homeward by the lad he's led:—
I parted with him on the spot,
And he shall never be forgot.
His tale is dear to me,
Oft think I of the lovely Land,
Now changed to water, stone, and sand,
The Land beneath the Sea,—
The Country ancient song hath hallow'd,
Once gem of vales—Cantrev y Gwaelod—
So sudden from existence sunder'd,
The fair and fertile Lowland Hundred.

An ancient dame in cloak of grey,
Intercepted now my way,
And spoke me in a mournful tone—
I thought upon the chilling moan,
That o'er a ruin vents the storm;—
It was a tall, spare, bony form;
She was enmuffled to the eyes,
And heaved she frequent heavy sighs:
She questioned of the old man's fate,
If rich or poor, or mean or great—

"Say, is he poor? doth he endure
Life-wasting pangs of poverty?
For other grief, alas, relief,
'Tis vain to seek of me:
There I would better him," quoth she,
"If I could do it secretly,
A kindly but incautious will
Might nerve the cares it meant to kill."
"I know not of that old man's state,
If rich or poor, or mean or great,"
Said I, and wondered as she spoke;—
"Enough!" she cried, and from me broke,
With mystic suddenness abrupt,
That terror seemed to interrupt,—
I wondered at her sudden flight,
And watched her grey cloak out of sight:
What could she be? and what was *he*,
The man who told this tale to me?—
Well, peace to him at least! whoe'er,
By day and night:—as much to her!
If good, why, heaven speed her;
And take ye this, all men, from me,
If learn I either's mystery,
I'll tell it to the reader.

THE

LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

CANTO II.

THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

CANTO II.

I Passed through the land and changed the scene,
From the Country lost, and wild sea coast,
To mountains brown and vallies green ;—
From the savage tempestuous main,
To woodland dell, to river and well,
To cornfield, mead, and plain :
And dear to mine eye, oh loved ever and ever !
The sweet inland landscape of wild-wood and river.

There is a beauty 'tis true, tis true,
In the magnificent wild sea view,
When Ocean and Earth appear not friends,
When one assaults, and the other defends ;—
When standing on promontory high,
With sea and land at once in mine eye,
With the sky o'er my head, it doth seem to me,
I stand on the confines of kingdoms three,
And each an element—each a world—
The war-bolts of either while furiously hurled,

Save Earth, who presents alone a shield—
Her rocks, to preserve the peaceful field;
A noble emblem of righteous war!
But oh! when the fierce usurping sea
O'erleaps her ancient boundary,
Disdaining the ridges of Nature's bar,
'Tis wild to think—'tis terrific to see:
Then hail to ye, fair scenes, loved ever and ever!
The sweet inland landscape of woodland and river.

Oh blest are ye, of vales afar,
Unknown to elemental war—
Who talk about the distant sea,
As if ye doubted such could be,
And wonder if the war-ship large
Be thrice so as the canal barge;
And then enquire of her trim,
And marvel how such large things swim.—
Oh blest are ye far from the shore,
Where billows lash, and breakers roar,
Ye hear them not, nor do ye see,
And ye are from their terrors free—
They cannot o'er your mountains break,
And fill your vale, till grown a lake,
And every dingle thence a creek,
Wild Ocean's victory to speak.
Tis strange to think, but proved to be,
Had people never known or wondered,
Of the land beneath the sea,
The once proud Lowland Hundred—
'Tis strange to think how many lands
Are now but Ocean's dregs—her sands:—

Where flocks have grazed the green hill's side,
Now anchored vessels sheltered ride—
Where roll those waters, there have been
The gambols of the village green—
The wedding-day hath there been kept,
A merry time! the bidder's rhyme,[12]
The quintain sport,[13] the church bell chime,
And there the bride and bridegroom slept;
And there were harps, and songs, and jokes,
And young and old gay happy folks—
E'en such, but safe in mirth be ye,
Who dwell in vales far from the sea.

I passed o'er the land and changed the scene,
From the Country lost, and wild sea coast,
To mountains and vallies green:
'Tis vain to tell that valley's name,
Unto a village unknown to fame,
One summer's morn mid scent of thorn,
Wild nature's fragrance! somewhat worn
With travel, once I came:
I stood upon the village ground,
And like a stranger looked around.

The mid-day sun is in a blaze,
Till gradual and shy, o'er the lower sky
Spreads slow the veiling haze;
Heat from above, heat from beneath,
The very earth breathed sultry breath,
And all did sigh for breezes sweet,
To repel the suffocating heat,
Enough the brain to craze.

Deeper and deeper grew the haze,
Veiling the blue sky from the gaze ;
And summer clouds of silver white,
Gayly attinged with colours bright,
Are growing somewhat dun,—
That haze will chasten excessive light,
And screen the burning sun.

Beside me stood a beauteous boy,
With sightless eyes bent on the skies,
And face of vivid joy :
" Ha, ha !" laughed he, " now who but me
Can see the hands that weave the haze ?
Their shuttle, a star, flies to a fro,
Like a shooting meteor's glow,
That merry spirits from east to west,
As children their toys in joys and jest,
To one another throw :
Ha, ha !" laughed he, " now who but me,
Can see the texture grow ?"
(I looked with struck amaze.)
" Oh bright to me, what others see
As darkening that deform,
I'll go and enjoy what others anoy,
The coming thunder-storm."
So said the sweet-faced strange blind boy,
And ran to the village bridge with joy.

Darker and darker grew the haze,
The sheep and cattle cease to graze,
The heavy ox looks, searching round,
With wise instinctive gaze ;

Like a grave ill-featured sage,
Yet wisest of his kind and age;—
From the hills the hurried flock
Seek the hedge, the tree, or rock,
But he with uncouth speed;
While with a frisky galloping bound
The wild unbroken steed;
The shelt'ring cows vent mournful lows,
The wild-birds, silent, couch in boughs,
While triumphs each palmipede.
Men, women, children leave their work,
Sledge and hay-rake, scythe and fork,
From meadows, fields, and gardens go,
Doffing pickaxe, spade, or hoe;
Some seek the village alehouse,
Some, romping move, with girls they love,
Most blessed of happy fellows,
They gladly snatch their transient leisure,
E'en such scanty storm-bought pleasure,—
Some seek their cottage home or farm,
All fly the coming thunder-storm.

Last winter a storm blew down a yew,
'Tis now a bridge at Rhyd-y-Brew,
The flood and blast, bore off the last,
But stouter is the new;
And straight it lies from bank to bank,
They've planed its surface like a plank,
And for an yew 'tis somewhat wide,
'Tis nail'd upon the southern side,
Wicker-worked with willows green,
Basket-like, each rail between,
And it is rough, but flat.

The blind-boy stands upon the bridge
That lies on rocks from ridge to ridge,
Across the river fair;
His back against the wicker hedge —
What should he do there—
That sightless boy without a hat,
With sun-bright yellow hair?

Now darker and darker grows the sky,
The distant thunder is heard on high,
Housed are all the village strain,
Nor horse nor ox graze mead or plain,
And not a sheep is on the down,
For deeper and deeper the welkin's frown;
But still that boy is there,
Delighted, standing on the bridge,
His back supported by the hedge,
While in the air like gold-threads rare,
Wave o'er his shoulders the sun-bright hair.
Now deep black clouds their forms reveal,
And loudly rolls the thunder peal,
The storm grows wild, and loud, and high,
The light'ning flashes like a glance,
Blazed from a spirit's eye;
Oft in terror, will start and prance
The wild young steed with flowing mane,
Frighted from the shelt'ring hedge,
He scours o'er the plain:
Some think he sees on the upland ridge,
The frowning spirits of bane—
And still the boy is on the bridge.—
I could not choose but gaze and wonder,
To mark his rapture midst the thunder,

And the peals that others frighten,
His face of beauty seemed to brighten,
For admiration was pictured there,
Of faculties most deep to please,
Most lovely, bright, and rare;
'Twas sweet to see how sweet he smiled,
That strange enthusiastic child,
With upturned face so fair;
Handsome as ever heart beguiled,
While flows his sun-bright hair.
Loud and louder the thunder rolls,
A heavy heavy shower falls,
Many a sweet and light stemmed flower,
Is beaten to earth by that ruthless shower;
E'en as calamity's fell force,
Strikes many a gentle-one a corse;
The swelling stream grows deeply red,
As on its banks a thousand bled;
And on the bridge drenched to the skin,
Still that beauteous boy is seen:
Handicrafts and husbandmen,
Are crowded in the village inn;
That alehouse hath a window bowed,
And there I sat me from the crowd:
That window looked o'er prospects rare—
River, mead, and distant hill,
Right picturesque the white wind-mill,
And abbey arches awful showed,
Darkening the height of Pen-y-coed,
Mid trees that high heads rear;
Yet on the bridge my gaze was still,
For still the boy is there—

Upward gazing on the sky,
With face so sweetly fair;
And I did question many why,
Now that storms are rude and high,
That little boy is there—
That pretty boy without a hat,
With sun-bright yellow hair.

Quoth Blany Lloyd, the landlady,
"To us that boy's a wonder,
'Tis now four years ago, since he
Was stricken blind midst thunder,
E'en on the spot where now so rash,
He seems to court the lightning flash:
And none can homeward bring the child,
'T would fret his heart and drive him wild.
He sees a marvel in the storm,
No other eye can see—
And doubtless marks the spirit form,
That taught him minstrelsy;—
Perhaps he sees his mother sweet,
Who heart-broke, died so young—
Perhaps her spirit comes to greet,
Her boy in mystic tongue:
For my part, when he seems so glad,
I look with fear, and think him mad."

Quoth Griffith, Gruff in accents rough,
"That boy's an imp of evil,
Or what should he do out at night,
When clear the moon, and stars are bright?
He consorts with the devil!

Or rides with witches on the broom;
You say you lock him in his room,
Yet spite of bolt, or bar, or lock,
He disappears—his wild harp cheers
You all, when crows the cock;
And then to him you ope the door,
That fast you find as 'twas before.—
Though he's so mild and civil,
I care not what I think or say,
To me 'tis clear as light of day,
He consorts with the devil."

"Not he indeed!" cries Walter Mead,
"To say so, speaketh spite,
For if with spirits he deals at all,
They be not those that dark we call,
But gentle spirits of light:
Howbeit, I own 'tis very strange,
That he should o'er the country range,
Alone, at dead of night;
But my opinion's e'en like Mary's,
As, since a child, his life was wild,
And he loves the moonshine bright,
He joins the ring of fairies,
And dances away the night.

Old Goody Evans of Trecastle,
Was bedrid ill for many a day,
She seemed with death himself to wrestle,
And shrieked with wild dismay;
He said, "I'll never get to heaven!
For on my bed-post, lo! a raven,

Still perches every day,
And there he croaks—be kind good folks,
Oh drive the bird away!"
We looked around, but nothing found,
Yet wildly would she say,
"Oh there he croaks—be kind good folks,
And drive the fiend away!"
We thougth her bewitched, for loud she screeched
For many a night and day,
And cried, distressed, "I cannot rest,
That evil bird lies on my breast,
Oh drive the raven away!"
While thus she said, sweet music played,
A sudden soft air, that wonder made,
She stretched an anxious enquiring ear—
'Twas wondrous sweet and strange—not loud—
It might be an angel's, from a cloud,
That sung the earth to cheer,
Or give sweet rest to the possessed
Of evil spirits that molest
With agony severe,
And drive them from the tortured soul,
By high command, in fear;—
However, her pains no more controul,
Nor shrieks our nerves annoy:
Her anguish sore was now no more,
Her sorrow changed to joy;
She was so thankful for relief,
Her gratitude was e'en like grief,
Quick tears did rain her cheeks adown,
As on her knees she cried, "disease
Hath sudden from me flown!

Oh run and see who this may be,
Who strangely sweeps the strings,
Oh run and see who he may be
So wild and sweetly sings!
The moment he harped and begun his lay,
Sweet Heaven, in love, sent here a dove
That dove the raven away: —
It uttered a screech like a tortured witch—
Call in that minstrel I beseech!
For I can boldly say,
One of the gifted ones is he,
A self-taught son of minstrelsy,
Whom goodly spirits wait upon;
I know he is a wondrous one!
And blest be they, asleep or awake,
To pleasure him who pleasure take!
All health be theirs, soul, frame, and limb,
Who take delight in delighting him,
Be theirs life's best charm!
Accursed they, be who they may,
Who render that minstrel harm:
I know he is a wondrous one,
Whom goodly spirits wait upon!"

I went to see who it might be
Who cured the woman's ailing—
I went to see who it might be
So sweetly swept the *telyn**—
When who should it be, but even he,
Our wondrous blind-boy Celin.

* Telyn is the Welsh word for harp.

Then Mary Lloyd, a brown-faced maid,
Her mother's first, spoke out and said,
"However singular and odd
The ways of Celin, ye wrong forbode,
I'm sure if one of earth can be
Loved of Heaven, such is he!—
And shameful 'tis, such speeches rude
Should slur th' afflicted boy,
Afflicted? no! that youngster good,
His blindness is his joy:
When he fell blind, his eyes of mind
Were opened to mystic wonders,
And on the bridge the youth we find,
Whenever it lightens and thunders;
And there he gazes on the sky,
With face of expression rare,
While sweetly rolls each lightless eye,
His head the while is bare;
'Tis beautiful to see the sight,
How he enjoys his day in night!
While waves in air, o'er forehead fair,
His sun-bright yellow hair."

There is a story told by him,
He saw his mother in a dream,
His mother who had died so young,
Most handsome far the girls among—
She had, like him, gay tresses rare,
Golden, sun-bright, yellow hair;
And she was as a poplar strait,
Light of foot, and fair of gait,
Of such a mild soft angel smile,
When she spoke, spite died the while;

And she did utter words to him,
Words of wonder in a dream,
But what their import were,
He must not tell, save to a dell
He must at night repair;
All in the middle of the night,
When beams the moon, and stars are bright,
And wild beasts leave their lair;
E'en there he went, but the event,
No human ear may share;—
But many think (and with terror shrink)
He meets her spirit there,
His mother who had died so young,
With sun-bright yellow hair.

Said Mary, "mother tell the tale,
For you can tell it better than me,
How came his mother to this vale,
With one who wronged her to prevail,
How learnt he minstrelsy:—
People mock me when I cry,
But I can never tell that story well,
The tear starts in my eye,
My voice is broke, I almost choke,
And yet I know not why,—
I scarce can speak, I know 'tis weak,
And foolish, so to cry:
But she was sweet to look upon!
So angel-like—she might be one
Come from the skies with scant disguise:—
And then this boy, her son—
He seems not like to other boys—
His joys are not like *their* joys,

Dark, compared to *his*, each mind,
But Celin's light itself, though blind ;—
They seek the noon, but he the moon,
They play when shines the sun,
But he at night when stars are bright,
And laugh the lake upon ;—
They doff their clothes and seek repose,
When he o'er the wilds is gone.—
They fly in doors with fear and wonder,
And seek the fire-side warm,
When bursts the lightning and thunder,
But Celin seeks the storm,
And there he gazes while light'ning blazes,
With face of expression rare,
He looks not blind, so light his mind !
And like a clear flame in the wind,
Floats rich his yellow hair."
Quoth Blany Lloyd, the Landlady,
" The tale will be ill told by me,
Howsoe'er I'll do my best :
'Tis now some eighteen years or so,
But let me see—its eighteen ?—no—
'Tis seventeen years the third of May,
I well remember, a sun-shine day,—
I had my last child at the breast ;
Yes, 'twas seventeen years ago,
As our Bible leaf will shew ;
I was sitting by the door,
When a stranger passed before,
The prettiest girl I ever saw,
No painter such a one could draw !
I'm sure it would the cleverest pose,
To picture cheeks so fair as those,

For I've of limners known a few,
Who often travel the country o'er,
And all surpassed the face they drew,
False flattery, the fault of all,
That better pleased th' original.
But she, as I just said before,
The stranger girl who passed our door,
No painter could in such fault err,
I never saw the like of her!
E'en Tim the Smith, so deaf and dull,
Stopped, and let his iron cool,
When she was passing by his shop;
I never saw old Tim before
For any passing stop:
I really think if king and queen,
With crowns of gold upon their heads,
To pass that blacksmith's shop were seen,
Tim scarce would leave off hammering;
But when *she* passed his sheds,
He gaped, and gaped, like moon-struck fool,
She was so very beautiful!

"Oh she was fair as fair could be!
Her skin was like transparency;
Her eyes of blue, their glances flew,
As if they looked for somebody:
The softest tinge of wild-rose red,
Upon the softest white was spread,
And then her ringlets, sweet and rare,
Oh lovely looked her sun-bright hair!
She had a pretty gypsy hat,
I made our Mary one like that,

But though I made it well to fit,
She looked just like an owl in it,
For gypsy hats become not all;
This pretty girl had features small,
And, aye, so animated too,
Her very soul did seem to shew:
With tread so light, in frock of white,
She took a shy and searching view
As she passed the village through:
Her face was sad and wild;
I wished to ask her who, or what
She wanted here, but I thought that
Would seem like harsh and impudent;
So by our door, so shy she went,
She seemed a very child,
But better born and bred than we;
Her dress was what we often see
A parson's daughter's Sunday dress,
Before they frilled to such excess.—
A gust aside her straw-hat threw,
('Twas tied with ribbon of palest blue,)
Aye, then I saw the sweetest face,
That gypsy hat did ever grace;
So, as I said, she looked so shy,
And like one of the gentlefolks,
Wrapt in their sort of mantle cloaks,
I let her pass me by,
Else I had asked the stranger sweet,
To step in doors to rest and eat.

"When she had reached the other end,
This row," thought I, "She has no friend,

Perhaps, to give her meat or drink;
And she has walked in mid-day heat,
I'll run and call her back I think—
She cannot take it ill of me,
Rich or poor, whiche'er she be;
I feel a pity for the child,
She looks so sad, so sweet, and wild.

"I called our parish prentice Jack,
And soon he brought the fair one back;
Her grateful tears a torrent flowed,
For kindliness, she said, I shewed:
'Alas!' cried she, in saddest strain,
'I never thought that kindliness
Would draw my tears again!
Fatigue and hunger on me press,
But that is nothing—my distress,
A heart that aches in vain:
Yet I am much by travel worn—
Oh I am,—I am—most forlorn.'
And then her tears fell fast again,
I wept in pity of her pain.

"'And who,' said I, 'is it you seek?'
She sobbed—her heart was like to break—
She could n't make reply;—
Where d'ye come from? whither go?
'I must n't tell—I do not know'—
Was all that she would say!
Again I asked her whence she came,
At length she said with downcast shame,
'From valleys far away:'

But never from her could I trace
The secret of her native place;
She always said, with bashful shame,
'From valleys far away.'
The tender thing, so sad and meek,
She sobbed—her heart was like to break—
And she became so very ill,
I welcomed her to stay here still;
She knew not where, poor child, to go,
With sobs and sighs, she told me so,
And vowed she'd never homeward stray,
To her dear valleys far away:
I soothed her grief with kindest tone,
For I had children of my own;
And where's the mother that can say,
But e'en her best brought-up may stray;
I thought if mine should ever err,
Perhaps some pity might be shewn,
For pity shewn to her.

"I soothed her grief with kindest tone,
I tended her e'en like my own,
And in my arms, poor girl, she slept,
Sadly wailed and nightly wept;
And here she staid for many a day,
At length with many a sigh and moan,
Thus did the sweet one say.—

"'Within the valleys far away,
Where my father's acres lay,
There is a glade of many a rood,
Amid a vast and ancient wood;

And in the middle of that glade,
There is a lake—a beauteous one,
As ever reflected moon or sun ;
There throng at eve fond youth and maid,
Upon the lake or round the glade ;
For there be walks and coracles,
And there be bowers by lovers made :
The peasant child the filbert pulls,
While angle some in coracles,
Paired lovers seek the shade;
Oh guiltless is the peasant child,
Who seeks brown nuts and berries wild,
But anglers cruel sport pursue,
And happy lovers often rue,
For gentle words and tender eyes,
Severe but truly, say the wise,
Are oft the snares the treacher wears,
To veil the heart untrue—
Alas, I cannot choose but weep,
While memory such hold will keep,
Of scenes so sweet and hours so gay,
Passed in the valleys far away.
Ah me—those valleys far away!
My heart doth ache, as like to break,
To think they're far away ;
And I shall be of those forgot,
Though many loved me on the spot,
They now harsh words will say—
But not untrue—and I shall rue
That sweet glade many a day—
The even throng, the bardic song,
The dance upon the green,

The friendly parties on the lake,
When smooth as skies serene ;
And yet the hearted plaints I make,
Are not for thee—thou lovely lake !
Nor lawny green, nor fragrant shade,
Nor all the beauties of the glade ;
But, why burn my cheeks with shame ?
No ! voice shall never give it name :
But 'tis for sunny hours gay,
E'en like ye valleys—far away.

" Oh come deep night, without thy light,
Hence sounds and sights of day,
Oh heavy hours !—wherefore ache ?
Break, my heart ! oh break thee ! break !
I ne'er shall see the like of ye,
Oh hours gilded lovelily !
Oh vallies far away.'

" Thus far she'd go, but here her woe
Checked all she wished to say ;
Her tale she dropt, and here she stopt
For many a night and day ;
And as she slept, she sighed and wept,
Like burthen of a lay,
Cried still, ' Ye bowers ! ye rosy hours !
Ye valleys far away !'
I asked her often for her tale,
But no entreaties could prevail,
For all that she could say,
Was, ' I shall rue the heart untrue,
That sought my love, then falsely flew,
The valleys far away.'

Once, as she thought herself alone,
She made this wild and piteous moan,
'Twas like the warbling of a bird,
A lorn and melting wail,—
As I have many an evening heard,
Come from the nightingale;
But ne'er was heard from any bird,
So wild, so lorn a wail.

"'Alas, it was a cruel thing,
The breast that loved it so to sting,
My shame would break my father's heart,
And so from home and him I part—
Oh when he knows the tears I've shed,
Oh when he knows that I am dead,
My grey-haired father I believe,
Oh yes, I'm sure he will forgive!—
But then, no more will sweetly wave
The violets on my mother's grave,
Weeds will spring, and all go wild,
And mad, like me—her ruined child!
Ah me!' she cried, with deep dismay,
Thou of the valley far away!

"'And who was he,' with a sudden stir,
Cried I, and much I startled her,
For like a frightened leveret,
She trembled with terror and regret.
But on my neck she sobbed a while,
Then told a tale of one she met,
Who used towards her guile.

"'Twas once at the hour of setting sun,
When all, save me, from the lake were gone.
I gazed on the stream, and I thought of a dream,
A vision of gay and beautiful sights,
That thrice came over me, different nights;
Ah me! 'twere best to be drowned in the stream,
Than see such a sweet, dear form of deceit,
As I saw in my trebled dream!

"'Upon an arbour seat I sat,
I thought of my dream, and nought but that,
The day had been hot, and the breeze was weak;
The fragrance of flowers, the languid o'erpowers,
And I felt of their sweetness sick;
There seemed in the air a faint-heard strain—
'Twas wild, 'twas wondrous, 'twas very sweet!
My ears were dull, but my soul was awake,
And did the deep-hearing music take
To be bells of a city in heaven,
That the sensitive ear of the soul can hear,
When spirits unseen, but felt, are near,
Their wings make the fannings of even;
I was entranced with the inward strain!
I fell asleep on the garden seat,
And dreamed my dream again.

"'Methought a beautiful company
Of the brightest beings that thought could see
Beneath the moon, on the lake did float,
Each pair had a sycamore leaf for a boat,
'Twas pinched before, and 'twas pinched behind,
With finger and thumb, to make sharp for the wind;

And to and fro then the zephyrs blew,
While the sycamore boats in races flew,
To wondrous sounds of minstrelsy,
Oh all was lovely as thought could see!

" ' Suddenly changed the minstrel strain,
The sycamore boats were made flat again,
And joined together like one green plat,
In the midst of the moonlit lake;
When arm in arm, as in pleasure parade,
Chatted and walked, fairy youth and maid,
And each did his partner take;
They danced it in circles, in rows, and in pairs,
To the liveliest, loveliest wondrous airs,
On the green, mid the moonlit lake.

" ' 'Twas sweet to see the tiny things,
So bright of garb and so small of size,
But howsoever that might be
Each seemed of perfect symmetry,
With keen and piercing grasshopper's eyes,
And vaulting with grasshopper's springs;
Sweet pleasure was bright in all their faces,
And beauty of motion in all their paces;
Gay and merrily did they beat
The sycamore carpet beneath their feet,
And pleasing undulations played
On the face of the lake whereon 'twas laid.
The frocks of the fair were of flowers rare,
(To name it, perhaps, is silly,)
The simplest that grew, some of heath-bell blue,
And some of the bells of a lilly;

The coats of the gallants were gay to eye,
Of the wings of each varied butterfly.

"'There was a youth, among them all
The noblest of the elfins small,
And in my dreams my eyes followed him,
When methought he grew wonderful tall;
He seemed a sweet-faced straight young man,
And none did remain of the fairy train,
But all was as it began;
Yet though the lake and dancers gay,
And all of the vision passed away,
Oh he was present to my eye,
And I looked and looked and heard a sigh.

"'Silent at length were the fairy strains,
I woke with a touch that thrilled my veins;
The hand of the youth I saw, touched mine!
Methought, and the thrill was most divine;
My heart did leap, and I started from sleep—
The stars were bright and the moon was new,
I rubbed my eyes and homeward flew,
For I was full of grief and fright,
To think that I had been out at night,
I never before had been even late;
When I came to my father's gate
The mastiff barked, and I did fear
My father and those of the house would hear,
And so resolved till morning light
To watch away the starry night.
On tip-toe to the garden fair
I went, and scarce did draw my breath,

When—good heaven! what saw I there?
The sight was like icy death—
I saw a man;—his back was to me,
And he looked to my window thoughtfully—
I was trembling with fear and shame,
He looked to my window and called me by name;
He heard my foot and turned him round,
I saw his face—I screamed and swooned;
I know not what could make me scream,
For it was HE, that pleasured me,
The youth I saw in my dream:
He caught me—fainting—in his arms,
Pray Heaven he did me no further harms.

"'I woke with the thrill of the kiss on my brow,
And cried to think he caught me so;
I thought to run, but so it fell,
The kiss on my brow was like a spell,
I sat on the garden seat with him,
And quite forgot about my dream;
If on my dream my thought had run,
I might have feared him a fairy man;
But the beam of his eye, I can't tell why,
Disordered each thinking plan;
But, pray Heaven, cried she with a sigh,
He wasn't a fairy man.

"'He said that he had loved me long,
With tender thought and passion strong,
And vowed that he had rather die,
Than do or think me a wrong;
He said he had seen me many a noon,
But never before beneath the moon;

Though many a night, when stars shone bright,
And brighter the beauteous lune,
He came to the garden for love of me,
In hopes the face so loved to see;
And he looked with his gaze to my window's height,
His back 'gainst the cherry tree.

"'He breathed so gently, 'twas like the rush
Of even's breeze through the hawthorn bush,
That with its fragrance scents the air;
His eye was bright, and his face was fair,
And he spoke words of loveliness,
Beyond what tongue could ever express.
He swore by the bliss of Love's dear hours,
By gentle April's vernal showers,
By smiling May and laughing June,
All sweets beneath the harvest moon,
And aye, by the merry marriage bell,
That he did love me passing well;
And he said, 'by the gentle spirits of air,
Thou art sweet and thou art fair,
Oh thou art bright, and good, and young,
And sweetest of speech the maids among!
Fond and faithful is my view,
My words are weak, but my heart is true;
By the blue skies above, my heart's true love!
I never will wed but you;
Deny me—most wild and lorn my lot—
Be kind—and a Heaven on earth I've got—
I never will wed but you.'

"'His voice, it was so soft and meek,
The tear of feeling was on his cheek,

The stars were bright, and I divine
He saw a tear as well on mine :—
He said he was a yeoman's son,
His father was not a wealthy one,
And he despaired that mine would be
Content, one so poor should marry me :
And he vowed unless I met him there,
For three succeeding nights to come,
When the slumbered world is deaf and dumb.
Vile life he would no longer bear,
But perish in his great despair.

"'Oh foully fair and deadly sweet,
The words of love on the lip of deceit !
Oh they are witching unholy hours,
To die by the sweets of poison flowers !
And then remorse—the pain ! the pain !
That pinches the heart, and fevers the brain.
Let never maiden believe again
The midnight lover's true love strain ;
All will rue it who so err,
And sink in the arms of the flatterer.
Let never maiden stay out a night,
Though love, the lake, and stars be bright ;
Spirits may rove and souls trepan,
And she may meet a lover sprite,
With love-lorn look so wan,
For late, in sooth, my wild thought ran
That the one I met was a fairy man.

"'I met him once, I met him twice,
And sooth to say, I met him thrice ;

Oh many a long night o'er and o'er,
I sought him—but he came no more !
Oh I did think to be affied,
And I did hope to be his bride !
The thought was weak, the hope was vain,
He never, never, came back again !
All is past—like a cruel dream,
But I'll search the world to find out him !
Though weak and vain perchance my plan,
Pray Heaven he wasn't a fairy man.'

"Such was the simple maiden's tale,
And she did sadly weep and wail,
But three months after, what befel ?
Oh I can remember passing well !
She saw not the tears our faces leave,
Oh she was dead and in her grave.

"What can be said in charity,
For one that did not well ?
What can be said in charity,
For one that sinned and fell ?—
What can be said ?—
The proud will scorn
The tear that is shed for the most forlorn—
But the grave is deep—Malice may laugh,
The ear of the grave is dull ;
The grave is dark and its shelter safe,
It sees not the pitiful :
'Tis the fastness of the refugee,
Nor poisoned chalice, nor dagger of malice,
Nor ought that so deadly be—

Can wound the grave to the bosom's core,
And she within it can wail no more.

"She died in childbed:—what can be said;
Ah—well a day!
Say what they may,
She has been buried for many a day;
The grave is deep, and sound its sleep,
And she at its bottom no more can weep.
Duplicity's victim never met
The sigh of pity, the tear of regret;
But the accusing spirit's scowls
Array'd the brows of rigid souls,
Darkening every tint of fall,
With lip of scorn and tongue of gall—
What, shall Pity be scared away?—
Ah—well a day!
The grave is deep, its shade can hide
From the generous tear, and the scowl of pride.

"She died—heart-broken died, poor girl—
The world, it frowned on her like a churl,
As frown it will on each that errs;—
And yonder stands that boy of hers—
Oh every sweet look of his will prove
That Celin, poor Celin's the child love;
And there he stands upon the bridge—
His back against the railed hedge,
With sightless eyes towards the skies,
As searching worlds above;
He sees some marvel in the storm
No other eye can see—

And doubtless views the spirit form,
That taught him minstrelsy;
Perhaps he sees his mother sweet,
Who heart-broke died so young,
Perhaps her spirit comes to greet
Her boy in mystic tongue;
But there he gazes, while lightning blazes,
With face of expression rare,
And brightest mind, while on the wind
Floats rich his yellow hair."

The storm is o'er, e'en as before,
The men in fields are working seen;
The young blind boy no more in joy,
Is midst the stormy scene;
In changed attire, now by the fire,
He sits in mood serene.
They asked him for a tale or song,
Nor asked they twice, nor waited long;
But what was greatly strange to me,
He sung of the Land beneath the Sea;
And with a wildness, nerve, and fire,
To hear, methinks, I ne'er could tire.

I.

Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep,
The breath of God insinews ye, and awful is your sweep,
Your voices, powers! are mighty in ruin's triumph day,
Ye rush on in your strength, and the proud lands melt away;

I cannot choose but marvel, and for your anger weep,
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

II.

The rush of mighty waters surpasseth every might,
Excavating promontories till as sea sands light,
The north is strewed with creatures washed from the torrid zones,
The elephant of India, oft, lays here his whitened bones:—
I cannot choose but marvel, and for your anger weep,
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

III.

The whirlwind grasps the forest top, and hurls it in the air,
The earthquake swallows cities, and drags to chaos lair,
And oh the fierce volcano dread! its boiling fire flood,
It eateth plains and mountains, and drinketh steaming blood;
Yet the suffering sons of men need more your anger weep,
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

IV.

And what's the rage of whirlwinds? a forest skyward tossed—
But oh the woeful ocean that overleaps a coast,
The walls of proudest castles are dashed like potter's clay,
And clad with sandy barrenness the smiling fields of May,

Cities fall in ruin heaps at Ocean's deadly sweep,
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

V.

Fair Gwaelod laid by Ocean, like lamb at lion's side,
Long he seemed to smile on her like Valour on his bride,
Till came a furious dæmon arrayed in storm and flame,
Yclept of some tornado, with Hurricane his dame,
The gentle ocean maddened, and roused from loving sleep,
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

VI.

Lashed by the stormy furies for shelter Ocean rushed,
And barricadoed flood-gates opposing him were crushed,
The treacherous Seithenyn had opened one the while,
Ocean fled, a refugee, for shelter in the isle;
The towns of lovely Gwaelod were dashed down in his sweep,
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

VII.

There was a scream at midnight—ten thousand screams combined—
'Twas wilder than the ocean, 'twas louder than the wind—
Thunders deep or Earthquake's voice was never more profound,
Till stilled like one who struggles and dieth of his wound,

The sobs of drowning wretches then harbingered
death's sleep,
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

VIII.

Where be those merry cities? where be those pleasant
plains!
The sea-bird shrieks "they're ours!" in discord's
tuneless strains;
Where be the noisy populace? chiefs of ancient line?
Death and his jackall Ruin, together cry "they're
mine!"
And where's the gory war-field can boast such perished heap?
Oh ye floods! oh ye floods! of the ever-rolling deep.

The boy did scarce seem one of earth,
So very strange his look and tone,
But beautiful, as if his birth
From spirits were: he shone
In his peculiarity
A marvel and a charm to me:
And yet they said 'twas lack of sense,
That caused the striking difference
Between him and the sons of men—
That 'twas insanity!—
Then be it so—for certes then,
'Tis beautiful to be insane.

"My minstrel skill do some disown,
Because I've not affection's tone,
To sing the loves of youth and maid,
Thence they do chidingly upbraid,

And say I have my mother's face,
But not her loving gentleness;
And in whispers some have said,
'Young Celin hath inherited
All his mother's lornful sadness,
Her look, her hair, her very air,
Her beauty and her madness.'
In sooth it made me very sad
To hear them whisper I was mad.
For love have I, nor heart, nor voice,
The wild and wondrous is my choice,
And well I wot my minstrelsy
Doth never, maidens! pleasure ye;
Nor love I battle themes of blood,
But Heaven's fire, and tempest ire,
The ocean's overwhelming flood,
Oh these be themes, and mighty dreams,
My soul doth most admire.

"In my childhood's early day
When I could look on faces kind,
Or, as they say, ere I grew blind,
Some northern harpers passed this way,
And in their train I ran away,
For in my soul! and in my heart!
Oh I did love their lovely art.
The first day e'er I touched the string,
They said that I could play and sing,
Although a little urchin child,
And they did love my harpings wild:
One died, and left his harp to me,
He taught me first some minstrelsy,

But more I gleaned in hours lone,
When midnight moonbeams mildly shone,
And shot at times a flood of light,
That made my chamber gaily bright;
Methought a spirit tutored me,
His shadow on the wall each night,
Right faithful could I see—
And voices answered to my thought,
At length the spirit fire I caught.
In time I framed the bardic lay,
Taught by excelling southern bards,
Whom chance threw in my way;
And northern harpers, southern bards,
Well merit all men's best regards.

" Of all the sights my soul did charm,
Next to the beauty of the storm,
Were two I never can forget,
In thought I oft do see them yet.
Upon a time of storms sublime,
There chanced what once an age but chances,
And eyes that never saw the like,
May mock the tale and laugh and glike,
And consort it with wild romances:—
Upon a time of storms sublime,
The land-breeze blew the ocean back,
The sand and clay were washed away,
The rocks beneath were black:
It was a wondrous sight to me,
I walked the bottom of the sea,[14]
So wild, so lorn, so strange, and rude,
And here it was that Gwaelod stood!—

God of wonders! can it be?
Was this the Land beneath the Sea—
On which the stranger paused and wondered,
The nation's gem, the Lowland Hundred?
And who can trace, in this wild place,
The clustered cities of a nation?
Alternate caves and promontories,
Alone remain so tell its stories—
Their only tongue is—Desolation—
They mark her everlasting station.

"I wandered with a laggard pace,
Lonely, through the awful place;
The long-razed cities of the dead,
Methought, along the space was spread,
And as the echoed winds did moan,
Wild Fear and Fancy heard a groan,
Or sob, in ev'ry distant sound;
And I walked far and near around:
From ocean's cells I gathered shells,
And shell fish that abound.

"Southward of the Ystwyth's bar,
Methought I saw a spot afar,
Dark as darkest velvet night,
And very wondrous to the sight,
It was so vast and uniform:
I sought it, void of all alarm,
Oft, oft I slipped, and oft I fell,
And oft lost every treasured shell,
But treasure dearest far to me,
To satisfy curiosity;

When no impediment I heed,
The rocks were slimed with alga weed,[15]
And many of the scaly brood,
Deserted by their mother-flood;
Helpless perished here and there,
Impeding much my journey drear.

"At length o'er rocky plain and grot,
I reached the wondrous sable spot;
But wondrous is a word most tame,
To what the thing I saw did claim:
It was a forest amply spread,
Of trees, gigantic, black and dead;
Some laid upon the spots where fell'd,
But most their lofty stations held,
And they were black as black could be,
And hard as hardest ebony.

"The fallen wood was hacked and hewed,
Fresh as cut down yesterday,
With hatchet marks; like wood in parks,
They spread along the sea-less bay.
'Twas terrible to walk between,
Those barkless trees, so black, I ween,
Antediluvian remains,
Of blasted woods on blasted plains;—
Or forest in the realms of death,
It seemed; I scarce could draw my breath;
My rallied courage came again,
For well I wot my fears were vain.
The roots in rocks were rivetted,
And far about those roots were spread,

Entangling one another round,
Above and beneath the sable ground,
Dark as darkest turbary,
That mountaineer could ever see :
Boll and branch I saw complete,
Though centuries, against these trees,
And Ocean's buffets, beat :
Stark they rear their heads in air,
A mortal eye enough to scare,
The stoutest heart formed to appal,
So fearfully unnatural !
A wondrous fruit of kindred hue,
In nobs the clustered muscles grew,
Encrusted barnacles around,
On some like rugged bark was found,
It thrilled me, seeing life through all,
Half negative, half animal.
And 'twas no common sight to mark,
In close-forked trees transfixed, a shark,
Caught in the vigour of his spring,
As in a trap, till death did wring
The felon's gory life away,
Meet end for every thing of prey.

" The Sea roared to resume her reign ;
I hurried to the distant plain ;
Next day the wondrous scene was o'er,
Gwaelod's ruins seen no more !
Save by me — whom ye call blind —
The mirror of fancy, the eye of mind,
Is the life, the delight, of my darksome days !
And I live in the beauty of marvel's blaze.

" I've noted many a lovely scene
Of blossom'd trees in forest green,
In the verdant season fair,
Bright in beauty, high heads rear—
But to my memory more dear,
Though full of wonder dark and drear,
That sable forest was to me,
Within the Land beneath the Sea.

" While wand'ring on the self same coast,
It chanced one day, in pond'ring lost,
A flash of fire from the sky,
Flared across my startled eye—
'Twas not like lightning—strange and new,
Methought it was of azure hue,
Such as ne'er was seen by man
Since, perhaps, the world began :—
I looked—but it had ceased to be—
Around I gazed, on land and sea,
A promontory's height my seat,
Commanding waves and vallies sweet ;
I gazed in vain o'er sea and plain,
Methought 'twas nought but my mistake—
No ! no ! 'tis true—the sight I view,
Now from the waters break !—
A weak blue flame from ocean came,[16]
Like a rainbow, broad and wide,
With a vast and mighty stride,
As elements twain to command,
One limb on sea and one on land ;
More strong and stronger grew the flame,
And further over land it came,

I felt as sudden turned to stone,
To see the wild phenomenon ;
I live but in the reign of wonder,
To me 'twas sweet as wildest thunder !
Were I to be consumed that hour,
To leave the spot I had not power,
It was so wonderful to see,
And marvelment is all to me.
But pleasure hath a transient reign,
In this, our world, 'tis vain, 'tis vain !
Every rapture hath its care,
Every beauty hath its snare ;
The rose that blooms so lovelily,
So sweet of fragrance ! hath its thorn ;
Ruin hath rocks 'neath the silver sea,
The smiler hath sneers of scorn ;
And where the loving and loved are true,
The soul of each other from morn to night,
A beauty, a joy, oh a genial light !
Death, or a selfish world is seen,
Like a devil, to step between,
And the sun of delight is shorn—
Oh pleasure hath but a transient reign,
In this our world,—'tis vain, 'tis vain.

" The fire that kindled wild surprise,
And greeted my boyish heart and eyes,
Alas did prove the country's bane,
The breath of hell to the hapless plain :
The meadows drooping for the scythe,
Soon in the crackling fire writhe,
The sea-breeze blew it to a blaze,
The horror-stricken farmers gaze !—

Down the vale the fire ran,
And to the tenements of man,
O'er the farmer's yards it came,
The ricks of corn are high in flame,
House, barn, and out-houses on fire,
And hapless cattle, burnt, expire;
The bounteous cow, the beauteous horse,
Each calcined to a cindered corse.
There were noises most astounding,
Guns were fired, horns were sounding;
All was fear, and grief, and terror,
The coast was in a scream of horror,
Loud as if our enemies,
In hosts were landing from the seas;
And ne'er were enemies more dread,
O'er beleaguered country spread!
In the blust'rous stormy nights,
Wilder still the sound and sights;
And there were sobs and loud laments,
And sullen silent discontents,
Misery in many forms,
Calamity, it seemed to me,
Grew vain of her fury charms!
'Twas not the wonder of a day,
A mournful fortnight was its stay,
The mystic fire from the sea;
And twice two years its tainted breath
Sent from the poisoned earth the death
A dread calamity!
Creatures on the grass that fed,
In a single hour were dead,
The place became a very waste,
Till changing seasons all replaced.

I do remember me, the sense
I felt, was its magnificence,
The bustle of the fearful time,
Methought was wondrously sublime;
And such impression—fresh as caught—
Still lives in all the glow of thought.
Perchance I tell my nature's blame,
And 'tis with conscious, humbled, shame,—
I have forgotten benefits
That claimed engravement on the heart,
The laugh-exciting mirth of wits,
And even sorrow's smart;
But ne'er forgot I marvel's sight,
Seen ere I gained my day in night."

I parted with the wondrous boy;
'Twas late—he sought his night's repose;
I envied more his innate joy,
Than pitied for his woes:
I parted with a pang of heart,
That made it hard, full hard to part;
For he had won upon me so,—
Eccentric in ingenuousness!
I could not choose but feel the throe
Of friendship's dear distress."

A sudden recollection rose,
A star-shoot of the startled mind,
Its lab'rinth all I sought to find,
But found it hard to close;
For my thought and wonder ran
Into strange conjectures wild,

Upon the sightless ancient man
Who perished Gwaelod's tale began,
And then upon this child—
'Tis strange—'tis wondrous strange.
Though tracing each coincidence
O'er and o'er, caught nothing thence,
To link therewith a chain,
And pausing oft, for minutes dumb,
Still find it all in vain:
Each thought arranged I disarrange,
And still to this conclusion come,
"'Tis strange,—'tis very strange!"
And yet I ponder o'er and o'er,
And yet conclude it as before,
Thus evermore, and evermore,
"'Tis strange—'tis very strange!"
Then giving up the vain assay,
I thought of the dame in the cloak of gray:
In vain the clue I change—
Uncertainty sunk to repose,
With the ever-constant close,
"'Tis strange—'tis very strange!"

Much I questioned of the youth,
They answered with a tone of truth,
In plainness and simplicity,
That more than art could pleasure me,
And this last tale among the many,
Was told me by hostess Blany.

"On Celin's gentle mother's grave
There be flowers bright and brave,

Oh they are sweet and very fair,
Bright hued or pale, but none can tell
What strange hand plants them there:
None, none can guess who could arrange,
A form, a grave so very strange.

"It is a very lovely mound,
As a haycock high, and round;
There is a tree upon its head,
A mountain ash of berries red;
There is a bird that's often heard
Upon that straight young tree to wail,
My favourite of all that sings!
Not for gaudy breast or wings,
It is the nightingale.
And at the boll of that fair tree
Sweet flowers blow right bloomingly,
Encircling rows, each downward goes,
Enlarging till it reach the ground,
E'en to the bottom of the mound,
Where round as any rick of hay,
Firm-stuck slates in neat array,
All around, embank the ground,
That ground so sadly gay.

From many a neighbouring hill and vale,
From many a distant town and village,
Come pride's parade, and men of trade,
And men of craft and tillage,
To hear that lorn-voiced nightingale,
And see that very lovely grave,
So sweetly decked with flowers brave:

They ponder long, and marvel much,
What secret hand e'er planted such,
But none can tell who set that tree,
Or the flowers that bloom so lovelily.

"Before young Celin lost his sight,
He loved to sit by his mother's grave,
And watch the growth of flow'rets brave,
But since he lost the light,
(Or rather gained it, as he says,
For so singular his ways,
He calls it his day in night;)
We find he never wanders there,
And never speaks of the grave so fair.

"Since with the harpers once away
He ran, and still he's prone to stray,
Of his distant walks afraid,
One day to him my Mary said,
'How is it, now you never go
To the chapel yard, where you used to regard,
Each blossom in infancy blow?
The flowers that bloom on your mother's grave,
The nightingale sweet, and the tree so brave?'
He made reply with a heavy sigh,
And wiped a tear from either eye,
Those sweet blue eyes that many doubt,
Their beams of vision can be out!
And these the words he gave:—
'Ere outward darkness made me wise,
And light came o'er my thinking eyes,
I thought those flowers very bright,
But the stars of the sky are flowers of light!

And they be the only flowers for me,
They shine in their blue ground gracefully!'
He spoke with fervent earnestness,
His saint-like look no tongue can guess,
The like before I never saw,
And we did list to him with awe.
'I once did think those flowers fair,
And them my mother's breast doth wear,
They tell me, and that beauteous tree
That blooms above so lovelily,—
They told me that its roots be spread,
To guard her face—my mother dead!
They say that bird with note of woes,
Her guardian angel stationed here
Those who loved her well to cheer,
And sing her to repose;
But it is not true! oh it is not true!
And whoso thinketh, whoso saith,
I do dissent me from their faith;
My mother hath nothing to do with graves,
The flower of fragrance, or tree that waves,
She dwells in those skies of blue!
I think of her with with loving thought,
But deem her not beneath the ground,
My soul with confidence is fraught,
She lives—in glory crowned!
I know my mother's alive above,
Where stars of beauty shine, and move
To glorious sounds of melody,
And all is sweet as sweet can be!
My mother hath nought with graves to do!
She walks by sweet rivers, where skulk no deceivers,
That smile with the heart untrue;

Dear to my heart is the thought of my mother!
And her face I yet shall view—
I have nor father, nor sister, nor brother,
My soul's in those skies of blue!
The tear will start while heaves my heart,
As these thoughts I pursue;
But talk not of graves, nor flower that waves,
The sweetest on earth is bitter as rue;
My mother hath nothing to do with graves,
The bird that sings, or the flower that waves,
She lives in yon skies of blue!
Oh what be the sweetest flowers of May,
That live their hour and grace their day,
To those on high that never die,
But bloom for ever and aye?—
Compared to the flowers and fadeless bowers,
Where stars be the stones, in those skies of blue?"

"And heard ye nothing of his kin
Since his mother's death?" cried I,
"Have there no enquiries been?"
Each answered with a sigh—
I did repeat again the query,
At length, confused, thus answered Mary.

"A woman in a cloak of gray,
Some weeks ago, did pass this way,
None could hear her but would glean,
That she was of his mother's kin"—

"A woman, in a cloak of gray?"
Cried I with wonder—"say on! say."

" In cloak of gray an ancient dame,"
Cried Mary, " to our village came,
She asked if, eighteen years ago,
A stranger strayed this way or so ;
And then described young Celin's mother,
I'm sure that she could mean no other ;
We feared to lose young Celin much,
And straight denied e'er seeing such ;
When dreading she'd make further stir,
The village through, misled we her,
And said ' a tale hath far been spread
Of one that to St. David's strayed,
Who dying, gave birth to a son' —
Cried she ' it is the very one !'
And with the haste of life and death,
Eager speed and panting breath,
She mounted and rode off; they say,
Straight to St. David's took her way."

" Alas ! I've played a faithless part
Towards him I valued in my heart ;"
(Blany sigh'd, and wept the while,)
" But 'twas affection's honest guile :
Honour, wealth, and peace, for ought
We know, belike that stranger brought,
But I have dashed it from the boy —
That thought — that thought — will e'er annoy !
That deed will every pleasure blight,
Since which I've never slept a night —
Confession, 'sooth, relieves my pain,
Perchance I now may sleep again ;
Nay, Mary, cease ! and check me not,
I'll own it all, whate'er my lot !—

Those wonders, told about the grave,
And half the marvels that I gave
Of Celins ways and wanderings,
Myself I made for selfish thrift—
Thus souls sink down our state to lift,
While smote with conscience stings;
Strangers came from far and near,
Where flew report, the tale to hear;
With mind diseased young Celin pleased,
His mildness had a charm that seized,
His minstrel skill might any win,
And wherever reached his fame,
Here strangers with donations came,
And filled our village Inn.
His mother—she was all I said,
Nor can I there my heart upbraid;
And then her grave so fairly decked—
'Twas I"—her mother Mary checked—
"And yet, for all this selfish art,
For him I've done a mother's part,
And would do more—oh could I send
For her, perchance, by blood his friend—
The truth, the truth I would aver!"
Cried I, "I'll be your messenger;
That rout is mine, the Pembroke coast,
Beside the ancient country lost—
And as I breathe, that search shall be
A duty, task, and joy to me!
Dear as to seek, from week to week,
And patient trace, book's, ocean's face,
For thee! o'er coasts, from place to place,
Thou Land beneath the Sea."

THE

LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

CANTO III.

THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

CANTO III.

Oh my native Cambrian breeze!
From the mountain—o'er the seas,—
Purified upon the main,
O'er hill and valley back again!—
Exporting fragrance from the vale—
Importing gusts saline and hale—
A barter 'twixt the elements,
That profit to the twain presents!—
A wooing 'tween the Lord of Waters,
And Terra Firma's first of daughters.—
Smiles not Heaven on their union?
Beautiful the sweet communion!
The whistling wind and leaping sea,
'Tis nature's dance and minstrelsy.

Oh the breeze of Cymru's mountain,
Health imbued—and mineral fountain!
Salutiferous, strong of gust,
Ennerving mind and form robust!—

Dear, salubrious, breath of health,
Nature's priceless truest wealth!
'Tis thine to nurse the gallant frame,
And brace the soul so daring aim,
Elancing vigour, extacied,
Limberness and manly pride,—
Restore to bloom the faded cheek;
The eye revived, bid rapture speak;—
'Tis thine to grace the valley girl,
Of rosy cheek, and teeth of pearl,
Give lively look of constant cheer,
Oh mountain breeze of Cymru dear!
Be mine—be mine—and AWEN* aid,
I court no heliconian maid;
And oh! if Awen's mine, with thee,
The theme I weave, perchance shall live,
The Land beneath the Sea.

And what is Awen? 'tis the beam
Of Beauty's sun on Reason's stream—
A rainbow bright, of tints profuse,
Splendour's rich and glorious hues!
Amazing in its depth of colours,
Extreme of Joy's—extreme of Dolour's—
As God's high sun, supremely bright,
And dark as deep tartarean night:—
It is the quick—it is the dead—
'Tis sweetly dear—'tis full of dread—
And now in plainness greets the sense,
Anon, in vast magnificence:

* Awen is the Welsh word signifying Poetic Genius.

It is the vision of a mind
Most energetic, most refined,
Wild as the storm, huge as the sea,
That greatly rolls eternally.

What is Awen? the joy of pain,
A strange volcano of the brain,
A world-consuming lava's ferment—
A bliss, e'en in the hour of torment;
A glimpse of Hell—or Heaven—afar,
Brief, vivid, as a shooting star:
It is the most remote extreme
Of good and bad—the height supreme—
In Nature's magnitude of wonder;
The lightning's flare, the roll of thunder,
The earth convulsed, or chaos hurled,
The marvels of the ocean-world;
A hurricane below—aloft—
Anon affection's whisper soft,
A slumber of the elements
Which all that's calmly sweet presents—
In joy—in torments—formed to dwell,
The bliss of heaven—pains of hell—
The martyr's death it doth sublime,
And dignifies the mighty crime:—
It is the sun framed to absterse,
And brighten all the universe—
It is an awful lurid star,
The blazing eye of Lucifer,
As on the lightning's wing he rode,
And loured defiance to the hosts of God.

What is Awen? oh 'tis to sense
The acme of all excellence—
The beauty of the beautiful—
The glory of the terrible!
Of wonderment the thrilling zest,
'Tis pity, aching in the breast—
The spirit eminently bold—
Philanthropy's own heart of gold;
It is the song by angels sung,
'Tis heroism's native tongue,
To Roman virtue, Roman pride,
And Roman greatness, near allied;—
Midst worldly buffets, Fortune's goad,
What oft stamps man a demi-god,
And he within whose gifted breast
It reigns, to be both curst and blest,
Most wretched oft, of wretched things,
And oft above the state of kings;
'Tis majesty, divest of pride,
The lofty thought well purified—
The elevated soul's discourse,
Of song, the bright, the deep, the force.

By Awen's aid have men met fame
Beyond their hope, beyond their claim;
Without it die the noblest deeds,
But with it, oft, the weak succeeds:
There have been kings as Arthur brave,[17]
Who've sunk unnoted to the grave,
Nor met posterity's regard,
But Arthur lives—he had a bard—

'Twas Awen's hallowed flood of light
That made him seen, that made him bright;
Thence Arthur's pride, and Arthur's name,
Arthur's grandeur, feats, and fame,
Are known among the slaved and free,
Far o'er the land and o'er the sea,
And writ by Awen's hand on high
With stars for letters in the sky.*

And what is Awen?—bright his lot,
To say what 'tis—or what 'tis not—
And brightest of the sons of men
Is he that can, and owns it then:—
For me, alas! conjecture crude,
Ambition warm, and numbers rude,
In vain assay to adumbrate
A marvel, greatest of the great;
Yet fearlessly I dare aver,
(And where is he shall say I err?)
'Tis valour's soul—its spur and spring—
Which he, the gory Saxon king,
To stab her to the bosom's core,
Decreed should Cymru bless no more.
Too well th' atrocious aim succeeds,
The bard—thy genius Cymru!—bleeds—
With Freedom, Awen ceased to be,
It cannot live, but with the free!—
Nor can it die, for 'tis a spirit,
And who would crush can never share it;

* The beautiful constellation Lyra is also called Arthur's Harp.

It is a spirit that absconds,
And flies the despot land of bonds.
No—glorious Awen cannot die!
But like the stork seeks freedom's sky;
Long, long o'er other lands it ranged,
Long, long to Britain's Isle estranged—
Yet fled but to return again,
And bless the Tudor's maiden reign;
But ne'er shall shine as then it shone,
Eliza's days were Awen's own.

ELIZABETH THE TUDOR.

Elizabeth the Tudor!
With marvel nations viewed her,
The brightest Queen by Time e'er seen
To grace our lovely isle of green,
Elizabeth the Tudor.

When foreign arms assailed her,
The God of Valour mailed her,
(His own was she!) by land and sea,
Defeating foes triumphantly,
In hate whoever held her.
Elizabeth the &c.

Her Papist foes, dispute ye
Her steps of rigid duty?

The virgin queen's bellona mien,
The Pallas of the council scene,
The Venus, bright in beauty?
Elizabeth the &c.

Though royal suitors sought her,
More lowly merit wrought her,
Yet proudly soared, disdained a lord,
And lonely clutched the regal sword,
King Henry's mighty daughter.
Elizabeth the &c.

A brilliant constellation
Of merit, graced the nation,
Arts, arms, and sweet poesy's charms—
All, all, the liberal heart that warms,
Gems of civilization!
Elizabeth the &c.

Those names who can o'er-reckon,
Our Shakspeare,[18] Spencer, Bacon,
Th' Augustan age in Britain's page,
Oh famed for poet, warrior, sage,
And each the era's beacon!
Elizabeth the &c.

Exult ye sons of Cymru,
Elizabeth came from ye!
Bright beams did hem her diadem,
A halo rich of deathless fame,
Exult ye sons of Cymru!
Elizabeth the &c.

Old Cymru's bards prophetic,
In strains bold and pathetic,
Had long foretold her age of gold,
That Britons should the sceptre hold,
With grip most energetic !
Elizabeth the &c.

Though past, her age of glory,
Oh proud it beams in story,
Time's golden light, so sunny bright,
Sublimes the Tudor page of might,
Great talent's era hoary !
Elizabeth the &c.

Thus move my steps, my thoughts, and song,
As o'er the land I pace along;
Reflection makes a pausing stand
On Ceredigion's ancient land,
Its rugged portions that remain,
Its gem is lost beneath the main,
The champaign vast, with cities studded,
Of all beloved ! of all applauded !
Cantrev y Gwaelod ! even she—
The town-sown land beneath the sea.

I will not cross thee, Teivy, yet,
For in thy coronet is set
Gems of price, to be desired,
Flowers bright to be admired !

But never flower that breezes wave,
Had bank more sweet than Cambrian grave ;[19]
And blessings on the hand that reared
In Aberteivy's burial yard ;
Those—scarce less lovely to the view,
Than lately seen at Rhyd-y-Briw.

Affection in the ancient days,
Her power in the heart pourtrays,
With mournful loveliness ! mid times
Where that sweet gleam alone, sublimes
The deep and long dark night of mind,
By one fond custom, wise as kind,
Of noting with regard the dead ;
'Twas native every where ; not spread
By imitation, cold and tame,
Its origin what land can claim ?
However differing in creeds,
These were nature's gracious deeds.

The isolated native, wild,
Unlettered nature's simple child,
Long o'er the lifeless form beloved,
Would weep—e'en to distraction moved—
And shriek, and rave, till scant of breath,
Then rudely reason, " what is death ?"
And when 'twas covered with the sod,
Invoking o'er it Nature's God ;
Beneath the moon or solar ray,
Perchance for many a night and day,
The gentle savage sat and wept,
As o'er a mistress loved that slept.

'Twas Greece and Rome's the corse to burn,
And treasure in the sculptured urn
The ashes of their sons of might
Or worth, with many a tender rite;
That urn have arms of fondness braced,
Like lover's round a virgin's waist,
While fell the tear upon her breast,
While passion dotingly caressed.
Sage Egypt, mother of the arts,
Evinced her sons had kindly hearts,
Fantastic in their fancy, yet
With labour pictured deep regret;
For lo! her kingly tombs, cloud hid
Her massive mountain pyramid,
Her hieroglyphics' mystic aim,
Investing the loved mummied frame.

But never land beneath the sky,
In arts, in lore, however high,
Refined this holy custom more
Than Britain, in the days of yore.
"And still"—cry Cymru's sons, "'tis ours!"
So Cymru's fragrant grave of flowers.

Oh sweet's the Cambrian Peasant's grave,
Bedecked with living flowers brave,
That warm affection's fingers dress,
In all the charms of loveliness!—
Thou gem of modes, I've paused upon
Till admiration's voice was gone,
Smothered in its own excess!
So ardent lovers ever bless:

How can I, meetly speak of thee,
That oft hast spoke so kind to me,
Till tears adown my checks have ran,
Ere years or thought had stamped me man ?
Oh full of beauty, soft and kind !
Oh ever gentle and refined !
Amiability's, each feature—
Oh full of dear warm-hearted nature —
Suggested first by pensive love,
And into gracious being wove,
Wert thou—so exquisitely bland.
Dear custom of my mountain land.

The milder virtues round thee throng,
Poesy breathes her lornest song,
While tears that flow and hearts that ache,
And sighs the suffering frame that shake,
As troubled seas the hull of barks,
Whose timber work, while ruin marks,—
(High-seated on a stormy cloud,
While billows lash and winds are loud)
Dear sensibility ! thy reign
Proclaims amid sublimest pain :
Thy sons—wherever born—have cried
While the generous scene they eyed,
" Oh beautiful !—in simple taste,
The Cambrian Peasant's grave is drest."

Thy humble chapel, Rhyd-y-Brew,
E'er white amid paternal yew,
Attracts the eye, and wins the heart,
Before the costly piles of art,

E'en to the maid of native charms,
Beyond the tricked out moppet warms,
And we are won, and we do bless
Her, for her simple gentleness!
For dear to me the sweetly simple,
Where rural nature rears her temple.
Sacrilege ne'er entered there;
No iron rails, no trap to snare,
Or guard against the midnight tread
Of ruffian dealers in the dead,
Cold city villains, barter wise!
Who would vend their own for merchandize.
'Tis holy ground to each and all,
Howe'er atrocious, great or small.
No hogs are there with snout obscene,
Nor grazing cattle mar the green;
Nor nettles high, rank grass or dock,
Nor human bones to shame and shock;
But flowers fair their fragrance shed,
And every grave's a flower bed!
With primrose border, daises, lillies,
Uprooted from the dewy vallies:
And laved with lime, so fair to sight,
The head and footstones e'er are white—
White pebbles edge the grave about,
And white is sorrow's face devout,
(Bleached with tears) that bends o'er there,
To make Death's garden sweet and fair.
Thus sorrow hath her fancies chaste,
For beauty lorn and wild, a taste,
And order neat, pervadeth too
Her handy works at Rhyd-y-Brew.

But what is order there, or taste ?
At best they're beauties coldly chaste,
That please the eye—but oh, a charm,
A soul of feeling, breathing warm,
That Death's dread house can beautify,
And wreaths to pulseless brows apply,
Is in the Cambrian grave-yard : yes,
My mountain land ! thy modes I bless ;
The manners of the heart be thine,
Originally pure that shine !
Simplicity directs them—she
With heavenly pensive piety,
In gentle sisterhood are found
To deck the Cambrian Peasant's mound.

'Tis sweet to view, each Easter day,
(Long ere commenced the festals gay,)
With the morning's earliest red,
The churchyard with the living spread,
Mixed, male and female, youth and age,
To Sorrow's shrine on pilgrimage,
Some bearing flowers, others lime,
(I have marked them many a time,)
A part is sprinkled o'er the grave,
They margin, head, and footstone lave,
Weed and reset each flower with care,
And rouse dear recollections there ;
The pious custom every year
The Cambrian Peasant doth revere,
And some there be, the spot who seek
To week the loved grave once a week,
And many, while affliction's strong,
To miss a day would think it wrong.

We've seen the matron, erst so wild,
With grief subdued, but sadly mild,
Sit by the grave where slept her child—
And look on it so crushed by care,
As if her heart lay buried there;
Her knitting tackle then resume,
And look off from the flowered tomb—
Then gaze again—with thoughtful pause,
Then hide the tears her thinkings cause,
And quick assume a careless eye,
When startled by the passers by.
True grief is lonely—strange in mien—
And hears condolement's voice with spleen:
But rather would men thought her gay,
Than make parade of grief's array,
For nought so maddens, frets, or duns,
As mere mouth-cant of worldly ones.
And we've seen children as they wept,
The spot seek where a parent slept,
Every night, and noon, and morn,
To weed, to weep, or to adorn;
And I have seen the tend'rest lover,
Lament for her, whose bloom was over!
E'en one, who morning, noon, or night,
Regarded not the tender rite,
Prompt to perform, though midnight dew
Bedript his locks, or tempests blew;—
But that's a tale—few passing words,
On theme so treasured, ill accords.
Oh when this scene of life is o'er,
And I can hope or fear no more,
Should in my lays a proof be seen,
A man deserving note had been,—

Oh should my partial countrymen,
Decree the tomb's memorial then,—
Might they award beyond my aim,
A poet's meed, a poet's fame,—
Give me—by those who loved me made—
Beneath a weeping willow's shade,
(More valued far than laurel bowers!)
A Cambrian Peasant's grave of flowers.

Well, Aberteivy*—comes the day,
To wend me from thee on my way,
But take thy due, a bard's adieu,
A brief, but honest lay.

ABERTEIVY.

I.

I passed from Aberteivy, and its broad smooth stream,
Reflected beauteous tints of gallant morning's beam;
I thought of its meanderings, and deep ravine,
And winning wilds so picturesque! but lately seen;
A blessing from my lips and inmost heart there fell,
When I passed from Aberteivy, as I said "farewell."

II.

The sons of Aberteivy, they be kind of heart,
And who can from their maidens without sighs depart?
They frown not on the stranger, or the minstrel's claim,
The good, the kind, the hospitable, merit fame!

* Aberteivy is the Welsh name of Cardigan.

Yes, the warm and grateful throb did my bosom swell,
When I passed from Aberteivy, as I said "farewell!"

III.

My thoughts they ran enraptured on the Teivy's stream,
The beauties, wild and wondrous, on its banks that teem;
Its light and ancient coracles, of windlike sweep,
Its rapid rush of mightiness, through plain and steep!
Its haunt of cunning Beavers, far famed, now no more,
And I thought of huge Cilgerran in the days of yore.

IV.

We praise thee not for beauty, for thy beauty's scant,
We praise thee not for riches—yet thou know'st no want;
But noble is thy river, beauteous is thy seat,
Pure is thy ocean air, thy scenery is sweet!
Thy brave and princely spirit I delight to tell,
And I bless thee, Aberteivy! fare thee well! farewell.

Alas for Dyved's* barren coast,
What contrast to the country lost!
A paradise and wilderness,
Could not be more—could not be less;

* Dyfed is the Welsh name for the County of Pembroke, as Penvro is of the Town.

There was a time these monstrous capes
Of promontories wore fair shapes,
And sloped, till ending in the plain,
Though now, lashed by the boist'rous main,
To gaunt and savage rugged forms,
Bared, wasted, by the flood and storms ;
Supplanted by the waters now,
Thc Lowland Hundred's sunk below ;
The vales and dingles 'tween her hills,
The ocean in her swelling fills,
Consuming and encroaching still,
Till fronted by opposing hill,
The dauntless barrier of the land,
Whose rocky front makes daring stand ;
Still battle waves with fierce design,
The lofty crags to undermine,
And many a gap, and many a cave,
By thee all-persevering wave!
Is hollowed, till bereft of prop,
The baseless roof is doomed to drop,
Thus many a rock is dashed to sand,
And fathoms, miles, leagues, lost of land.
Alas for Dyved's barren coast,
What contrast to the country lost!
And look we inward from the sea—
Oh what a sight were it for thee!
Thou native of the sweet champaign,
Ere Gwaelod by the sea was slain ;
If here thy footsteps wandered e'er ;
Returning to thy Lowlands fair,
Greeted by thy home's dear hail,
Thus, methinks, might run thy tale.

"It was a wild and dreary land,
As o'er it Horror held command,
And Barrenness its rightful king,
By him deposed, did Famine cling;
But Barrenness asserts his reign,
In his state of death though lain.
The huge white stones, do seem his bones,
His rocky ribs shew through the earth,
So scant the soil! man's thoughts recoil,
To see his skeleton stretched forth;
His members far and near are spread,
An upland crag appears his head;
That grins against the whistling storm,
Gigantic, rugged, was his form!—
His limbs athletic, like a vein,
Form leagues of ridges through the plain,
High rising here, and sinking there
And covered oft, and often bare:
And other forms immense and rude,
Were of his tribe and savage brood,
Scattered far, or piled in heaps,
Mark where he reigned, and where he sleeps.
And there be other parts again,
Of Barrenness and Horror's reign,
The rotting earth of sable hue,
The grassless heavy soil of blue,
The shaking quag where grew the gorse,
To tempt the starving cow or horse,
Where mid many a brambled brake,
Croaked deep the toad, and hissed the snake:
And then the subjects of that land,
A ghastly, harsh-in-visage, band,

Unlike our bright-eyed happy train,
The sour featured sons of pain;
What grubs to noble creatures be,
Were they to men, and sad to see,
Nature's last and worst—her scurf,
Who scooped the rotten marsh for turf,
Then trembled o'er their scanty fires,
And muttered care, and mean desires;
The wretched people of the moor,
Fanatics all! of creed impure,
Pelagian heretics,* whose zeal
Is wild as madness, keen as steel,
Blind as ignorance, and base
As infidels—the world's disgrace;
But we are from such creatures hallow'd,
In our sweet land, Cantrev y Gwaelod,
Oh we are from such terrors sunder'd,
In plenty's own, the Lowland Hundred.

For industry and peace are there,
Firm manhood brave and woman fair!
And sorrow ne'er was known to be,
Where sojourned cheerful industry;
And we can never know distress,
Like your dread ills, beyond the hills,
Ye children of the wilderness!"
Alas for Dyfed's barren coast,
What contrast to the country lost!

* Vide Introduction to the Poem of "St. Germain's Field," for the nature of this sect.

But many a living contrast cheers,
Ere yet St. David's vale appears,
At length that scene of grandeur's blight,
Britain's little Rome's in sight—[20]
The city of unsightly cots,
Where college—palace—fallen, rots!
And shrieking sea-birds seem to wail
The city of the rosy vale.

Vallis Rosina! thy looks are lorn,
Thou'rt called a city as in scorn,
But Vallis Rosina, it should not be,
Scorn appertaineth not to thee:
Though aged and wasted be thy form,
By many an age of ruthless storm,
And wasting, crumbling to thy grave,
Thine arms enfold the wise and brave:
And on thy venerable breast
Thy nation's chiefs in honor rest,*—
The Prince who battled for Cymru's right,
The prelate hoar, and sage of yore,
The patriot of might!
So, Vallis Rosina! thy looks though lorn
Can ne'er attract the point of scorn.

Who can wag an unfilial tongue
Against the bosom where he clung,
Although that bosom may no more team,
With its ancient plenteous stream?—

* St. David's shared with Strata Florida, and Conway Abbey, the honor of the sepulture of the princes of the land.

Who, who can frown on a mother's face,
And twit her with a lack of grace,
Count her wrinkles, and with pride
Her sad decripitude deride?
E'en as impious curst and base,
Thy children who sneer on thy matron face,
The sons of the Cymru who forget,
Thy glorious sunshine e'er it's set;
So Vallis Rosina, hail to thee!
Although thou look'st so mournfully.

My thoughts do glance on the present and past,
From what thou art to what thou wast:[21]—
I viewed to-day a skeleton,
The sockets were dark, and the eyes were gone,
And yet there was a merry day
When glistened those visions with rapture gay:
I turned to thy ruined palace then,
With sockets of windows without a pane,
And there was nothing in those recesses,
But darkness and gloom, and the damp of the tomb,—
That thought, that thought distresses!
For I glanced to the palace in festal days,
When pleasure shone with a glorious blaze,
From these, when windows—now reft and rotten;
Although they criticized each hue,
The red, the green, the yellow, and blue,
As stained by splendour's florid hand,
On the pictured glass, the pride of the land:
And they did move the active foot,
To melody's sound, around, around,
But melody now is mute:

And there was the haughty step of state,
The young, the fair, the rich, and great,
The merry, the proud, and laughter loud,
Perchance affection's eye-glance sweet,
And ceremony's formal greet,
But ceremony is now forgot,
All all, hath been—and all is not,
I looked again on the skeleton,
Many a rib was snapped and gone,
A limb was severed at the knee,
'Twas mutilated savagely!
Broken in twain the shoulder blade,
By wasting time and the sexton's spade,
The skull was knocked in, like the roof
Of yonder palace; what is proof,
That's based on earth against the force
Of all triumphant Time? that corse—
That palace shell doth answer well—
Those massive walls a roof disown,
Broken are all its ribs of stone,
And breaking still by rain and wind,
'Tis deaf and dumb, and halt and blind,
Like these bones that once formed man,
Though fairly magnificent once in plan—
All like a vision hath ceased to be,
Thou, Vallis Rosina, art—what I see!

Thou once wert learning's chosen seat,
Contemplation's sublime retreat,
And beneath thy sacred dome,
Piety fixed her earthly home,
Beneath thy high magnific arch,
An army in battle array might march,

And in those mighty days of thine,
Monarchs have bowed at thy sainted shrine.
Thou wert highly held and dear,
By the lettered sage of Manorbeer,[22]
Of learning bright and courage bold,
Who sought thy mitre e'en more than gold;
Thrice Cambrensis wends from home,
T' assert his claim in distant Rome,
And thrice returns in grief and pain,
His troubles lost and his journeys vain;
Supple slaves and loreless things,
The smiling parasites of kings,
He saw advanced and in disgust,
Cast down his honors to the dust,
Disdaining, with majestic force,
What flowed from such polluted source.
Let merit smile and remark their lot!
Those sunshine minions are forgot,
Gerald Cambrensis, thine is fame;
But where is the courtly favourite's name?
In the family roll! where should it be?
Oh illustrious inability!

Vallis Rosina! that name to thee,[23]
Though sweet in sound and fair to see —
That Roman name gave not thy fame,
But thou from Dewi hast thy claim,
Whom Cymru as her saint doth vaunt,
Her far-famed high church-militant,
The son of Xantus, Arthur's stem,
A noble race that well did grace
Old Cymru's diadem.

Within thy bosom, Rosy Vale!
Sanctity's own secluded pale,
Lived Cymru's son and Erin's seer,
Th' Apostle Patrick who held thee dear,
Till bidden hence mid care and strife,
To teach in the west the word of life;
And he obeyed the high command,
O'er the waters voyaged forth.
And naturalized in Erin's land,
Till men forgot his land of birth.
After Patrick, thrice ten years,
Britain's hope at length appears,
Who turned her woes upon her foes,
In well-fought battles, ever won,
Who taught the truth to age and youth,
The church's most able son.
Ere Dewi's bright and glorious day,
Pelagian heresies had sway,
To a wild and mad degree,
And none could curb the heresy;
The Gallic teachers cross the main,
The bull of Rome did roar in vain;
In vain did holy Lupus teach,
St. Cadvan lecture, Germain preach,
Clear reason show, and scripture prove—
Vain, vain, was all, that ever strove.
From evil zeals such force occurs,
Like wind amid the fired furze,
More strong it blows, it fiercer grows;
The north hath not a blast so strong,
To blow, to nought, the fire caught,
'Tis not its nature to retreat,
'Twill first invade the precious wheat;

E'en so with faith fanatic, wrong.
At length the gifted David came,
Atchieved on earth a deathless fame ;
The forceful eloquence of truth,
Persuaded age, persuaded youth,
And more than all, persuaded those,
The faith's deluded leading foes ;
Conviction, like a bursting light,
Downward shot from Heaven's height,
With an instantaneous spring,
As borne on some archangel's wing,
Came o'er the wildered minds of men,
And error's mist was banished then.
But 'tis no easy task to paint
The triumphs of our patron saint,
As in the church so in the field,
Opponents fail, and fall, and yield.

Vallis Rosina—so lorn and lost!
From thee I turn to view thy coast ;
Where Desolation so grimly smiles—
Thy wild secluded rocky isles,
In the wilderness of the sea,
Where howl the storms so mournfully ;—
Thy promontories, thy sunken rocks,[24]
That contemplation wins and shocks ;—
When currants fierce and tempests pierce,
The terror of the mariner,
The beacon bright, with alarm's dread light,
Like fate's own lurid star ;
The flashing of the roaring sea,
And cave-echoed storm have charms for me,

For they have awful beauty — great
And grand are the scenes amid wonder's state.
But terror to-day has lost its sway,
The storm doth sleep as it were slain,
And never to ruffle the wave again.
The pause of thought becomes a smile —
The migratory sea-birds pile,
O'er the sunny level deep,
Upon the high acclivious steep,
Of sullen Ramsey's holy isle,
Where the ancient legend paints,
There once were twenty thousand saints —
Though now as many birds, or more,
Possess what they did heretofore;
Is transmigration's doctrine true?
Come they here again to view
Their earthly haunts in such a form,
And scream their anguish to the storm.
The Peregrine, once pride of kings,[25]
Sojourns here — spreads fearless wings,
The Puffin and the Harry-bird,
That breed in rabbit-warrens, herd,
The Eligug, and Razor-bill,
That nestless, breast the rock, come still,
And still with April every year,
The shrieking gull-birds wild, appear,
Of varied plume and kind — huge flocks,
And cover Ramsey's isle of rocks.[26]
Here, birds supplant the rule of men,
And rats the rabbit's tiny den,
Bare barren rocks, fertility,
And harshness, what was sweet to see,

The waste of waters — waves saline,
The Lowland Hundred's joining green.
Below the rocks where prey-birds breed,
The Peasant seeks his alga weed,
The wholesome laver of the sea,
On which he feeds salubriously.
To barter born, by int'rest led,
The trader seeks the sea-bird's egg,
An humble merchandize, to vend
In Bristol's crowded streets; here wend
The children of the lowly cot,
The pebbled beach and rocky grot,
Who search for shell-fish, day by day,
As inland urchins a nutting stray,
But less for strolling idleness,
Than urged by necessity's real distress.

I stood on high St. David's head,
Serenity o'er land and sea,
In sunshine charms was spread;
I looked o'er land, I looked o'er sea,
And all was sweet as day could be!
But more on Ocean's face my scene,
To trace the Country that has been,
The perished Lowlands. It was here,
Embracing Ramsey isle, 'tis clear
Cantrév y Gwaelod ended. Now
I gazed far o'er the sea, below,
And saw a vessel nearing shore,
Courting breeze and laggard tide,
To bear her to thy bay St. Bride:
But like coquetish mistresses,

Whose science is to check and teaze,
Gave ample scope, yet mocked the hope,
At length departs the breeze.
The little vessel woos the air
Like a facinating fair,
That wastes each captivating art
To win a trifler's worthless heart,
Distending forth each catching charm,
And then retreating with alarm—
Now delights with choice of vesture,
Anon with loveliness of gesture,
And though to many an eye resistless,
Still, still, the sought, is dull and listless.
But now the idle hope is o'er,
Her loaded boat is now afloat,
And gayly dips the oar.
It is a pleasure party: they
Now gladly landed in the bay,
And for St. David's make their way.

But there was one who lagged behind,
Led by a boy, and he was blind—
A flash of thought that hath no name,
As lightning vivid o'er me came,
While recollections filled my mind,
And strange associations kind;—
I heard him utter to the boy,
With animated face of joy,
"Thank God! thank God! most blessed event!
Methinks I now could die content—
At length it is atchieved by me,
I've sailed o'er the Land beneath the Sea."

I looked upon the ancient man,
'Twas even he, most wished of me,
Who Cantrev y Gwaelod's tale began.

There was pleasure in the meeting,
Mutual friendliness and greeting,
And urged he much his deep regret,
That he had lost me since we met;
In friendly converse hour and day,
Winged with pleasure, flew away,
But like sweet music's balmy strain,
Fled to return more sweet again!—
Methinks I never shall forget him,
A man was he, resolved to be
As happy as the world would let him,
And that is wisdom; yet a sadness
Would oft appear amid his gladness,
And there was whimsicality,
That pleasured him, and pleasured me—
And most of all, his ruling taste
To seek the spot that grandeur graced,
Or mighty deeds in days of yore,—
His fancy would rebuild it o'er;
And old St. David's was a field
That did reflection's harvest yield
Right copiously; 'twas strange to see
That venerable ancient man,
Led by a boy as day began,
Through ruined cloister, cave, or tower,
And thy once splendid palace, Gower!
And in lament's sad tone of speech,
Narrate the history of each,

While moralizing as he went,
Of each disastrous turn's event.
Once, to reflection left, alone
He sat upon a mass of stone,
Fallen from the time-breached wall,
In Bishop Gower's banquet hall;
I joined him, and passed hours away,
Secluded from the heat of day,
Oft my observance aiding his,
Comparing time that was, and is,
And after queries of its state,
Thus mourned he lorn Ty Dewi's fate.

"And thou art fallen, crushed and pale,
Sweet city of the Rosy Vale!
Oh thou, so mighty once, so great,
When priestly power's lofty seat,
And thought'st thou e'er to see such change!
Where be thy seneschals? thy grange?
Thy courts, thy colleges, and towers,
Thy martial guardians, civil powers?
'Twill set thee now for laughter's mark,
To name thy Ranger of the park,
Thy Mayor, Burgesses, Forester,
And many a powered Officer,
That gave thee station, pomp, and pride,
When thou wert Grandeur's lofty bride,
For thou art fallen, crushed, and pale,
Fair city of the Rosy Vale!

Alas! 'twas pitiful to gaze
Upon the last expiring blaze

Of pride and splendour's beauteous city—
Alas, alas, 'twas grievous pity!
Thy lands untilled, beasts of the field,
Passing through thy palace porch,
Thy castle stript, the lying lipped,*
Who robbed thy venerable church,
Robbing thee still more of fame—of fame—
Dishonour heaping on thy name,
Thus stigmatizing thine and thee,
Whence hath Ty Dewi ceased to be:—
Oh thou art fallen, crushed, and pale,
Fair city of the Rosy Vale!

Resemblest thou thy rocking stone,
Enormous, strange, but overthrown!
Vestiges of ancient british skill,
Thrown off its poise at foemen's will.
The victim, thou, of simony,
And foreign robbers from the sea,
The Saxon, Norman, and the Dane,[27]
Who on thy head did ruin rain;
While fire, earthquake, storm, and wave,
Combined to sweep thee to thy grave;
And thou wert plundered by thine own,
Who filled thy episcopal throne;—
Thy glory shorn, thy state disgraced,
And left to ruin, rack, and waste!
Oh imfamy's worst tainted shame,
For aye on Barlow's scoundrel name,[28]

* Bishop Barlow, whose letter to Cromwell in 1539 to translate the See to Carmarthen, is a farrago of falsehoods to vilify the Welsh.

The liar, parasite, and knave!
Base slanderer of good and brave—
Dishonest pickthank priest, and worse!
On thee, on thee be Cymru's curse—
Forerunner of a selfish tribe
Of simonists, to whom ascribe
We thy destruction, and bewail
Thee city of the Rosy Vale.

Miraculous Lechlavar's stone,[29]
Is to thy present race unknown;
Beneath another structure now,
So stilly doth thy Alan flow,
Thy bankless Alan—rude and wild,
With weeds of negligence defiled;
And crowning all that's vile and harsh,
The Rosy Vale is now a marsh!
Thy crosses—sculptured pillars fair,
With beauteous tops erect in air,
For years, for centuries, unseen,
Are named as things that once have been;
Thy hallowed shrine, and sainted springs,
The wonder and delight of kings,
But fill the roll of perished things.
Thy sumptuous porches, fair arcades,
Quadrangles spacious, vast parades,
Thy range of princely structures rare,
Arches, columns, fretwork fair,
Vast windows, beautiful to see,
With mullions rich and tracery;
Lofty niches proudly wrought,
With statues of the mighty fraught:—

The village cot with rudest latch,
Earthen floor, and roof of thatch,
Yield a contrast— and supplant,
All, all, that thou didst proudly vaunt!
And thou art as a doubted tale,
Lost city of the Rosy Vale!

The works of man thus have their day,
The works of God will last for aye!
Like the tenant of the tomb,
Perished is th' Ephesian dome,
But the far more ancient sea,
Leapeth, gay, and lustily,
As strong in nerve and vigour yet,
As on the sun's first rise and set:
The city of the hundred gates,*
Hath perished—oh the fates! the fates!
Such granite, joined with bitumen—
But 'twas the work of man, and vain.
The mountains and the vales appear
As fresh—as beauteous—every year,
Oh they do ever gaily smile,
Though seniors to each antique pile;
The works of man thus have their day,
The works of God will last for aye.
Alas for youth! its joy, its hope,
Imagination's boundless scope—
The raptures of the sanguine mind—
Alas to think they're as the wind,
Baseless—nerved with fleeting might—
Or fraught with pestilential blight—

* Babylon.

That all our years of toil, of pain,
Are fruitless, profitless, and vain—
And then philosophy's relief
Is but "be reconciled to grief."

"In my wild mad youth," quoth he,
"When rapture leapt, and judgment slept,
And sight was mine, ere yet I wept,
And all shone lovelily,
In Pant-y-Blodau's† joyous vale,
Whose maids and swains are bright and hale,
It was my lot at Llyn-y-coed,‡
(The lord's of that fair land's abode,)
To see a creature sweet and young,
From mortal birth as ever sprung;
Some said she wandered in her thought,
And some averred she was distraught,
Nor do I to this hour know,
Whether it was so or no;
But well I know her ways were wild,
And she was beauty's brightest child,
And that the malady's impress,
Gave her more winning loveliness,
If malady was her's—for me,
In sooth methinks it could not be.
I oft had seen her by the lake,
Her gentle walk at even take,
One even there it so befel,
I told my love—she heard it well—

† Pant-y-Blodau, signifies the Flowery Plain, or Plain of Blossoms.
‡ Llyn-y-coed, the Lake of the Wood.

And with a dear simplicity,
She said she oft had dreamt of me—
'And they were dreams of pleasantness,'
Quoth she, with looks that spoke no less.
I wished her lowly born as me,
But heiress of that land was she,
The daughter of a stern proud man,
I've often thought his wily plan
It was that banished every view
That youthful hope before me threw,
But still it rests a mystery,
Who 'twas so deeply injured me,
And from the soul's deliriumed height
Of bliss, cast forth to ruinous blight.

"Eternal God! those blessed hours!"
Exclaimed he, venting sorrow's showers,
His frame emotion strongly shook,
While deepest anguish marked his look.—
"She should have been my wedded love,
(Vain, vain, against my fate I strove!)
If hapless lot, sweet girl! was thine,
It should have been no fault of mine—
But thou wert happy in the end,
That thought, that thought, will ever rend!
For thou didst wed another—so,
'Twas quickly given me to know,
While I trepanned by ruffian band,
Was sent a captive o'er the seas,
And troubles came, too wild to name,
Native darkness and disease;

For blindness long has cursed our line,
Their sufferings, all, ne'er equalled mine.
The secret influence employed,
To part me from all social ties,
(Mysterious prisoner—heart-destroyed—)
At length as strangely dies:
And I returned a sightless man,
Friendless, homeless, sorrow-worn,—
A hopeless wretch of aspect wan,
With none to greet me on return.—
All my friends were in the grave,
My rights usurped while o'er the wave,
And she—the centre-thought of years,
Round which all others rolled in tears—
Sorrow's orbits round a sun,
So sweet—so bright—the beauteous one!
My heart's dear love of early day—
Of her no mortal tongue could say."

He said, and sadly smote his breast,
As one in heart and soul distressed;
And 'twas a wondrous sight I ween,
To see him so—erst so serene.
Each soothing phrase I straight employed,
Suggested by the kindest feeling,
When, breathless, in burst Blany Lloyd,
And in her hand the blind boy Celin!
Amazement stole my voice away,
A statue of astounded stare—
The woman in the cloak of grey,
Most strange to think, and strange to say,
Was also by me there!

She stood before the ancient man,
He knew her voice—she thus began.
"'Tis you are he I've sought so long,
One of mine, 'twas, did you wrong,
But think of her you loved—
("Forbear!"
He cries, "I see her sun-bright hair!")
And know, my brother was her sire,
(The heir of all his riches I,
Until his grandchild meets my eye,)
And when he sent you o'er the seas,
Soon from him fled that child of his,
By you, by you, alas, undone,
She died, but gave the world a son,
He lives"—
"My father!" Celin cries,
And 'spite of darkness, forward flies,
Their sobs alone, the silence break,
They're heart to heart, and cheek to cheek.

THE NOBLE OF NATURE.

The world is grown so bad
That Wrens may prey where Eagles may not perch;
Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

SHAKSPEARE.

PREFACE.

"The Noble of Nature" is here substituted for "Howel Sele," which was promised the Reader in the first Prospectus, but a part of that Manuscript having been unluckily mislaid, its publication at present is unavoidably delayed. The Noble of Nature, it will be immediately perceived, is but a thin adumbration of a character, or rather a chain of corresponding materials, to connect a parcel of smaller Poems together.

SONNET,

Introductory to "The Noble of Nature."

Necessity! thy hard and grievous yoke,
Imposed on the hapless of the human race,
Hath many a bright and gallant spirit broke,
Oft galled the free neck with the slave's disgrace,—
Oft crippled nerve and sinew in the race
Of manly ambition, by thy numbing stroke,
And stamped misanthropy on friendship's face:
Thou to the earth hast crushed the good and brave,
Whom none save thee could conquer!—oh by thee
His hopes, his loves, are stricken to the grave
While useless tears his with'ring laurels lave,
And hiss on the dying fires of energy:
Ah, wherefore Poverty, lovest thou to wrest
And dash from the honest brow the high aspiring crest?

THE NOBLE OF NATURE.

He seemed as a god midst the children of men,
At times he's a hunter o'er mountain and glen—
At times he's the lover—a soldier at times,
And each avocation he graces, sublimes!—
So princely in habits, discourse, and in stature,
The gen'rous have named him the Noble of Nature.

The Noble of Nature was lowly of birth,
Integrity's fav'rite! with true soul of worth.
The Arts and the Sciences smiled on his youth,
And his was humility, wisdom, and truth;
But the Noble of Nature was born to endure,
And stood in his nation a stranger, and poor.

And he said in the depth of his bosom's dismay,
"I'll hence o'er the ocean to lands far away;
A soul that is gen'rous, an arm that is brave,
Shall seek better fortune in lands o'er the wave,
While the great of my country but patronize slaves,
The land of my birth yields the basest of graves."

He paused ere he went—on his heart was a spell—
And who that has loved but its nature can tell?
'Twas shot from her bright eyes—his own lady love—
The greatest, the wisest, like weakliness prove;
And base is the stoical cynic who braves
The bright eyes of Beauty! be his desert caves.

He loved with the ardour of passion's wild zest,
Affection and Truth fixed their throne in his breast;
And Nature took pleasure her Noble to grace
With the beauties of manhood, in figure and face;
Yet a sad tortured victim to Beauty's caprice,
The Noble of Nature's a stranger to peace.

Nature's own son! he was gallant of form,
Serene as the vale-breeze, sublime as the storm;
Philosophy's calmness and energy's fire
Varied his being—and poesy's lyre
'Twas his to attune to the praise of the fair,
And thus ran the theme that foreran his despair.—

MY CHOSEN.

Had Eve, when newly formed by hands divine,
But tempted Adam with a look like thine—
Tho' doomed the loss of Eden to sustain,
The happy sinner had been curst in vain;
He still had found new Edens in thy charms,
And more than Paradise—*within those arms!*

Oh thou, of choicest form and stature,
Sweet pleasing face and winning feature!

Oh blessed as God's most favoured creature,
Is he that gains thee!
A macula on face of Nature,
The wretch that pains thee.

Thou art fair—and fair befal thee!
Good art thou—may goodness wall thee
Round about! no ill enthral thee,
Thou loved—thou dear one!
Him believe, who so does call thee,
A fond sincere one!

Tenderness is thine, and sweetness,
And thine—(no humble boast,) is neatness,
Patience thine, and mental greatness,
Delightful Woman!
Who doubts, to sweeten life thy meetness,
In soul is no man.

Thy sweet domestic manners chaste,
By intellectual leisure graced,—
Thou stately formed, and Grecian faced!
Though ne'er presuming,
Are still more finished to my taste,
Thus unassuming.

In thee an union rare we see,
Of courteous sweet Urbanity
Espoused to brave Sincerity,
The princely browed!
Serenely soft, yet greatly free,
But never proud.

Thou'rt like an apple-tree in bloom,
Of lovely look and sweet perfume!
Or brilliant star that doth illume
The skies, alone;
Or like a song-bird, fair of plume,
And dulcet tone.

Oh thou art more than words can paint!
My hues are pale—my pencil faint—
Expression fails, to phrases quaint,
Unworthy me;
I sink beneath the task, sweet saint!
Depicting thee.

But I can love thee, sweet one! better
Than those who choicest phrase can utter;
Affection's tongue, will passion fetter:
But vision's sense
Is in the swimming eye a letter—
Oh read me thence!

Words wrong the gust, the sweet amaze,
I feel when in thy face I gaze,
That all intelligence pourtrays,
A faithful mirror!
Which e'en thy inmost soul conveys!—
Thou hid'st no error.

Thy converse yields me such delight,
As in the source of love and light,
The sainted, in their father's sight,
For aye enjoy,

When bliss is at its acme height,
Too pure to cloy.

No element but I could spare,
Fire, water, earth, or air,
Props of existence, dear one! ere
Thy loss endure;—
Aye, for thee could I almost dare
My faith abjure—

For thou art charity! and queen
Of gen'rous thought, of soul serene;
And thou dost ever bravely lean
To pity's side!
By thee, the sons of grief and pain,
Were ne'er denied.

Enthuasism, wild and warm,
I breathe—aye, joy's delirium charm,
For all my woes a partial balm—
When my poor lays,
Well-judging maid! of wisdom calm,
Do meet thy praise.

For thou would'st rather lose thy friend,
Than with truthless tongue commend,
Where merit is not; I'm not pain'd
To hear thee blame;
Thy taste hath often taught me mend,
Or change my aim.

Wert thou but mine,—in strength or weakness—
Gay or sad—in health or sickness—

I'd cherish thee, with patient meekness,
And manly kindness,
Oh when I failed, might Heaven's greatness,
Doom me blindness!

Yet no—I wish thee better—she
Who'd be a Heaven on earth to me,
I would not lead to poverty!
'Twere selfish vice:
And grateful were, sweet Girl! for thee,
Self sacrifice.

I'd be in self-denial brave,
Till passion wore me to the grave,
Thee from the slightest pang to save—
And I'd befriend thee,
If wedded to false wealthy slave,
To death defend thee.

Ah now, each fervid burst of gladness,
Reflection checks, and augurs sadness
Of dread, severest kind—a badness,
In fortune's store,
When thou to me—ah worse than madness!
Shalt be no more.

When thou—my beauteous monitress!
Shalt fail my eyes, my ears, to bless—
Nor banter, in sweet playfulness,
Then stopping short,
As thou hast fancied my distress,
And vow 'twas sport.

I weep in weakness when I think,
Of sorrow's draughts I've drank and drink,
And in despondence oft I sink,
To see refilled
The often-emptied vase—I shrink—
No more wild willed.

'Tis not that wealthy friends have frowned—
Not that I wander, one unowned,
O'er cursed, briared, fruitless ground,
On life's rough road,
Nor is it faithless friendship's wound,
My soul doth goad.

The far-spread earth holds not a spot
For me—nor house nor home my lot—
Yet 'tis not that—a peasant's cot
My head to shield
Would not grieve—my heart is hot!
To fate I yield.

With her, my bosom's chosen queen,
The sweet, the dear, domestic scene,
Earth's Paradise, mild! blest! serene!
Must ne'er be mine—
I'm doomed a wretch, by malice keen,
E'er to repine.

And do I see thee now?—I do!
That beauteous face—those eyes of blue—
And this cold hand I press, so true,—
And will they vanish?

And wilt thou veil thee from my view,
My true heart banish ?

Oh I shall be—I know it!—soon
As one who gazed upon the moon
In adoration, hailing "Lune!
Sweet Queen of Night,"
Till clouds shall pass—then welcome ruin
To reason's light.

Like one, so crushed for deadly sin,
That had outlived all friends, all kin,
All desolate without—within—
The Roman curse!
Calamity, in Fortune's spleen,
Framed never worse.

Or like one, from some planet thrown
Upon a desert drear—alone—
Unknowing all—to all unknown—
That memory deems;
Reflecting things that merely shone,
And shine in dreams.

I know I shall be mad—ah woe!
What am I oft? what am I now;
If Peace will fly, why Reason go!
Go forever!
Thy tyrant reign I would not know
When ye sever.

Oh true-love hath flown from the children of men!
And nestles with stock-doves in woodland and glen;
Sires are ambitious, and weak daughters yield,
From heiress of acres to gleaner of field,
The blast of despair o'er the true heart is hurled,
The lover's a victim to ways of the world.

And the ways of the world, they are arduous to learn,
To breasts that are gentle, and true hearts will yearn,
And Constancy yielded to Heaven her breath,
At the last martyr-lover's wild pitiless death;
Sweet Constancy long in high Heaven will bide,
If waits she till Love joins a bridegroom and bride.

Her cottage-song never will Constancy sing,
To the heart of the swain, like the nestling of Spring,
Her song of affection is scorned of the proud,
And how can sweet Constancy sing in her shroud?
There's one sheds hot tears o'er her perishing corse,
('Tis the Noble of Nature!) with plaintive discourse.

Love dies once an age, and a new Love is born,
The modes of the old is the junior's scorn,
A bouquet of fragrance, and Nature's bright hues,
Did the Love of these days in his childhood refuse;
Waspish and peevish, he turned to behold
And smiled at the City-craft's bauble of gold.

He frowned on the valleys and smiled on the city,
And drove from his side true Fidelity and Pity;
Int'rest and Fashion, with Splendour and Pride,
Cold-bosomed powers! their presence supplied;

They voted romantic and silly his bowers,
And lodged him in gem-studded high city towers.

" Oh who is that peasant who singeth so true ?"—
Cried the Noble of Nature, the land passing through,
To his bark, for the sea, o'er his loved Cymro valleys—
" Who is that minstrel who sings 'neath the sallies ?"
" Some poor crazy rhymester !" in accents so gruff,
Cried the yeoman, " he sings of true-love, and such
stuff."

And the Noble of Nature reclines on the green,
He envies that harper of bosom serene,
With spirit depressed, and the frequent burst sigh,
A pang at the heart, and a tear in his eye,
His sad love-lorn look did the kind minstrel move,
As he said " Sir, I sing of

MY LOWLY LOVE."

This is the prettiest little low-born lass
That ever ran upon the greensward ! nothing
She does, or seems, but smacks of something better
Than herself, too noble for this place.

SHAKSPEARE.

My lowly Love's a Cambrian maid,
In Nature's gentlest charms arrayed ;
Though strange to other ones she be,
My lowly Love is kind to me :
And I am by the proud ones scoffed,
Because I seek her converse oft ;

Ill nature whispers cruel things,
Thence, and oft her bosom stings:
My fondest aims are, to remove
Those pangs from her—my lowly Love.

My lowly Love is blithe and young,
The sweetest maid the maids among;
My lowly Love is mild and meek,
Quick rush the blushes o'er her cheek,
And timid as the little wren
Is she, to shun the gaze of men;
The jetty eye-lash quick to drop,
To stare at her when any stop;
For many wonder and approve,
To see one like my lowly Love.

The sweetest songs that e'er were sung
By cherry lips, or mellow tongue,
So tender, yet so artlessly
Thus sings my lowly Love to me:
So lovely looks her face the while
The full black eye—the winning smile—
That like some fond enthusiast,
Whose look on visioned Saint is cast;
I cannot turn, I cannot move,
But raptured eye my lowly Love.

My friends, because they're higher born,
My lowly Love deride and scorn;
But while smiles and welcomes she,
Their disapproval's nought me,
(For I've found kindred streams of blood,
To me are but a hostile flood;

My race's name I'd fain disown,
My heart has withered in their frown:)
What can their hate? can it erase
The seal of beauty from her face;
The depth of soul that's in her eye,
Or crush the form that, aye, can vie
With the proudest ones that move?
It cannot harm my lowly Love.

So singular of thought and ways,
With wonder many at her gaze;
Each varying mode though she reject,
Unprimmed, she moves in "*sweet neglect*,"
In native manners, simple dress,
Half rural lass—half quakeress;
Untaught, some think her as a fool—
Some think her wild beyond all rule—
But free to Nature's impulse she,
And known—aye truly known to me.
Oh she's my ruby, diamond, pearl,
My playful, modest, artless girl!
My cheering lark, my gentle dove,
My all on earth—my lowly Love!

With pride, with love, with joy I tell,
My lowly Love doth all things well;
On all she does there is a blessing,
Her pure taste too, is past expressing;
A rural wreath, her brows become
Far more than jewelled crowns would some,
The plainest weed thrown o'er her shoulders,
Becomes a scarf to all beholders;

The humblest covering on her feet
Shews as buskined Dian's, neat;
Her kerchief crossed—her Cambrian beaver,
O'er raven locks, that curl forever—
From foot to crown, below, above,
Oh lovely looks my lowly Love!

Her watchet Kirtle fits her well,
It seems as made of heather-bell,
Most blue and bright on mead or heath,
And then her lively green beneath!—
My lowly Love's nor short nor tall,
Her ancle's slim, her foot is small,
Her apron string round sweet small waist,
Her only cestus, tightly braced;
And above it softly heaves
A breast that ill thought never grieves;
A sweeter hand ne'er fitted glove
Than her's—mine own dear lowly Love!

My lowly Love hath many wrongs
From envious eyes, malicious tongues,
But whosoe'er would slander her,
Would tales 'gainst heavenly ones aver;
And oh, the more 'gainst her they say,
More lovely she, more hideous they.
As from the swan the waters fly,
And leave the oil-laved plumage dry;
So Slander's venom, past all cure,
Would stain her name—but leaves her pure!
The christian maxim—good for ill—
My lowly Love observeth still,

For she is meeker than the doe,
Tho' wet her eye, and breast may throe;
And savage hearts, more savage prove,
Because so good's my lowly Love.

I grieved her once—and much I shame
My blameful folly now to name;
But name it like true penitent,
That woos his penance, punishment.
A jealous pang once made me smart,
And like an adder stung my heart;
Thence like a poisoned one I pined,
And spoke, and looked, and felt unkind:
To hide my pain, in vain I strove
From her—my tender lowly Love.

My lowly Love grew sad with fears,
He face waxed pale—I saw her tears—
I heard her sob—I could not speak—
I kissed the tears from off her cheek,
And vowed I ne'er would give again
My lowly Love a moment's pain—
And while mine eye the dear one sees—
While on earth I move and breathe,
Nor sign, nor sound of mine shall prove
Unkindly to my lowly Love.

The dull, churlish yeoman, now looked on the swain,
And curled up the proud lip of scorn and disdain,
At the strain of the minstrel who sung charms ideal,
His tacit reproaches the harper could feel;
Oh list to my lay! cried the string-sweeping bard,
Here's a song to your taste, for 'tis charmless and hard.

THE WOES OF THE COTTAGE.

They err, deeply err, who in rapturous strain,
All pleasure attach to the sons of the plain;
Seek highland or valley of Wales, they'll disclose
The cottage so envied! the cottage has woes;
Scenes of Arcadia, in poesy fair,
Supplanted by poverty, labour, and care;
Reality shrinks from such vain dreams of dotage,
Keen, keen are the woes, the wild woes of the cottage.

When Winter is raging with fearfullest ire,
The furze of the mountain, uprooted for fire,
The cottager gathers, which burns quick as straw,
The earth-floor's a mud-pool, all drenched with a thaw!
Cold drops from the thatch over table and bed,
The soul-piercing draughts, smiting Happiness dead!
Half-clad trembling urchins growl o'er their scant pottage;—
Keen, keen are the woes, oh the woes of the cottage.

And yet is the cottage no scene of despair,
For Love, though in misery, oh true love is there!
It smiles through its tears, and it sings through its groans,
And sweet Pleasure is not scared away by its moans;
Oh Love, angel Love! wheresoe'er thou mayst dwell,
Thy eye-glance shall banish the darkness of hell;

Whatever vicissitudes Time shall allot age,
Thou canst soften the labourer's lot in a cottage.

The cottage has virtues—their contrast too, swell,
The cottage has vices, base vices as well,
The crime of the poacher scarce merits the name,
The law that he breaks is his country's worst shame;
But the hedge-plucking villain, the thief of the fold,
The horse-stealing felon, as murderer cold—
Toss-pots so valiant in quarrel and sottage,
Rudely base is their vice, hapless sons of cottage.

Ah! who then can covet the poor peasant's lot?
Turmoil and misery await on the cot;
Sickness and beggary—his rent in arrear—
Driven forth by hard landlord in season severe!
A heart-broken outcast that sufferings decay,
A mere beast of burthen forth hunted away!
His parish-bred young ones—Calamity's hot rage—
Keen, keen, are the woes, the dread woes of the cottage.

The Noble of Nature with generous pain,
Averted his face, as averse to the strain,
"Alas, 'tis a picture too mournfully true!
But the strain of endearment and kindness renew,
Reveal me life's flowers—I mournfully know
Where the nettles, the briars, and brambles do grow."

"I'll sing you the song I repeat every day,
A warm heart 'twas framed it—though simple the lay;

And there is a face that looks sweetly on mine,
Her heart's pulse responsively beats to each line,
With a tear on her cheek as the lily dew bright,
When closes my song with the sad words—

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! good night!—parting is such sweet sorrow,
I could say "good night!" until 'twere morrow.
SHAKSPEARE.

Good night my love! farewell my dear!
I've said it oft, with sigh and tear,
Aching heart, and faltering tongue,
When our affection, love, was young;
But now with hope's most vivid cheer—
Good night my love! farewell my dear!

Yet call those words the mournful tone—
My own sweet girl—my own! my own!
And though our sundered hours be few
There's languor in the brief adieu—
But soon return's blessed hour shall cheer,
Good night my love! farewell my dear!

And yet 'tis sweet, 'tis passing sweet!
Thus grieved to part, rejoiced to meet!
Oh never love, 'twixt thee and me,
Exists indifferent apathy!
Familiar still the smile and tear,
Good night my love! farewell my dear!

We've said so oft—and turned to go—
And yet returned—to sever, slow—
One more fond look—one kiss—embrace—
Warm heart to heart, face pressing face;—
A footstep warns!—the world's cold jeer
Would mock our love—good night my dear!

Aye—these are laughed at by the wise—
The pang of heart, and dew of eyes,
Anxious throes, or rapture's zest,
Wild throb, or glow of lover's breast;—
Be we affection's fools! nor fear;
Good night my love! farewell my dear.

The Noble of Nature departs from the pair,
With visage of sadness, and bosom of care,
More light grew his spirits as crossed he the dales
Of Plenty's own Anglesea—garden of Wales!
And turning o'er Mona the retrospect view,
Sung thus its beauties, but said not "adieu."

ANGLESEA.

Môn, mam Gymru!

Oh! delightful Isle of Anglesea,
Rich Plenty's loved abode!
Where laughing Ceres joyously
Doth harvest sledges load!—

Thine, thine, is pleasant pasturage,
Where niveous flocks range free!
Fair's each sea scene—meads, hillocks green,
Sweet Isle of Anglesea!

Salubrious Isle of Anglesea!
That wholesome breezes sweep,
And rosy Health in purity
Breathes over from the deep!—
Thy sons are strong in manliness
No hearts more kind can be,
Soft, fresh, and fair, thy maidens rare,
Sweet Isle of Anglesea!

Oh! plenteous Isle of Anglesea! [1]
When famine rules the year,
And stalks o'er Wales, ne'er mangles thee,
Nor daunts thy hearted cheer;
Then thou'rt the Land of hope to all,
The gen'ral granary!
Gay garden sweet, with bliss replete
Dear Isle of Anglesa!

Oh! costliest Isle of Anglesea,
Old Cymru's brilliant gem!
A sparklet Gwynedd* owned in thee,
Pride of her diadem!
Oh! Mona, beauteous Mona, hail!
Fond Ocean's arms clasp thee;
For Druid lore in days of yore
Well prized was Angleseą.

* Gwynedd, the Welsh name of North Wales.

Why pauses the generous wand'rer in tears,
When the coast and the bark for departure he nears?
Those pangs of the heart and strong sighs of the soul,
Those rare tears of manhood o'er pale cheeks that roll?
What hath so suddenly stricken him wan?
'Tis not faithless woman, or treacherous man.

'Tis not broken frienship, or what may more move,
'Tis not selfish woman capricious in love,
And yet, sooth to say, 'tis a cause, tis a cause,
On leaving his birth-land may well bid him pause:—
He thought of the ever-loved scenes of his child-
hood!
Thy valleys Traloneth! thy mountain and wild-
wood.—

And he said "I would see ye—dear haunts of my
youth!"
And he wends to old Cymry's fair vales of the south,
Though ye boast not a roof nor an acre of mine,
Yet, land of my birth, my affections are thine!
I'll pause on your charms—then with wild lightning
speed,
Hey! for the the ocean!—and farewell indeed.

O'er mountains of sunshine and valleys of shadow
He reached the fair Wye, and the cursed Aberedw,
The traitor's vile adder-nest! mighty no more,
Now banned in its fame for its baseness of yore:
But turning to Llanvair, oh bright beams his eye
As he sees, and thus sings the loved Sevi-lan-Gwy.

THE SEVI-LAN-GWY.[2]

Dear was the laurel to nations of yore,
The hero's proud brow to encircle ;
The leaf of the vine, bacchanalians wore,
And lovers, soft lovers ! aye ever adore
The chaplet of Venus, the myrtle !
The brow of the bard wore the ever-green bay,
Young virgins and priestesses, flowerets gay,
And mourners in garments so woefully dun,
Affected the cypress and fled from the sun :
But I nor affect nor the myrtle nor vine,
The cypress nor bay nor the laurel divine,
In the rough clime of Britain that languish and die,
More dear to my heart the Welsh Sevi-lan-Gwy.*

Oh pass not unmarked, tho' it sprouts among weeds,
O'ershadowed, forlorn, and neglected,
That herb midst the wild-grass and high hollow reeds,
The loved meed of Fame, once, for martial deeds,
Though now it droops low and dejected :
(So low, so dejected, unnoted and lorn
Art thou, modest worth ! in obscurity born—
Thou, like the meek Sevi, midst nettles shalt bloom,
The sun of the universe shines on thy tomb,
In life no star twinkles to brighten thy care,
Scarce Hope's lightning gleam in thy night of Despair.)

* The pronunciation of this word is *Sevee-lan-Goo-ee*, the Welsh w being always used precisely like the English oo.

The tale of that herb the old Cambrian ask,
He'll resolve it thee as no tedious task,
Tell thee in far or near region 'twill grow,
Wherever sun scorches, wherever winds blow,
Where the stern solstice of winter most freezes,
Or Love's mellow clime midst the gentlest of breezes.
Ask the old Cambrian—he'll tell thee with pride,
Though he boast, in his verity still confide—
Though flush on his cheek the enthusiast's glows,
'Tis the patriot's warmth—oh sweetly it shews!
Wild ardour shall glisten and smile in his eye—
Reflection shall check it—'twill end in a sigh—
And perchance he may weep as he makes reply,
"'Tis the wild leek of Cambria—the Sevi-lan-Gwy!"

Fierce merciless Winter with dire sleety breath,
(Of aspect petrific and sallow,)
Had breathed o'er all Nature the cold damp of Death,
And the meads, hills, and woods, looked wild as the heath
In a vile blighted garb of yellow;
When Cambria's heroes returned from the fight,
To the proud sounds of harps, with steps of delight,
Gallantly carolled the patriot throng,
"Oh victory! victory!" still ran the song;
While rocks subterraneous caught the bold strain,
And "victory! victory!" answered again.
The prince oft a look to the right and left cast,
By rock-bedded Wye as the warriors passed,
Seeking a witherless leaf or a flower,
That flourished in winter, to hallow the hour;
But flower, nor tree-leaf, nor aught that was green,
By prince or by soldier or peasant was seen

Till further advanced on the banks of the Wye,
All eyes fell with joy on the Sevi-lan-Gwy!

The monarch then halted his army around
The spot where the Sevi was growing,
"Oh lovely art thou, on the wild blighted ground,
Fresh green herb of winter—be ever renowned!
Renowned be the stream by thee flowing!—
Bold Cambria's emblem thou henceforth shalt be,
The great-hearted hero shall pant yet for thee.
His arm shalt thou nerve, and give edge to his sword,
The signal for onset—the strong battle word!
Not mighty Cadwalader's dragon gory,
Shall lovelier shew in our future story!
Oh wither and die to the touch of the slave,
But flourish in pride on the brows of the brave!"
Cried the prince, as he lifted the Sevi on high,
And each helmet was decked with the Sevi-lan-Gwy.

By the side of his prince then the car-borne bard
Struck his harp to the Sevi's praises,
He sung a new son worthy highest reward,
The elated monarch, with dearest regard,
To his brow the green Sevi raises.
Many a maiden and many a young man,
From fair Aberhonddu,* at foot of the Vann,†
Aberedw,[3] Llanvair,[4] and many a town,
Met and accompanied these sons of renown;
And many a brave man with rapture hath said,
"My Sevi of honor I share with my maid!"

* Aberhonddu, the Welsh name of Brecon.
† Vann—the Beacons, a high mountain close to the town of Brecon.

While beauty's sweet blushes have faded and risen
As bosoms of softness with Sevi they'd dizen,
The summer's choice flowers soon met with neglect,
The softest and gayest the virgins reject,
More dear to each heart and more fair to each eye,
The flower of heroes—the Sevi-lan-Gwy!

Thus grew it alone on the banks of the Wye,
E'er regardless of Season's rigour,
Though now undistinguished in gardens 'twill lie,
And often surprize the lone traveller's eye,
On the soil-less rocks in its vigour:—
It blossoms in summer, in winter 'tis green,
'Tis covered with floods oft, and scarce to be seen,
Yet straight through its surface like war-pikes 'twill shoot,
Deep fixed in the rock its undying root,
And strong must the grip be—the arm must have might
That drags the deep rock-clutching root up to sight;
Encrowned was the head, and the firm hand was mailed
Of him who to rend from its bed first assailed,
Its high liberal founder and royal donor,
Who consecrated it first to brave Honour,
Such was his tug's effort, and such was the shock,
As forcibly rent from a huge massive rock
A crag by some monstrous and dread giant hand;
First split by the lightning's fierce fiery brand.
The once hardy Briton's true semblance it is—
Unyielding to seasons, the firm soul was his,
Nor flood nor the frost, nor the nerve-slacking sun,
The dread path of honour could e'er cause him shun,

So grows the sleek Sevi—no clime bids it die—
Once Victory's plume, the green Sevi-lan-Gwy!

My country—when Liberty tripped o'er thy hills,
When thy bards and thy heroes flourished,—
Ere a heart-streaming victim to War's dire ills,
When Innocence sported around thy fair fields,
Ere thy gen'rous patriots perished,—
When Simplicity lived and thy modes were plain,
Ere sons of the Sais usurped thy domain,—
Ere the Sais's fierce homicide—fell vulture king!
His thrice num'rous host to subdue thee did bring,
Ere the cold-blooded fiend did that burning wrong,
Dealt death to thy genius—thy sons of song[5]
Oh then seeked thy patriots with hearts beating high,
The green immarcessible Sevi-lan-Gwy.

My nation—her genius in sorrow droops,
The string of harp soundeth heavy,
O'er the markless graves of her heroes she stoops,
The ghosts of the slain flock around her in troops,
And wail for the land of the Sevi;
Cambria, high famed in the brave days of old,
The deeds of thy sons with their names are untold,
Oblivion throws o'er thee her darkest veil,
O'er the song of thy bard—thy lost minstrel's tale;
Yet bright shines thy fame in the page of thy foe*
The Roman's—who dealt thee, who felt from thee woe—
Thou, Britain's free wilderness!—Freedom's last sigh
Shook the leaves and expired o'er the Sevi-lan-Gwy.

* Vide Julius Cæsar's eulogy of the Britons.

Well thy barbarous foes did their vengeance wreak,
But my country, no more thou warrest;
Oh 'twas thraldom's thy gallant spirit to break!
Lorn and bare is thy sky-reaching mountain peak,
Once crowned with the vast stately forest.[6]
Thy foes have bereft thee of forest and grove,
Thy diadem, freedom,—and e'en freedom's love!
Like a virgin deflowered, her head's honour torn,
Thou seem'st e'en as joyless and griefless—forlorn!
Such woeful serenity idiots endure,
When broke is the heart:—Oh mute grief has no cure!
Thy innocent, cheerful, eve's dance on the green,
Now rarely delights—but a barbarous scene
Of jumping fanatics, whose dolorous yell
Remind of the fabled vile orgies of hell;*
The frantic enthusiast's rant is preferred
To the minstrel's sweet song once gratefully heard,
That enamoured the youth of the hero's renown,
Or divested the maid of the vestal's cold frown—
Vernacular melodies! tending to move
The soul to th' enchantment of innocent love—
Oh sinless delights! that the *saints* of these times
Brand with the false appellation of crimes;
Sour bigots detested! whose ignorant rage
Recalls the dark gloom of a rude iron age!
Now the rank garden-leek too—and who can tell
why?—
Has supplanted the fame of the Sevi-lan-Gwy.

Ah where's thy manubial glory of yore,
The hall's bright bedeckment of beauty?

* A picture lamentably too true.

Thy songs, oh my nation! thy loveliest store,
Whence the proud glow of valour thy hero wore,
While the same was his pleasure and duty?
Oh lost is each vestige, defaced each fair scene,
Where the spoiler, the robber, the tyrant has been!
Torn, torn, are the treasured archives of the land,
Bright records of honour! by the barbarous hand.
Thou once mountain-nation of valour and power—
Low lies thy beacon, thy castle, high tower,—
The pole-cat, dark adder, th' unclean bird and beast,
Possess the ruined mansion where chiefs held the feast,
The hale hardy warrior—brave chief of the hills!
Destruction the space of his feasting now fills;
Rank green fœtid pools, crumbled stones and tall weeds,
The only memorial of all thy proud deeds!
Thy language that softness and ardour combine,
Thy language of energy's on the decline!
The "tones of the south,"* soft, insipid, and mincing,
Effeminate languor, luxuriant, evincing,
Have now their ingustable still sleepy day,
The nervous, expressive, and firm pass away.—
But will the soft lute rouse th' insensible band,
When the armies of strangers assault the land?
Infuse the high spirit, and warm the cold heart,
Insinew the soul, or strong glowing impart?
No! not the well eulogized "tones of the south,"
Though "soft as the kiss of a female's sweet mouth,

* Vide Lord Byron's Beppo.

(As sung by the first of high bards) would avail,
Italia soft spirit may Britain ne'er hail,
Her genius of evil!—Demosthenes not so
Roused in the Athenian the patriot's glow—
His rough manly periods like thunder burst forth,
Or tempests alarming that rushed from the north—
Like the masculine torrent-voiced God of the Wars,
" Town-battering, homicidal, gory Mars!"*
Aye—scorn them, degenerate! but bold sounds like these
Become more our genius—proud land of the seas!
But closed be my song—and oh take my deep sigh,
My lost country's emblem—dear Sevi-lan-Gwy!

He wandered the village of cottages rude,
Where once Aberedw the treacherous stood,
" Thou base Aberedw!" he said with a frown,
" Why should not Infamy have her renown?"
And the Noble of Nature he sat in the place;
Recorded its legend stands, black in disgrace.

THE LEGEND OF ABEREDW.[s]

The savage all wild in his glen
Is nobler and better than thou;
Thou standest a wonder, a marvel to men,
Such perfidy blackens thy brow!
If thou wert the place of my birth,
At once from thy arms would I sever;
I'd fly to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And quit thee for ever and ever;
And thinking of thee in my long after-years,
Should but kindle my blushes and waken my tears.

BYRON.

* Cowper's Homer.

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people,
How is she become a widow ?

JEREMIAH.

All joy is darkened and the mirth of the land is gone.

ISAIAH.

Know ye the spot where the Sevi of Cambria
Withers in woe for her children's misdeeds ?
Know ye the spot that the patriot of Cambria
With a brow of disdain and resentment e'er heeds ?—
Know ye the village that's named from its river,
That runneth through rocks and the Wye's its receiver ?—
Albeit, its streams though received by the Wye,
She shuns as pollution—recedes as from dangers—
Unmixed are their waters, they move like two strangers
Side by side walking o'er the same ground chance rangers,
Who dart on each other suspicion's dark eye :—
One moves as satanic malignity hastens,
One with bold course that true dignity chastens,
The black Aberedw—the silver-bright Wye.

When the Sais's carnivorous monarch so gory
'Gainst the brave son of Griffith his thousands did bring—
When Cambria's sons fought with gusto for glory,
When hundreds and hundreds fell dead round their king—

When their bright star of Fortune waxed pale and
grew fickle,
And the mountain-men fell like the blade to the sickle,
(Can a rivulet stand 'gainst a torrent's dread
might?)
From Henfordd, Llewelyn, o'er hill road and meadow,
Spurred his swift courser towards strong Aberedw,
Where the Armourer mailed his worn hoof for
fresh flight:
Backwards the shoe to the king's horse was fastened,
The fugitive prince from his seeming friends hastened,
But his crowned head was sold ere he fell in the
fight.

High back wooded hills did the fair town environ,
And guarded it well from th' inclement rude blast,
There was one rock of slate, like a huge mass of iron,
That seemed a vast vestige of ages long past,—
Level its top and square sides as a tower,
At its base, south, the Edw; grass-blade, weed, nor
flower,
Grew on it ever, its top nor its side.
But a contrast to all the gay scenes did it render,
Arrayed in the darkness of withering splendour,
And frowned in the gloom of a despot's state pride:
Such a spot 'mid the ruin of a world, Desolation
Might well choose, to glut on a world's conflagration;
'Twere a throne that the rage e'en of fire defied.

On the height of this slate-rock, o'ertopping each
dwelling,
In the rage of despair stood the bard of Llewelyn,

And the ban of the heart through his fevered lips burst:
Below stood the populace gazing with wonder,
Dismayed at his vehemence, rancit as thunder,
In th' acme of phrenzy as fiercely he curst:
"Ye venomous reptiles—ye damned wolves of slaughter!
Accurst be your fair fields, your green hills and water!
For your sakes, o'er with barrenness curst be the earth!
Agents of fiends, 'tis to ruin I devote you!
Traitors I found you, and traitors I thought you!
Scorned of the world may ye soon wander forth!

Monsters of treachery, of souls blackly deeded,
Oh loathsome's your bread, for with blood is it kneaded,
While ye seize it, half famished, be it dust 'twixt your teeth!
May it rend and convulse you like minerals burning,
Oh ye, who the ties of humanity spurning,
Have torn from your father his land's regal wreath,
And sold it to blood-shedding treacherous strangers—
Regicides! bondsmen! oh woe to ye and dangers,
While fear, guilt's companion, attends your vile days.
So vented the bard his anathemas dire,
Words waxed incoherent—his lips foamed with ire—
He seemed like a prophet of wrath heaven arrays
In its terror to warn a proud blasphemous nation,
Of utter destruction and wide devastation,
Who fills the whole earth with extremest amaze.

Quick flashed his eyes as the short gleams of lightning,
The more waned his strength, more his passion still heightening;
His arms with strong gestures he tossed in the air,
Like the branches of oak in a high tempest waving,
And his voice changed with wailing and frantically raving;
He was hoarse as the wolf—he was mad with despair,
From his chin and his temples his grip the hair severed,
The harp of his soul 'gainst the rock then he shivered,
An omen his life was arrived at its close:
Closed—ever closed—his adored avocation,
'Twas the day, he conceived, of the end of his nation,
The death day of patriots—their last day of woes.
A stone from the hand of a ruffian now smote him—
Down midst his foes from the high rock it brought him—
He felt not his death—nor the sneer of his foes.

He died—yet his curse was on all in the city,
A dæmon of darkness, Destruction his name,
Rushed through its bounds, while in heaven slept Pity,
No spirit of goodness did thwart his fierce aim;
He summoned to aid him each ruinous dæmon;
Frequent at midnight the dread shriek of women,
That sudden death reft of a parent or child,
And a pestilent sickness on mankind and cattle,
More deadly destructive than war swords in battle;
And private fends reigned with a fury most wild,

Oft grappled in anger that ended in slaughter,
The son and the father, the mother and daughter,
And crimes that the nation before never knew
Were committed as pastimes:—laws no longer dreading,
No cognizance taken of mid-day blood shedding,
Unquestioned each Ruffian his enemy slew.

The town grew a desert—a fire was kindled
By a midnight incendiary—none could tell who—
To ashes some houses and families dwindled,
And the yex of lamenting was heard from no few;
The ghost of the bard on the rock vengeance wreaking
Was heard at still midnight while prey-birds were shrieking,
A proverb of horror anon the town grew,
Many did marvel with pale consternation,
Perpending the mystic and strange conflagration;
One said that he saw fall a fire from heaven,
"'Tis the curse! 'tis the curse!" cried a seer, full of wildness,
"Has stricken the parents, or rendered them childless,
'Tis the curse, all our honour and glory hath riven!"

There was one rose at midnight and rushed o'er the ramparts,
And yelled in his sleep in a voice framed to damp hearts,
Or 'gender delirium in temperate brains;
"Oh horror! oh horror! our own men besiege us!
To punish our crime, lo! a dread war they wage us—
The sky with their arrows a death shower rains!"

Unwakably wild thus the sleep-walker's screaming,
Like an agonized maniac with open eyes dreaming,
And a crowd from their slumbers were roused with affright;
Not a star, nor the moon in the heavens was shining,
The spirits of evil, all horrors combining,
Seemed, *this*, to have marked for a festival night;
He rushed o'er the ramparts—a crowd followed after,
All headlong fell over!—and loud fiendish laughter
Was heard, ar if down in the caverns of earth.

The trumpet was sounded convening the forces—
Oh darkness and death sure with Ruin combined!
And women were crushed by the hoofs of the horses,
Their death-shrieks reached far on the wings of the wind;
The survivors a sullen despondency seizing,
Numbing the nerve, and all energy freezing,
Each moped midst their ruins with heavy pale face,
Cross armed and slow paced—all ground-gazing—choiceless—
Of spectral demeanour—as skeletons voiceless,
The heart's desolation, in all, men could trace:
At length many travelled—to other towns wandered;
Wherever they settled, soon in their ears thundered
Their native town's name—source of foulest disgrace;
Far removed generations to these days upbraid too
With descent from the traitors of base Aberedw,
That pestilent blur on fair Cymru's fresh face.

Oh dear to fond man is his spot of nativity,
Though beauty nor plenty to attach him exist,

Nor breezes of health, dearest friends to longevity,
Nor aught that's engaging to strangers I wist;
So at Aberedw—though ruin surrounds them,
And something each hour destroys or confounds them,
Nor plague, sword, or fire could warn them away,
The madly fond children distractedly clinging
To the dark serpent mother her own who was stinging,
Embraced e'en her corse in its putrid decay.
To rebuild their fall'n houses, with turmoil assaying,
The huge stones cemented on each other laying,
Vain were their labours, the curse was not stale—
High storms in the night, with an awful sound rushing,
Assaulting man's tenements—'neath them all crushing;
The massive blocks blowing like chaff in the gale;
And at noon-day when all hues of nature wore stillness,
She has throed like a mother in desperate illness,
Walls were blown down when no breeze shook a tree
It seemed as if spirits malignant annoyed them,
And glutting hot vengeance with rage thirst destroyed them,
For ever security there ceased to be.

Ages have past—and each scene is at variance
With what was delightful in bright days of yore,
E'en jacent magnificence no more makes tarriance,
'Twas Time's to deracinate or cover o'er,
And each charm disarray; and now all's grown insipid,
The scene darkly marcid, the people all tepid,
Clownishly plodding—each charm obsolete—
The cade of the wild-bird and beauties campestral,
The boscage umbrageous e'er dear to the minstrel,

All—save the slate-rock—'twas Time's to delete,
Strong was the grip of old Time in the wrestle
With the skeleton weak of her once famous castle,
That brought its proud head to the bastion at last,
Long did he cite to surrender and fate it,
But like a strong giant of tendons athletic,
He stood, all defying, and growled in the blast.

It lives—and but dubiously lives now in story,
Autopsical once—Aberedw thy glory,
Thy heroes, and bards, and war-chiefs' cavalcade,
Thy canorous minstrels, thy calid souled speakers,
Thy rich gustful mead drank in golden carved beakers,
Thy social hall's pleasures, and gay knights' parade,
Thy beauties who tempered the rude chief's ferocity,
Melting in mildness or wild generosity,
And kindling that passion—so sweet and acute,
Where Wisdom once spoke through the souls of the sages,
Bright apopthegms, and sweet song that engages,
More cogent than reasoning, however argute;—
Now is disgraced by dull hinds in rude brabble,
There none hide their heads but the scum of the rabble,
Beauty is dead—Song and Wisdom are mute.

Aberedw—curst spot! that thro' each passing season
Meets scorn, and will meet it thro' ages to come;
Aberedw—abhorred for thy citizen's treason,
Aberedw the silent, deserted, and glum;

There's a fiend o'er thy glories of yore has been
ploughing,
The spouse of Destruction—his wild name is Ruin;
Thy towers he battered, thy turrets struck low,
Thou'rt shunned as a spot by the night-spirits haunted,
A village of cots now thy town that erst vaunted
Its castle and ramparts to ward the strong foe;
To the traveller thou'rt pointed, thy story discovering
"There stood Aberedw that sold its true sove-
reign,
Where nestles the adder—where rank nettles grow.

On the banks of the Wye many kindly hearts dwell;
At many a friend's he has bidden farewell,
Crossed o'er the mountain, he views the high Beacon,
The Priory Walks and the lawns of fair Brecon.
But sweet recollections, so vivid! so many!
Delight him e'en more, on the banks of

LLEWENNY.

The cranes of the Wye are grey of plume,
As the homely web of the village loom,
The Irvon's wild duck is speckled;
White wigeons sojourn on the silver Cray,
And the high-building kite, with designing play,
Hovers o'er them—the felon freckled!
But the gentle Llewenny has more to boast
Than its golden stream or its store of cost;
The angler's plume of enchanting hue,
Is the crest of her proud-crowing cocks of blue.[9]

Oh rich is the ancient Llewenny!
Of amber-bright hue its streams,[10]
As golden-faced Sol had reposed in its waters,
And yellowed it with his beams:
And the ancient Llewenny is proud
As a Roman patrician of blood,
Disdaining to mix in its journey along
With any plebian flood.

And the river Llewenny is strong,
As it rolls through Savadhan lake,
Though rivers there mix with rivers and brooks,
With none will it give or take;
But self-hued, unbroken, through waters
It rushes, as in disdain,
As the mine-rebel ore bursts all bounds before,
And still is itself, through each ridge of Earth's core,
The powerful *hell-gallop* vein.[11]

Llewenny's a nymph of the valleys,
Her tresses are yellowy green,
The traveller has called her the landscape's gem,
The smile of the woodland scene;
The angler well pleased with her bounty,
Has bent with his scaly load,
Sweet eyes have shone bright with the glow of delight,
As they gleam in his own abode.

And oft, on the banks of Llewenny,
The village-school children are seen,
Plucking or rooting primroses, in sods,
To plant in the churchyard green,

Bedecking the grave of kindred:
Oft here the fond lover woos,
The maiden and youth of affection and truth,
No stiller sweet spot can choose.

Here too, on the banks of Llewenny,
The florid farm-girls of the vales
Sing the loud song, while milking at eve,
Or morn, scouring milking pails;
Llewenny! thy scenes, though humble,
Must attract Nature's lover's gaze!
E'en thy name joys create, and associate
Dear recollections of childhood's state,
Wild sports of fond boyhood's days!

He leans o'er the bridge of the fair Pentre Velin,
That village of swains! where he first heard the Telyn,
Or joined in the evening's gay dance on the green,
And many an innocent festival scene!
A girl at the door of a cottage was sitting,
And this simple ditty she sang at her knitting.

THE MAID OF PENTRE VELIN.*

Sweet home! my blessed happy *home*,
I would not *roam* from thee!

* Pentre Velin, or Pentre'r Velin, signifies the Mill Village.

The first four lines of these stanzas are written in a lyric measure of great antiquity, and peculiar to Welsh Poetry; the fourth syllable of the second line rhymes with the first line, which, to render more conspicuous to an English eye, are printed in italics.

Far England's prouder towns and *sights*,
And gay *delights* to see:
Most happy in my father's dwelling,
With childhood's scenes well pleased am I,
I heave no discontented sigh—
Well pleased to live—to live and die—
In my native Pentre Velin.

Oft Rees the harper passes *here*,
And renders *cheer* to all!
No wedding feast more gay than *we*,
Whenever *he* does call.
Blithe old Rees plays on his Telyn;
Across the green the dancers fly—
And in the midst of them am I,
Proud with the proudest then to vie—
On the green of Pentre Velin.

And once a year Trecastle *fair*,
(Aye revels *rare* I see!)
With Bevan always there I *go*,
Since children *low* were we.
Tender tales he's ever telling,
And then with me his suit he'll push,
Which makes me hide my face and blush,
For in my cheeks the colours rush,
As we walk to Pentre Velin.

Now dead is Griffith of the *mill*,
Beneath the *hill* lies he,
And when his boy is twenty-*one*,
Shines pleasure's *sun* on me.

The mill house then shall be our dwelling,
And we shall lead the sweetest life;
Whate'er our care, yet free from strife,
The miller and the miller's wife,
Of our native Pentre Velin.

Attachment is reared in the generous mind,
Less by the beauteous and bright, than the kind;
The grot of the mountain is dearer to lovers,
Than ought the gay valley of sunshine discovers;
To the Noble of Nature the Mountain Ash shews
More lovely than forests or orchards disclose.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH OF LLWYN-Y-NEATH.

Oh thou that bloom'st amid the wild-wood,
Around whose boll I've played in childhood—
Thy branches from the sun me shield would,
In mid-day's heat.
Thou'rt dearer to my sight than railed wood,
In orchards neat.

I love to view thy branches spread—
I love to view thy berries red—
Oh ever rear on high thy head,
Gay mountain Ash!
May none, to sense of beauty dead,
Thy honours dash.

Many and many a year has past,
Since, beauteous tree! I saw thee last,

Affliction many a dart has cast,
And often smote me,—
Sickness, sorrow, blight and blast
Of fortune caught me.

And thou hast scars too—peasants rude
Have lopped thy branches, hacked and hewed,
And with them hedges have renewed,
All void of pity—
Thee steel and fire have pursued
Like sacked city!

But spite of all the ills that showered,
Thy roots have spread, thy head has towered,
Germinated, leaved, and flowered,
A beauteous thing!
Not so with me—with care o'erpowered,
I'm seared in spring.

Hard sons of thrift do sneer at thee,
And curse thee for a useless tree,—
But thou art dearly loved of me,
Thou charm'st mine eye:
And useless *that* can never be,
That stills a sigh.

Whatever balms the smarting breast,
And wins the heaving heart to rest,
Delights the eye or ear, is bless'd,
And never vain,—
So thou that charm'st my mind distressed,
Deserv'st my strain!

Eye objects still the mental throe,
Reflections generate, and so
The harsh resolve cause to forego,
And soothe chagrin,—
Else malice and revenge, to woe
Might tempt, and sin.

And I—a reckless thriftless one,—
Fortune's wild and wandering son,
Oft slightest trifles dote upon,
That thought pursues,
Slight things that shine and fade anon,
Like rainbow hues.

Such is woman's varying smile—
Aye, false as Fortune's—fraught with guile—
Ah me, I sicken—woe's the while!
To touch that theme—
For I—but let it pass—'tis vile—
I'd happy seem.

Thou ruddy-berried Ash of Britain,[12]
To thee my filial heart is beating,
For no exotic thou—well weeting
I honour thee,
And give thee warmer, fonder greeting,
Thou British tree!

With classic folks' leave and pardon,
When sultry hours scorch and harden,
I'd rather see thee grace the garden
For a bower,

Than choicest laurel—folly's bargain!
Far seas brought o'er.

I love to view thy branches spread,
I love to view thy berries red,
Oh ever rear on high thy head,
Gay mountain Ash!
May none to sense of beauty dead,
Thy honors dash.

Oh woman's ingratitude! falsehood! caprice!
The Noble of Nature, a stranger to peace
And sick to the heart, wends to far foreign lands,
A name seeks in arms, where his genius commands;
His energy frames a bold charge from retreat,
A vict'ry decided from partial retreat.

He fought for the king 'gainst invaders of Spain,
And sought the reward that the valiant may gain,
Men deemed 'twould be eminent as his success
That the soldier of fortune high fortune would bless;
But no blood of nobility hallowed his claim,
And the Noble of Nature had nought but his fame.

Bosomed in greatness and mantled in pride,
The Noble of Nature with silence replied,
Proud was his step and indignant his eye
While the pains of the heart scorns the vent of a sigh,
As he turns from the heartless and despot-ruled train,
Where the Noble of Nature was noble in vain.

Of Fortune, base beauty, and ingrates the sport,
The Noble of Nature was lofty of porte,

Erect as the great soul indignantly stands,
Gallant of bearing, his high brow commands:
A smile for the malice of fortune and foes,
In the Noble of Nature right lovelily shews.

'Tis beautiful! nature's own soul might rejoice,
And give to the stones of the earth a proud voice,
To hail her magnanimous gem-hearted son,
In adversity's hour—by fortune undone—
Enwrapt in his own native greatness of soul,
That stars inauspicious have failed to controul!—

'Tis beautiful! Honour a blessing shall breathe,
And Glory her chaplet of loveliness wreathe!
The shades of the mighty a mightier shall bless,
When he smiles in the day of his evil success!—
'Tis beautiful—viewing his high self support!
'Tis beautiful—viewing the gallant of porte.

'Tis beautiful—eyeing the generous and brave,
His great heart on high, and his hopes in the grave!
Sheds he a tear? is it poorly or weak?
'Tis instantly dashed with disdain from the cheek—
The bright son of honour shall mean sorrows slay?
In his heart's destitution he framed a proud lay.

YE HAVE FROWNED!

Ye have frowned on my hopes, and my claims ye reject,
Ye have frowned on my hopes—yet I dare stand erect—

Now your glance cannot awe, nor your smilings elate,
Too proud is my heart, though despising to hate.

Ye have frowned on my hopes—yet the bright sun
on high,
Shines on me in my grief, as on ye in your joy—
Ye have frowned on my hopes—but the great world
is wide,
And the high heart's companion is generous pride.

Ye have sneered at my aims, ye have mocked at my
pains,
And shall I forget, while warm blood fills my veins?
The slanderer whose venom my fair name would blot,
The woman who scorned me were sooner forgot!

Aimless he wandered—and left the proud land,
Where serves the true noble, where base minds com-
mand,
And the land of the foreigner lovelily shone,
But the Noble of Nature sighed deep for his own;—
He crossed o'er the national mountainous wall,
And heard the war-shrieks in the land of the Gaul.

He looked from the height with a general's eye,
And enquired the cause of the armies that fly;
"Tho' coveting fortune, nor wealth, nor applause,"
He said, "I would die in a generous cause!
For why, unbeloved, should I wander the earth?
Let me, at least, feel my own hearted worth."

The Huguenots flew like the dear from the hounds,
With fire and sword persecution forth bounds,

The Noble of Nature takes part in the flight,
Strengthens the weak, puts the bigots to flight—
The Huguenots, turning the tables, grow fierce,
But aloof stands the Noble of Nature, averse.

No friend to the cruel, whatever their creed,
Huguenot—Papist—no more will he heed;
Humanity's friend! Nature's Noble and boast!
Was held as an alien and foe to each host.—
The plume of the warrior, fame, honour, or care,
Doffs the Noble of Nature, unfit for his wear.

He thought of the abuses of civilized states,
(Whose eulogy falsely the parasite prates,)
A base servile people—the poud feudal lord,
The sovereign despotic, whose sceptre's a sword—
"The state of the savage with more blessings teems,"
He cried, "Where the bright Star of Liberty beams."

THE STAR OF LIBERTY.

He sung a doleful song about green fields,—
How sweet it were, on Lake or wild Savannah,
To hunt for food and be a naked man,
And rove up and down at Liberty.

COLERIDGE.

Oh! that I were an Indian wild,
On whom the Star of Freedom smiled!
I'd be a fond idolater,
And worship that dear brilliant star!

At ease beneath the plantain's shade
I'd fondle with my tawny maid,
To her I'd sing, and she to me,
The song of Love and Liberty!

We'd wander through the sunny vales,
Shun scorching heats or stormy gales—
Pleasantness, where'er it be,
Alone should tempt my love and me;
The nations miscalled civilized
We'd shun—as serpent haunts despised!
Unbiassed, merry, blest, and free,
We'd sing of Love and Liberty!

Though custom's slaves define us rude,
The sea, the woods, should render food;
Our tent we'd raise where breezes hale
Should tempt our steps—the woody vale;
Whene'er we choose again we'd change—
Where'er we pleased in freedom range—
Kind, ardent, and serene we'd be
Beneath thy star—dear Liberty!

And we would snatch the fearful joy
That elevated souls can buoy
E'en when sublimity's proud reign
Is in the sky or on the main;
Though nature's feebler train retire
We'd in the awful hour admire—
While still our fondest glance should be
Bent on our Star of Liberty.

Our seat by deafening cataract
We'd mark the thunderbolt in act—
The quaking earth, the whirlwind's sweep,
The wild convulsions of the deep,
And tempest yells, whence seem as hurled
A fiat forth, to blast the world,
That shuddering shrunk; poor atoms! we
The while would bless thee, Liberty!

And we would have our winter cot,
And we would have our summer grot,
Where taste and fancy should combine,
Flowers bloom and beauty shine;—
Rivers run and wild birds sing,
Forest creatures dart and spring;
A second Eden all should be
Beneath thy Star—blest Liberty.

No heartless master's eye should awe,
And impose the despot law;
The thought ambitious neither, then,
Should prompt to 'slave our brother men;
No wasting toil for niggard pay
Or purse-proud's frown to curse our day,
Such hell-on-earth could never be
Where beamed thy Star—loved Liberty.

What though unblest by bloated priest,
The God of all should bless our feast!
What though no scoundrel lawyer plan
Dispute and hate 'tween man and man;

Without the legal tyger's aid
We'd sit us, fearless! in our shade,
Of tithes, of fees, of taxes free,
All health we'd bless thee—Liberty.

What though no doctor, wigged and wise,
Vending jargon, poison, lies,
Insult us with his cold concern!
Yet one would for the other yearn,
With true affection's tenderest smart,
Play lover, nurse, and doctor's part:
While temperance, chief, our leech should be,
And hallowed Star of Liberty.

Yes, and on the flowery sod
We'd bend the knee—the heart—to God;
Glistening tears on glowing cheek
Our grateful hearted love, should speak;
Yes! wild inspiration's glow
The eye should bright, the breast should throe—
All soul in adoration, we
Would bless the God of Liberty.

Oh yes! and with warm hearts as true
As nature's children ever knew,
The earth our altar, and the sky
The dome of nature's temple high;
Our garb—the robe of innocence,
Our incense—yearns for past offence;
From superstition's gloom yet free
As heaven's light of Liberty.

Oh! that I were and Indian, free!
The savage son of Liberty!
Far from Europe's sons of blood,
The homicidal viper brood!
Where men are as utensils made,
Mere tools of art; where war's a trade —
Religion craft; where best is he
Who stabs the heart of Liberty.

Yes, blessed are the simple tribe,
Custom's cant who ne'er imbibe,
Right 'gainst wrong their only rule,
And nature's dictates all their school;
With friendship every breast endued
For mutual offices of good;
Oh! with that mild fraternity
'Twere bliss to live at Liberty.

He wandered the nations—now here, and now there,
An outcast, a stranger, and died—*none know where!*
(Thy tie, consanguinity, none dare to own
With the Noble of Nature—his grave has no stone.)
But he sang in his solitude, once, at his ease,
Of an Island of Freedom, far over the seas.

LEW CHEW.[13]

A land of milk and honey.

I'll seek the fair Isle, of which mariners speak,
Where an ever-fresh smile plays on Nature's full cheek,

Where the foliage of Asia with Europe's combine,[14]
To form a sweet Paradise, soft, and divine ;—
Where the produce of regions that oceans divide,
Are natives, and neighbourly grow side by side.
Where the soil, where the sun e'er parentally cherish,
And cause torrid, temp'rate, and frigid plants flourish.
The same earth their roots nurse, and same breezes stir
The tea-plant of China, and Norway's green fir ;—
Where the banyan of India, the orange and lime,
Sugar-canes, yams, and the cocoa-nut prime,
Are no exotics,—but grew when the Isle
First rose from the ocean to meet heaven's smile,
Arrayed like a bride both in beauty and worth,
In the costly selections of all the wide earth.

I'll away to the Isle of which mariners tell,
Where bears nature's breast a luxuriant swell ;
Where gay verdant lawns in felicity spread,
And sweetest of perfumes forever are shed ;
Where the sky, where the waters, are charmingly clear,
And music unceasingly strikes in the ear.
Through fruitage and blossoms where sea-breezes blow,
And rivers and streams make an eye-winning shew,—
Where variety ever new wonder excites,
And the smile of fair tillage with wildness unites !
Where the cinnamon's fragrance on wings of the breeze
Revives the drenched seaman three leagues on the seas—
Where the rocks of the ocean, of smooth ruddy coral,
Have their brows gaily crowned with soft diadems floral
And Fancy can view through the crystal-clear waves,
The sporting young sea nymphs in grottos and caves,

In richness of vision, soft rosy-cheeked girls,
Dance in pavilions of diamonds and pearls!

Yes, I'll hie to the land—the sweet Island of spring!
That Europe's soft muses neglecteth to sing—
Where delightful as fairy-land, carpets of green,
O'erspeckled with flowers in valleys are seen,
High cocoa-trees springing from fair fields of rice,
Rich exhalations from flowers and spice,—
And o'er the high mountains through each passing season;
Dark shady trees boldly close the horizon—
Where the flower-tree's blossom grows scarlet or pale,[15]
As on it smiles sol, or as eve-shades prevail.
Thus the hue of delight to the virgin's cheek rushes,
As her loved one appears, in redundance of blushes;
Anon he departeth—her bosom throbs chilly—
Lo, niveous her face as the fair drooping lily.

'*Tis the blessed Isle of Lew Chew*—the land of delight!
Where nature in elegance witches the sight;
The senses are ravished with extacy's thrill,
Elysium is realized—valley and hill!
Oh lovelier still, and more lofty the boast,
Beyond all the sweets of this heavenly coast,
Unknown to base perfidy, concord's fell bane—
Here man and his consort are mild and humane![16]
Here native urbanity softens and shines
The strong heart of daring to kindness refines.—
'Tis the blest land of innocents!—cursed be the arm
And heart of ambition that renders them harm!
My dear native Britain—that ban on the crime
If ever thy war-sword is gored in this clime.

The Noble of Nature, though luckless of lot,
And whether he died in that island or not,
He is not *as one who had not been*—forgot!—
The minions of affluence scarce know his name,
But the children of sorrow have wept out his fame;
Goodness shall cease to be valued on earth,
When the children of men have mis-rated his worth,
Patriots all cease to be—despots prevail,
Liberality wither, all generous aims fail—
The march of the mind, on the retrogade movement,
Barbarity's foot tread the neck of Improvement—
Oh bright eyes shall slumber and warm hearts grow cold,
Ere perish his records—the true heart of gold!
In Germany, there is a tale of him told,
Well meriting Fame's kindest, loftiest meed,
That proves him the Noble of Nature indeed.

KOLATTO AND ADELAIDE.

A Pathetic tale.

There raged a famine in the German States,
That devastation through the land creates,
A gaunt, wide-wasting famine!—and the poor
Their various throes of misery endure,
The death-in-life that famishment accords,
Maddening as as death-pangs from fell poisoned swords!
But more prolonged—more terribly prolonged!
In naked horror naked corses thronged,
Like cattle midst the murrain of the herd,
Heaped human corses, shroudless, uninterred,

Barbarized the flinty, sterile, blast-swept earth,
And thousands curst the hours of their birth.
To save the parents from starvation's graves
The law allowed to sell their young for slaves,
And rich men bought them, as their humour suits
Like heaps of timber, or their haltered brutes;
The vending parent's agonies, but entice
The heartless purchaser to scant his price,
Carefully, minorating bread of pay,
Lest violated Nature th' anguished victim slay.

The nation's ills, in minature, may be
Pourtrayed in the story of one family.—

Kolatto and Adelaide, an humble pair,
Sunk by their sufferings into deep despair,
Drooped o'er their starving children—vainly wept,
While death, disguiseless, 'mong their circle crept,
A daring dæmon, gloating on their care,
With pouncing readiness his prey to tear,
No hope of *one* his fixing eyes controul,
But wandering ever, watching for the *whole*,
With stretching talons, towards the latter gasp;
The wretched parents yield protection's clasp,
Between their offspring share the scanty meal,
Oft foodless themselves—not for themselves they feel!
But like the pelican that yields its breath,
And heart's blood sheds, to save its young from death,
Devoted martyrs of parental love!
Long with the genius of the hour strove,
Yet vain each effort—now wild Famine's power
Brought the most trying, the most dreaded hour—

One of their children died!—
"Oh God! what's best"—
Cried the anguished father, "to preserve the rest?—
Oh, it is terrible!—and yet must be—
Of our *four* children, yet remain here *three*—
Though horror thrills me as the truth's confessed,
And sorrow's fever fires my brain and breast,
Yet, by a father to a mother told
The tale must be—ere Death's dart strikes us cold—
One of our children, love,—one, must be—*sold!*"

"*Sold!* God of Heaven!"—with maternal throe
Exclaimed the mother, "say not, say not so!
What! feed on our young ones' blood?—oh worst despair!
The hungered tyger will its own cubs spare—
Shall we, more cruel than the beasts of prey,
Devour our children?—let death first slay!
What! feed, like cannibals, on human flesh?
Our own flesh too? oh be not, be not rash!
Some chance may rescue—
Oh mighty God dispense
To save us, some preserving providence!
E'en strike the oak, but oh the weak germ save!
The tender sapling—shield me with a grave!
For I am mad with horror of the thought."—

She stopt—her husband's stony glance she caught;—
"Oh thy humanity is not awake!
This callous stupor from thy nature shake"—
She cries, and shakes him by the passive arm
That hangs—a dead branch—that scarce tempests warm—

Oh this fungosity! thy heart is lead—
Be mad—be thou any thing but thus—thus dead—
Ah! that hand's pressure—then's not nature fled.
Husband! Kolatto! oh the thought was wild—
You cannot mean it, love—to sell a child—
The curse of heaven would blast the horrid gold!
I die the moment that a child is sold."

"Look on the livid features of that corse,"
(Replied Kolatto, with a steady force,
Whose stilly reason had a mastering pow'r,
That o'er-ruled passion in the frantic hour,)
"Such will our children's be, and thine, and mine,
If this alternative we now decline,
In two days hence not one will be alive
Of us—the present sadly-breathing *five*:
I know it is horrible,—but times may change,
Whom now we part with, we may yet arrange
Soon to re-purchase, by our labour hard,
And none can criminal the act regard;
Oh no! this gallant struggle with despair,
In Virtue's eye a generous look will bear,
And God will bless it, the devoted soul
Whom he may fix as ransom for the whole."

The dire necessity the mother sees—
Sobs on her husband's neck—at length agrees.
'Twas now a task more difficult arose,
That Nature's paternal, holy pangs, disclose,
Long, long they ponder, while their sorrows swell,
Which of the children to select to sell;—

In vain they fix, and then reject and pause,
Each was a favourite for a different cause!

"Be the lot Frederick's our elder born
As he's the strongest, least by suffering worn,"
Sighed the sad father, as he hid the tear;
"No! cried the mother, Frederick's trebly dear!
Thy pictured self!—our first-born, *only* boy!
I cannot part with *him*—my life! my joy!
But since the horrid sacrifice *must be*,
Let Adelaide, our eldest girl be she."

"Oh no!" cries Kolatto, with affection's tone,
"Her face of sweetness emulates thine own,
Her mother's likeness in that child appears—
My favourite girl! whose every look endears!
I cannot, will not part with her."
"Oh true,"
Replies the mother, "yet love, what's to do?
We cannot sell our Getha—'twould break my heart,
With *her*, our young and tender one—to part!
'Twere war with nature's charities to wage,
Our late-sent infant—*child of our old age!*"

The children grouped around their parents—lo!
How piteous stood the family of woe;—
Each on their parents looked the lorn appeal,
That either, wildly, to the heart's core feel,
But wildered, voiceless, stand the tender pair,
Like stony figures of transfixed despair;
At length, like fire from the lava fount,
That rolls in the bosom of the labouring mount,

A burst of sorrow from the mother broke,
That powerful nature's heroism spoke,
"*No! let us die together!*—never, never!
Can I from either of our dear ones sever;"
"Aye!" cried Kolatto, "we'll together die!
Nor with necessity's stern law comply,
Till stricken pulseless by the hand of death!"
Then clasped his Adelaide, who gasped for breath;
Locked in each other's faithful fond embrace,
Not a tear runs o'er the fevered face,—
The heart a furnace to the blood became,
And horrid famine glared the glance of flame,
Till spent—exhausted—'scapes the hopeless sigh,—
They fall amidst their children on the earth—*to die.*

In such an hour of heart-rending grief,
Heaven sent the philanthropist, to yield relief,
A British Howard! (long ere Howard's day)
There, chance-directed, came to ask his way—
'Twas Nature's Noble!—he—unknown to thrones,
The generous wanderer whom the world disowns—
The son of talent, bravery, and worth,
And all that's elevated, gracing earth,
'Twas he that fortune frowned on—suffering's child—
On whom the muses in their bounty smiled!
'Twas he—the Noble of Nature!————————
The liberal Briton raised them from the ground,
And blessed his God that such a scene was found!
More rich in goodness than in worldly wealth,
He raised the dying—bade them smile in health!
To all a brother, with strong zeal to bless,
He stood among the family of distress;

Like God's own saving angel!—he has braved
The breath of pestilence, and the dying saved—
Beheld, with rapture, those who hopeless mourned,
To all the gusto of their days returned;
Time saw and heard, in the succeeding spring,
Kolatto's children in the sunshine sing!
Time saw Kolatto and his Adelaide
In health, in peace, and happiness arrayed:
"God bless the traveller!" they tearful cried,
"God bless his country—Nature's gem of pride!"
Their children's children, in a far degree,
Have lisped that prayer in their infancy.

END OF THE NOBLE OF NATURE.

The Noble of Nature! who shall scan the phrase,
And not apply it to the great departed?
The greatest, brightest, noblest of our days!
For whom the generous droop, heavy hearted—
Oh he was Nobleness itself! amaze
Seized on the nation—her high hope was thwarted,
When flew the tidings that his day was o'er,
That Britain's glory, Byron, was no more.

I heard the tale as of a well-known city
Burnt to ashes, and her hundreds perished;
Boundless wonder, and most hearted pity,
With hope 'twas not so, were the feelings cherished;
But yes—his bright reign is over! yet he
Atchieved a name so splendid—but not garnished
Like that which gilds the minion of a day,
But oh! to live forever and for aye.

A name to live, in beauty and in glory,
In high magnificence, with first rate men,
A star to *this*, as they to ages hoary,
A star of primal magnitude! oh when
Shall the proud annals of our future story
Give to our hemisphere his like again?
Oh man of centuries, eternal Byron!
True heart of gold, though long mis-rated iron.

His lay was varied as the face of nature,
The softly brilliant, or the darkly grand,
From him creation held no hidden feature,
His pen became the magic-master's wand,
Love, wit, eloquence, alike its creature,
All human passions owned his great command,
Melting poesy! oh a love to yearn,
And yet the master-genius, grandly stern.

The princely nobleman, the gifted bard,
The true philanthropist, the friend of man,
Oh he that Freedom held in dear regard,
Prepared to perish, foremost in the van,
To rescue Greece from vassalage! ill starred
Who, who, shall deem him that the great course ran?
He sleeps in the land of his loveliest lays,
The greatest, brightest, noblest of his days.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. GERMAIN'S FIELD;

OR,

THE VICTORY OF THE HOLY SHOUT.

In the reign of the British king Cystennin, the son of Cynvor the blessed, and in the year 429, the British clergy applied for assistance to a Gallican council, to check the Pelagian heresy in the church, which had attained an alarming growth. St. Germain, bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, bishop of Froyes, were sent over to them, who succeeded in putting a temporary stop to the Pelagian innovations. During this period, the Saxons joined in confederacy with the Picts, and invaded that part of Wales in which St. Germain had fixed his residence. At this juncture, many Britons were assembled to be instructed by this reverend prelate, in the principles of christianity, and to receive baptism at his hands on festival of Easter. Supported by this multitude, who were fired with religious enthusiasm, St. Germain calmly waited the approach of the enemy, at a place called "Maes Garmon," or "St. Germain's Field," near Mold, in Flintshire; and, at the moment when the Saxons were rushing to the attack, he ordered the Britons to call aloud, three times, "Hallelujah!" which terrifying the Saxons, and increasing the ardour of the Britons, give to the latter the victory.

'Twas from the sunny land of vines,
Where jocund Nature gaily shines,
And laughs to see each fertile field
Its harvest train and plenty yield—

'Twas from the beauteous land of Gaul
St. Germain came, midst Britain's thrall,
To give her ease from heresies,
That like a rancorous disease
Upon her vitals fed and preyed;
Against the foul Pelagian train
To preach, St. Germain crossed the main,
And soon the evil stayed:
Success his pious labours crowned,
And he grew honoured and renowned;
Base Morgan's innovations failed,
St. Germain's precepts pure prevailed;
Still, pupils, converts, penitents,
Around his dwelling raise their tents,
Among them humbly would he teach,
E'er lecture, and baptize, and preach.
And he was to them as a star,
He told of arts of peace and war,
Encouraged, praised, the gallant part,
And blessed the warrior's dauntless heart;
'Twas God's own fire, he said, that gave
Such glorious beauty to the brave,
And that God's love would cease to be,
When failed the blaze of bravery.
He told how Britain's forts should be
Huge floating bulwarks on the sea:[1]
And lo, the Briton's straight began
The mighty naval force to plan,
The nation's stay in evil's day,
Whence grew she glorious in her sway,
The empress of the deep;

And centuries have brought to view
St. Germain's dictates wise and true,
Well worthy were to keep.

It chanced on Easter festival,
The aged sire, wise and good,
Taught among the multitude,
When called a voice that did appal;—
It was a man, that wild-eyed ran,
And speechless, breathless, with his fear,
Till to the crowded host drawn near,
When thus, with aspect wan—
"Oh God have mercy on us all!
For in this hour of dread we die,
The Saxons and the Picts are nigh—
Two mighty hosts in one, combined,
Approach with speed beyond the wind!"

Wonder wild, and terror strong,
Ran like madness through the throng,
All eyes with single meaning stared,
And that was danger; all were scared,—
To the heart struck with dismay,
And none knew which, to run or stay.
St. Germain marked their frantic care
Grow like the fever of despair,
And as a leader firm and cool,
To terror strange, and born to rule,
The master-genius of an hour,
When Peril's eye was red and sour,
Chieftain-like, he gives command,
"Stir not a man! but note my plan,
And fearless, doubtless, stand:

As ye are men of dauntless faith
Be that the weapon of the scaith;
Draw not a sword, nor utter word,
Till close the daring foe be nigh,
When like a chorus one and all
In praise of great Jehovah call,
And 'Hallelujah!' cry.
That word shall be of strength a tower,
And give deliverance from the power,
Of Pict or Saxon nigh."

They saw St. Germain as inspired,
And all with burning zeal were fired,
A venerable prophet's look
Was his, and dread their breasts forsook;
There grew, in every heart, the sense
Of frank and fearless confidence,
In th' Eternal Spirit's power
And will, to shelter them that hour,
While in spirit and in truth,
They prayed away the hour of ruth.
The Britons saw the foe afar,
And faith became their mail of war,
Each grasped a brother's hand and smiled,
In pure love and faith, not wild
With mad enthusiastic rage;
A holy calm, a peaceful balm,
Prepared them to engage,
With arms sublimed by Charity,
Ne'er used before, and ne'er to be.

Amidst them, kneeling on the green,
St. Germain's sacred form was seen,

With uplift eyes, to sweet blue skies,
And venerable mien.
His hands were clasped upon his breast,
And he did pray with forceful zest,
And solemn was the scene.—

"Thou—spirit of the universe!
Whose eye, whose breath, the worlds do pierce,
Giving life and love and light,
By thy gracious presence bright—
Whose thought can every bosom probe,
And anger agitate the globe,
Convulse, and into atoms dash,
With earthquakes, whirlwinds, lightning's flash—
Be near! be near!
Lord God, hear!
Hear thy aged servant's prayer,
These people in thy mercy spare!"

The people joined St. Germain's prayer,
"Oh spare us, God of mercy! spare."

"My locks of youth are dropped away,
That once they said were sunny bright,
Their remnant scant is very grey,
And wasted is my might;
The many tears that I did weep,
Have scored my face with furrows deep;
My hoary scalp hath long been bare,
As Time had worn his smooth path there;
Mine eyes have lost their vision clear,
And life hath grown a desert drear,
A bloomless, thorny field to me;

'Tis not the love of life that charms,
And bids me sue, from battle's harms,
A fence, great God! in thee:—
No! I but ask in peril's hour,
To shew these men thy wondrous power;
Be near! be near!
Lord God hear!
Hear thy aged servant's prayer,
These people in thy mercy spare!"

The people joined St. Germain's prayer,
"Spare us, God! in mercy spare!"

"Lo, against us rush a throng,
A godless people, bold in wrong,
Invaders of each sacred right,
Who know no law but savage might—
Gory as the beasts of prey,
Who treacherously smite and slay—
Who from their owners 'reft these vales,
And now assail their strong hold, Wales;
But be this Freedom's citadel!
Each clash of arms th' invaders' knell;
Confound them on their impious road,
Arrest their progress mighty God!
Unnerve their prowess, and confuse
Their councils, to a mad misuse!
Be thy word of praise a word
Stronger than the spear or sword—
Be near! be near!
Lord God hear!
Hear thy aged servant's prayer,
These people in thy mercy spare!"

The people joined St. Germain's prayer,
"Spare us, God! in mercy spare!"

The Britons still were on their knees—
The foemen pushed, and forward rushed,
Like Wolves upon the peaceful fold;
The novel scene Pict, Saxon, sees,
Their progress wondering hold:—
They gazed astonished, and in doubt,—
Up rose the Britons, with a shout,
And "Hallelujah" rends the sky,
The Picts and Saxons turn and fly—
St. Germain cries "the shout renew!"
The pagans heard again and flew;
The Britons, like a prisoned flood
Sudden loosened, on pursued,
A strong, inspired multitude;
A panic seized the pagans rude,
And many a terror-stricken slave
Was felled by one firm British glaive,
Until the battle field was strewed
With corses thick, that sadly shewed!
And scant were they who lived to tell
What fate their luckless host befel:
And "Hallelujah!" then became
The Briton's battle-word of flame;
And they did conquer with the thought
When first its force St. Germain taught,
While strong remembrance of that day
Long caused their foes a deep dismay.

THE

DIARHEBION OF CATWG.

Catwg, abbot of Llancarvan, an eminent Welsh ecclesiastic in the sixth century, was the tutor of the celebrated bard Taliesin, and justly considered the Solomon of that age. The following Aphorisms have gained nothing by versification but, perhaps, an easier passage to, and stronger hold of, the memory, nor have they suffered, as the greater part of them retain their original formation, now, in rhythm.

Catwg was surnamed "the Wise;" he is distinguished for being the first who made a collection of the ancient adages and maxims of the Britons, which were considerably augmented by his own compositions. There have been some churches dedicated to him. The word "Diarhebion" signifies "Proverbs" or "Aphorisms."

The Scholar's strength is penetration, and
The strength of an artizan is in his hand.
The strength of an infant is his innocence,
For who could harm it—void of all offence?
The strength of the prudent in his silence lies:
And reason is the strength that arms the wise.
The strength of a poet is his genius; thence
The strength of an orator is his confidence.
The strength of an artist is his design,
And woman's strength is in her charms divine.

The strength of the brave man is his dauntless heart,
A teacher's is the method of his art:
The strength of a leader is his sciences,
The strength of conscience, what is just that sees;
Of the virtuous, patience in the hours of grief:
The godly's—charity and firm belief.—
The strength of the just, against oppression's rod,
(The source of all strength!)—the eternal God.

CADAVEL THE WILD.

CADAVEL, who lived in the sixth century, was a prince of North Wales, and is recorded in one of the triads as one of "*the three plebian princes* of the Isle of Britain," and in another consigned to disgrace as having inflicted one of "*the three heinous hatchet blows*," whereby he caused the death of Iago ab Beli, sovereign of Gwynedd, or North Wales.

CADAVEL, unrelenting foe!
Assassin of the hatchet-blow!
Plant no flower o'er his grave
Name him not among the brave;
Him deny the great's reward,
Mound of fame, or song of bard;
Accursed ever be his name,
Perish all his righteous fame,
That once did beam in claritude,
Blotted by an action rude;
Cadavel, well surnamed "the wild,"
Fierce Slaughter's unrelenting child.

Cadavel of the drastic arm,
Whose bearing Glory's eye could charm;

Yet not because plebian born
Consign ye him to hate and scorn,
Vast exploits shone thence more bright
Which his crime begrimes in night.
But what though dauntless in the field,
And bearings many graced his shield
Of deeds—his own—atchieved in war,
Though boasting not an ancestor—
One of a million—that alone
A foiless wondrous brilliant shone;
By thousands owned, by thousands praised,
To majesty and power raised;
Yet, let the name of regicide
Taint all his line and gall his pride;
Like a canc'rous macula corrode
The laurel from his brows abode;
Glory's 'scutcheons all consume,
The knightly crest, and helm, and plume
Regal crown or bandelet,
Prize of arms and pomp of state;
Cadavel of the heinous deed,
Take thy blurred and blighted meed!

Cadavel of the heart of rage,
Wild-beast like, that did engage—
Drive the plough and draw the harrow
O'er the spot that forms his barrow;
Let not a stone remain to tell
A warrior underneath did dwell;
Delete him from the lands archives
That the brilliant name receives;
Or let him live to future time,
But by his virtues place his crime;

And heavenly bright though else they be,
They fade—opposed by cruelty.
Hence let the chief ferocious learn
The heart's accursed that scorns to yearn,
However great the martial name,
However bright the martial fame,
However by connection placed,
By merit raised, or favour graced;
The hedge they form Time tramples down,
Posterity shall smile or frown
Severely just, as worth or crime
Shall shade or gild with beam sublime:
Yes! those who contristate a land,
With savage heart or gory hand,
E'er reft shall be of virent bays,
Like him the chief of olden days,
Cadavel, unrelenting foe!
Assassin of the hatchet blow.

HILDA'S DEFENCE OF THE BRITONS.

About the year 660, there happened what was called a religious quarrel, between the Britons and the Saxons, concerning the observation of the feast of Easter; the latter having most uncharitably traduced the former to the Roman pontiff, scarcely allowing them the name of christians; which gave rise to a disputative contest before the Legate from the Roman court, who had been sent hither to enquire into the alledged abuse. The accusative part was managed by two Saxon monks, named Gilbert and Wilfride; and the defensive by a British monk, named Colman, and a British lady of high rank, named Hilda.

Powell's History of Wales.

Their charge, in bitterness, the Saxons closed,
And sat them down in silence. Now forward came
The stately figure of a beauteous woman,
Right fair to look upon, and bright in youth,
So queenly — to be desired of princes!
'Twas Hilda, the excellent and high-born.
With modest diffidence the maid began: —
"If wrongs have stirred the very stones to speak,
And given voices e'en to injured brutes,
Marvel not then, Reverend Father, now,
When fierce malignity arraigns her nation,
A British maiden thus departs all custom,[2]

And pleadeth in the assembly of the people.
Now holy sire listen to my words,
Weigh in thy wisdom and thy justice well,
Mine adversaries' tale and mine: I seek
Nor deference nor respect, of birth, or place,
Nor least allowance for my sex. I come
To plead my country's righteousness and truth,
Against the slanders of our Saxon foes:
Wrongs stir resentment, respect not less my word
If, when repelling each atrocious charge,
That honest passion with indignant force
Should flame with sense of insult: I would deport me
By reason's regular and lucid star,
Whose beams on controversy best decides,
And lights the mind to truth. Hear in your wisdom,
Pierce error's mist, with bosom-searching glance,
Deciding holily on the heart's intent,
With gentle charity and bright-browed candour,
To influence in your godlike office.
We hear with marvel, bitterness and grief,
The holy father of the christian church
In the far city of imperial Rome,
Listening to insidious Saxon monks,
Is wroth with us the Britons; for that whereas,
By different modes of calculating time,
The day of celebrating Easter varies
With us of Britain, from the Roman mode,[3]
Which to the outward letter of your rules;
These formal Pharisees do quaintly practice,
Your foot-prints treading, leaving none of theirs,
Like a simpering sycophantic slave,
A smiling parasite, to please his lord,

Flattering with such imitative baseness,
And watching if another tread awry,
With tell-tale readiness to make report,
Enhancing and aggravating each demerit.

We grant our error, we confess the fault,
If fault there can be where the heart errs not,
And dubious evil is the child of chance;
Not the offspring of malevolence. But who—
Who are our detractors reverend father?
Who is it points this mole speck in our eye,
Regardless of the beam which hoodwinks theirs?
Who but the last upon the scale of christians,
The half-converted. heathen-hearted Saxons!
A people, notorious through th' indignant world,
For christianless unholy practices!—
Lawless intruders on their neighbour's country,
E'er scorning landmark or the rule of right,—
Violators of most solemn treaties,
And sacred oaths sworn in the face of heaven;—
Savage mutilators of captive foes,
Treacherous as the smiling face of falsehood,
Who hold their present tenure in our land
From one successful and most bloody massacre
In the plot of the long knives. Oh that day!
Perfidy's triumph over trusting confidence,
When fell our gen'rous unsuspecting chieftains,
The pride, the props, the glory of the land!
Victims of the kind, ennobling thought,
By the curst hands of vile assassin hordes,
Who thence have grown a nation—our accusers—
Our Saxon accusers of the present hour.

These are the people then, who would brand,
And point us out as enemies to truth!—
Now pause upon th' accuser and accused,
With the brave daring of a righteous judge,
Disdaining earthly bias; thus it stands—
The Britons were a people, wise and civil,
A coded nation, and in other lands
Recorded generous, and great, and good,
Where the rude Saxons were a lawless band,
Savage, barbarous, cruel, and untaught—
Yet, these are the people who would brand,
And point us out as enemies to truth!
The Britons were christians, while their foes,
Their Saxon foes, were heathen infidels,
Idolatrous worshippers of pagan deities,
Scythian Odin, Balder, Thor and Freya;
A dark, horrible, and mad mythology:—
And these, then, are the people who would brand,
And point us out as enemies to truth!
When usurpation hath driven monarchs forth,
Like beggared wanderers, unpitied o'er the earth,
The Britons ever oped the royal palace,
Threw wide the hospitable castle gates,
And cordial welcome gave the refugee,
The warm right hand of fellowship and love,
The hearth, the *hirlas*, and the princely board,
With powers to recover refted rights.
The Saxons have been known to murder guests,
In horrid thriftiness, to gain their lands.
Yet these are the upstart people who would brand,
And point us out as enemies to truth.
The times have been that famine hath stalked forth,

Blighting the nations with his breath of pest,
Harbingered by the blasting tread of war,
That withers the verdure of humanity—
And in such an hour have the Britons stood,
Elated, courteous, unassuming, free,
Pouring the beneficence of Plenty's horn,
To the spread lap of national mendicity,
When foreigners have sued for food. But when—
(Answer ye! ye accusers of the Britons)—
When have the Saxons added such a gem
As the bright tear of gratitude and love
To the coronet of their sovereignty?—
See you these champions, holy Father?
See you these champions—crestless, dumb, and sullen?
Truth looks not thus—scowling, fierce, and speechless,
Like baffled dæmons machinating ill!—
Yet these—are the *righteous* people who would brand,
And point us out as enemies to truth!
Except in gallant battling in the field,
The Britons have never been a stubborn race:
The thoughtless error we in sooth confess,
And will amend it straight, and willingly;
Now having admitted this neglect of form,
I ask in meekness, and for no offence,
Which lamp burns brightest in the sight of God,
That, which lights us with precision nice,
To catch the outward impress of each custom,
That men alone have sanctioned in the church,
Or such neglecting, haply gleams alone,
Towards glowing charity, fraternal faithfulness,
And innate purity of christian love?
I will not abuse you by a pause for answer,

But such is th' apology of the Britons."
So closed the inspired, royal, British maid,
Beautiful in energy, wise, and noble,
Patriotic, elevated, generous.
The churchmen marvelled; and her foes abashed,
(Her country's foes, the pleaders of the Saxons,)
Stole from the scene in silence. Loud applause
From a grateful and admiring multitude
Attended the chariot of young Hilda home.

OWEN AP IORWERTH.

King Henry II. returning from Ireland, with his army afflicted with a dreadful distemper, that rendered his expedition there useless, landed in Wales, where having made peace with all the princes, except Iorwerth, lord of Caerlleon, whom he had grossly wronged, and dispossed of that city; being incapable of prosecuting further warfare, and wishing to preserve himself against further annoyance, he proposed terms of peace to Iorwerth, assuring him of a safe conduct for himself, his sons, and all the rest of his associates. Iorwerth willingly accepted the proposal, and set forward to meet King Henry at Cardiff, having dispatched an express to his son Owen, "a valorous young Gentleman," (as Wynne designates him) to join him by the way. According to his father's order, the youth commenced his journey, with a *small retinue*, *unarmed*, *and thoughtless of deceit*, relying firmly on the kingly promise. On passing the new castle upon Uske, the earl of Bristol's men, who were there garrisoned, laid in wait for him and his party, and on their passing, rushed upon, and slew them all except one or two, who escaped and acquainted Iorwerth of this dreadful catastrophe and dastardly murder.

"Honour's guileless law I prize
Too well, with doubt to stigmatize
A bravely proud and generous foe,
I will not arm, I fear no harm,
To do my sire's command I go,

The word—the kingly word! is passed—
I would not base aspersions cast
By fearing fraudful woe."
Young Owen said, and frankness played
Like sunshine on his brow;
With slight and armless retinue,
To join Iorwerth forth he flew.

With him (their last of Cymru's foes,)
Hostilities would England close,
And Henry sends for sire and son,
To treat of feuds forever done:
Iorwerth, wronged Caerlleon's lord,
Now soothed by refted rights restored,
Right glad such gory days should cease,
Accepts at once the proffered peace,
And straightly speeds to Cardiff, where
The English king awaits the pair,
Iorwerth, and his son and heir.

Obedient to his sire's express,
Young Owen and his armless train,
With breathless haste to Cardiff press,
The Uske at length they gain,—
And cheerly on their journey move
'Mid songs of peace and hearts of love.

Alas, that nobleness should bare
His breast, nor fear the wily snare—
Nor deem in bosoms of the free
And high in state, vile fraud should be!—
Alas, that hearts so truly just,
So full of honour, truth, and trust,

So fraught with all opposed to guile,
Should prove the mark of felon wile!—
Alas, alas! that rule and state,
Should fail the soul to elevate
Above the passions of the throng,
A godlike judge of right and wrong;
But like a prey-bird on the weak
So basely pounce with gory beak!—
Alas, that Majesty should stretch
(God's vicegerent in the land!)
The treacher's lie, th' assassin hand—
A blood-stained royal wretch!
Alas for dull humanity,
That such have been, that such there be!
Men merit well their wretched fate
Such human fiends who tolerate;
Oh ne'er let man complain,
Although the petted monster roar,
Eat his heart, and drink his gore;—
His folly earns his pain.
As on like festal friends they go,
In ambush lurks the villain foe—
Beneath the castle through the glen,
On rushed the earl of Bristol's men,
The many armed on armless few,
Like wolves on lambs, a fierce horde! flew;
And spite of regal word of faith,
Remorselessly in bloody scaith
The unresisting slew,
Save two, who 'scaped the tale to tell,
All, all, in horrid butchery fell.

Young Owen, with a fatal wound,
Among the slaughtered on the ground,
With pallid cheek, and glazing eye,
Affected e'en the wretches by.
And on a fresh green flowery bank,
The dying youth was laid,
To no lament his lips gave vent,
But thus low-voiced he said:
"In gloomy chambers of the sick,
Death holds his pomp of woe;
No prospect fair, no freshening air,
But weeping friends — contagious care —
And liberation slow;
But here I taste the latest bliss
This world of beauty yields, —
Oh let me gaze upon the sky —
Its blue — its white — is in mine eye —
The sun is on the fields —
Each flower in sweets and beauty drest,
Opes to his beams the loving breast.

"Engaging are the scenes around,
Associations dear abound,
Oh sun! look kindly on,
And give me now to think on climes
That truth and purity sublimes,
Where I shall be anon.
'Tis sweet to die, when dying thus,
A fragrance breathes the air —
And there be those will weep my death,
And there be bards, and harps, whose breath
My song of fame shall rear:

And there's a maid whose heart is mine,
That heart with me will die,
And she will droop in heartlessness,
Till by my side she lie;
Oh she will ne'er the lone hour bear,
Stern griefs warm hearts controul,
Soft beauties grace her virgin cheek,
Of bosom fond, of spirit meek,
And gentle is her soul."
Ah gently ebbs my life away,
As gently sinks the sun,
Oh may my soul no longer stay,
Than till his race be done;
Oh may these weak eyes view no sky
But what its setting gilds,
'Tis sweet to look, thus, life away,
And die as dies the summer day,
Ere sunbeams shun the fields."
He said;—the sun shone on his face—
And, as in slumber, dozed,
A look of mild serenity
Composed his features—sweet to see!—
And Owen's eyelids closed:
And by the time the sun had sunk
In blue waves of the west,
Owen's streams of life had flowed,
And life passed from him as a load,
And Owen's soul was blessed.

The tale soon to Iorwerth came—
His soul was wild, his heart was flame,

All thought of peace was banished far,
"Revenge!" he cried, "revenge and war!
Ne'er to close till Cymru's smile
Shall triumph over Saxon guile!"
Forth he rushed in dreadful ire,
Destroying all with sword and fire,
On, on, he rushed with fire and sword,
To Glo'ster's gates, o'er Hereford,
And wrought upon his Saxon foes
Dire revenge, and ruinous woes!
Flaming towns and perished throngs,
Scarce sated his deep, hearted wrongs,
The last faint gust of life he breathed
In hate of them, with sword unsheathed.

As soon as intelligence of his son's death reached Iorwerth, he, with wordless promptitude of resolution, determined to rely no more on the faith of the king of England or any of his subjects, and without further consultation, returned home with his son Howel, and all his friends, with whose aid he raised all his forces he was able, and entering England, he destroyed with fire and sword, all the country to the gates of Hereford and Gloucester, and never till his death sheathed his sword, so justly drawn, against the treacherous English.

THE TRIUMPH OF IVOR BACH.

Ivor Bach, a Briton who dwelt in the mountains, a man of small stature, as his surname imports, but of the most resolute courage, marched by night with a band of soldiers, and seized Cardiff castle, carrying away William, Earl of Gloucester, (Fitzhammon's grandson by the daughter,) together with his wife and son, whom he detained prisoners, till he had received satisfaction for all injuries.

Camden.

The object of this bold enterprize was to rescue from the power of the English, a lady to whom he was tenderly attached, the daughter of Iestyn ap Gwrgant; being refused to his entreaties, he stormed the castle and took her by force.

The residence of Ivor Bach was Castell Coch, (*i. e.* the Red Castle,) an outpost of Cardiff.

Achiever of the gallant feat,
Of stature low, but prowess great,
Ivor of the warring days!
The song of fame to thee we raise.

"My lady love is torn from me!"
Ivor Bach sighed mournfully,
"Virtue's gem, and Beauty's flower,
A captive in the Norman's power:

The grassless rock amid the sea,
That lash the billows savagely,
The northern blast its minstrel lay,
'Mid shriek of gulls and birds of prey,
Is not of pleasure more divest,
Is not more lonely than my breast!
Since reft of her—my fair and sweet!
My soft and young—in charms replete!
Whose heart to win vain others strove,
My all that's dear—my lady love."

A bard was singing in his hall,
His song was dull to Ivor, all,
Though thus his strain ran, "greatly *dare*,
Oh greatly *do*—and win and wear!"
The harp strain e'en increased his cares,
And up he trod the stony stairs
That to his lawny turrets led,
And in his anguish thus he said,
"My lady love is straight and tall,
And I am broad, of stature small—
Perchance more courtly ones she'll see,
Repent her choice, disdaining me;—
My lady love is fairly graced
With winning look and mind of taste;
But I am formed of rugged stuff,
As the storm-lashed ocean rough—
A comely form and flattering tongue
May win her while my foes among,
And yet the brightest she may view,
Oh ne'er possessed a heart more true!
She'll soon forget her Ivor Bach,
And all the charms of Castell Coch.

" And can she e'er so faithless prove?
I wrong, I wrong, my lady love!
Oft, oft, upon this airy tower
Sat she with me the sunset hour,
And in that sweetly tranquil time,
When human souls aspire, sublime,
In all the glow of virgin youth,
Once vowed to Heaven's God of truth,
That Ivor Bach her lord should prove,
So sweetly swore my lady love.
Alas, alas, to mourn is vain,
How, how, to still this maddening brain?
Oh how this anguished heart to sooth?"—
Aloud resounds the minstrel's *crwth*,*
And thus the strain ran, " greatly dare,
Oh greatly do, and win and wear!"

At once his soul the meaning caught,
At once engenders daring thought,
" Yes! bard, thy counsel I pursue!
Aye, greatly dare—and greatly do!
What ho! my friends, retainers, all!
Arm! arm! I quit my castle hall,
Betide me joy! betide me bane!
E'en be I victor, be I slain,
This night that fortress fell, I force,
And win my love or fall a corse!
By all my vales and hills below!
By morning's blush and even's glow!
And by yon blessed moon above!
I'll die or free my lady love!"

* A portable instrument, a small harp. Pronounced crooth.

His bard the rising passion notes,
Bearing brave, aspiring thoughts,
And sings with ardour, "greatly dare,
Oh greatly do, and win and wear!"
His few in arms shout loud applause,
And vow to perish in the cause,
Or free the lady from the foe,
Ere blush the sky with morning's glow.

True of soul and warm of heart,
Forth Ivor and his train depart;
The night was young and Luna new,
Fresh the breeze, the stars were few,
But bright the beams of Valour's lamp!
As one firm step the warriors tramp,
And not a buzz, and not a word,
To startle quiet Night was heard;
Nought save the stilly awful tread,
By silence solemnized to dread;
In stillness worked the active mind,
In darkness Valour's beam was kind,
And by the light of Valour's flame
They soon to Cardiff castle came.

There was a sound of reveling,
Hilarious shout and festal din;
The song of mirth, the laugh of joy,
And all that Pleasure's heart can buoy;—
First the bard approached the moat,
And harped the strain of tender thought;
The draw-bridge drops to welcome him
Who passes o'er in bardic trim;

Next Ivor passed with all his train,
And all, at once, the castle gain,
Twas thought they're tenants of their lord
Who sought the hospitable board;—
Beneath the cloak each sword was hid,
And to the wassail hall they're bid;
They entered ere a toast was drank,
Just proposed by one of rank,
"*Here's to the captived British maid*
A Norman lord!" no more he said—
The bowl was dashed from every hand,
By Ivor and his rushing band;
All wild as sheep when thunder howls
Fled the Normans from their bowls;
All wild as chaos shunning light,
Fled peace and pleasure from the night;
Loud tumult and confusion rose,
The Normans smote their friends as foes,
While night the form and features mask,
And save the Britons half their task,
Who make, but no disorder share,
Their secret password—"win and wear!"
To fight like devils either fell,
The clash of swords—th' alarum bell—
That scarcely drown the groan and shriek,
Continue to the morning's break,
With cries of "yield!" below, above,
"Yield, and bring forth my lady love!"
Amid the din of conflict drear,
Fell upon, and stunned the ear;
And oft was heard the minstrel strain,
That sung again, and aye again,

" Fight Ivor, fight! oh greatly dare,
Oh greatly do, and win and wear!"
" I will!" cried Ivor with a laugh,
And tore the banner from the staff;
The hardy, nervous, brawny dwarf,
Then clad him with it as a scarf; —
Like Ocean wakened to a calm
The battling ceases, erst so warm,
But wherefore should the tumult cease?
Is't pause of war? or is it peace?
And is the hour of slaughter done?
Then who has lost? and who has won?
The Normans chained, with nerve unstrung,
Triumphant shouts in British tongue,
Answers more than word can speak,
Or doubt ye—look on Ivor's cheek!
As clasps he her held deeply dear,
Restored to joy from thrilling fear,
Long prisoned in the tower above,
His heart, his soul, his lady love.
Yes! Glo'ster and his hundreds fail,
Stout Ivor and his few prevail,
He—even he! stern Glo'ster's earl,
While Ivor wins the lovely girl!
Mounted on her palfrey white
She rides beside her gallant knight,
While manacled the Saxons move,
They interchange sweet word of love;
The bard, enraptured, sweeps the strings,
Proudly looks and sweetly sings,
His burthen " knight, thy trophies wear,
'Twas thine to do—'twas thine to dare!"

"Bard!" cried Ivor in his pride,
"Thy song has won my lovely bride,
Blessings on the bardic art,
That nerves the soul and mends the heart,—
Eternal blessings! forth it leads,
To love, to truth, to gallant deeds,
To all that's gen'rous, good, and bright,
Whence shines the world—a land of light!
Inert and purposeless I moved,
Vainly mourned, and vainly loved,
Till quickened by thy muse of fire,
My ardour flamed with daring's ire;
No difficulties hence o'erwhelm!
For blazing on my plumed helm,
Beneath my crest thy words I'll bear,
That sunshine motto "*Win and Wear.*"

Ivor Bach was afterwards slain in a Valley thence called "Pant-Coed-Ivor," which implies "The Woody Plain of Ivor."

SIR TUDOR VAUGHAN,

THE SELF-CREATED KNIGHT.

In the time of King Edward III. lived Sir Tudor Vaughan ap Grono, who assumed the honour of Knighthood: King Edward being informed of it, sent for him and enquired with what confidence he durst invade his prerogative? Sir Tudor replied that by the law and constitution of King Arthur, he had the liberty of taking upon himself the title, in regard he had those three qualifications, which whosoever was possessed of, could by those laws, claim the honour of Knighthood. 1. *He was a gentleman;* 2. *He had sufficient estate; and*, 3. *He was valiant and adventurous*, adding, "If my valour be doubted of, here I throw my glove, and for proof of my courage, I am ready to fight any man." The King approving of his resolution and prowess, confirmed the honour. King Henry VII. was a lineal descendant of this self-created Knight.

It chanced, as chronicles the tale relate,
In the far days of England's third King Edward,
That certain whisp'ring parasites there were,
(Base royal earwigs, pick-thanks of the throne.
Officious meddlers, hunters of commodity!)
Like droning wasps, a certain story buzzed,
That soon was echoed to the ear of majesty,
And thus 'twas told the king.
"An't please my liege,
There's a certain lawless one, a daring chief,

An insolent, o'erbearing, blustering rudesby,
A rascal Welshman—a mere mountain 'squire!
Scorning your majesty's most high prerogative,
Your crown of royalty and kingly office,
Has dared announce himself a self-made knight;
Usurping blasphemously knightly title,
And royal donorship whence such should emanate,
Thence it standeth double usurpation.—
Sir Tudor Vaughan of Grono is he called,
Somewhat of note among the scoundrel Britons,
But scorned of us, high Normanders and Saxons."

A day was fixed on to accite,
Before the king the self-made knight,
And those who boasted legal claims,
Anticipating scorns and shames
On him, the luckless summoned one,
Manhood's boast and honour's son!
Cracked many a scurvy jest and jeer,
With envious lip and hateful sneer;
Each foretelling—all and one—
The downfall of Sir Tudor Vaughan:
But when the day appointed came,
The self-made knight, in steel mail bright,
There answered to his name.
He answered firmly, bold, and loud,
And forced his passage through the crowd.

The king beheld the stately form
And honest face of manly charm,
That dauntless as the god of war,
Or midst the less a ruling star,

As stood he 'mong his courtly train—
He viewed the gallant man with pain,
And cried "by blessed Mary's love,
By holy John and all above,
'Twould grieve me much the law should touch,
Should he impostor prove;
A man whose bearings bright express
The acme of all nobleness!"

"Guilty to the charge I plead,
Yet guilty am I not indeed!
In sooth 'tis true no regal sword,
Nor e'en deputed noble lord,
E'er honoured me with knightly belt,
But knightly zest and pride I felt;
And be it wrong or be it right,
E'en here I stand—a self-made knight;
But my defence let none reject,"
Sir Tudor cried, and stood erect.
All marvelled, with expanded eyes,
"Oh what audacity!" each cries;
King Edward cried, "go on! go on!
Defend thyself Sir Tudor Vaughan."

"In British Arthur's ancient code
There is a law, whence 'tis allowed,
Whoso these requisites possess,
Might be a knight by native right,
And sooth my claim's no less!—
'Twas thus the requisition ran,
That he must be a gentleman,

Valiant and adventurous,
Of goodly state and goodly house:
And where is he, that breathes the air,
Denies me these distinctions fair?—
And where is he that treads the earth,
Denies me valour, learning, worth?—
And where is he whose word can ban,
Disproving me a gentleman?
I have friends, and I have foes,
My heart for these, my scorn for those!
Though standing on the Saxon's land,
Defy I spite and envy's band!
And here, erect, before the throne,
Who'll dare confront Sir Tudor Vaughan?"

The herald echoes forth his words,
But fell no gauntlets, gleamed no swords;
The herald calls aloud again,
But still as death did all remain—
Again—all's hush as earliest dawn—
None dared confront Sir Tudor Vaughan.

Still there was silence through the throng;
High pride and consciousness of wrong
Arrayed the gallant Welshman's front,
Mettled for the direst brunt,
As boldly glanced he here and there
For some daring challenger;
Tho' stood there barons, knights, and squires,
Mighty chiefs, of mighty sires,
And gallant gentlemen, yet none
Stood forth to face Sir Tudor Vaughan.

If my sovereign good and great
Doubts the extent of my estate,
I'll entertain his court unpaid
My king and knightly cavalcade,
As long as he or they will deign
Beneath my humble roof remain :
Doubt they I'm a gentleman,
Let doctors wise my learning scan ;
Or let the humblest here accuse
Of wrong, injustice, or misuse ;
And whoso doubts me truly brave,
Here's my gauntlet, here's my glaive."
Oh ! when the noble soul's unhoused
From Merit's dome, thrust from its home,
To vindication roused, —
Roused to battle for its right —
What so lovely, what so bright ?
No more inert, it will assert
In grandeur of its might,
Show innate brilliances unknown,
Thus injuries were foils to his
The brave Sir Tudor Vaughan.

And there were in that courtly train,
Liberal spirits venting pain,
To see for accusation's mark
Valour's true and brightest spark ;
And admiration of his bearing,
Gallant mien and manly daring,
Graced young and old, and gay and wise,
And there were drops in beauty's eyes,

That hallowed his triumphant hour
Beyond th' approving glance of power : —
"Stand up! I would not have thee kneel,"
King Edward cried, and bared his steel,
"Oh thou, of prowess so commanding!
Ennobled well by nature thou!
'Twere ill in me to see thee low—
I'll knight thee, Briton, standing
Erect as thy integrity,
Sir Tudor Vaughan henceforward be!"
And when the king thus dubbed him knight,
His base accusers slunk away
Like owlets from meridian ray,
And chewed the cud of spite.
Though there stood mighty chiefs of war
Whose proud hearts beat beneath a star,
Ermined barons, gold-browed lords,
Of mighty name and deedful swords,
Mitred prelates clad in lawn,—
The proudest there could not compare,
In manly grace and princely face,
With brave Sir Tudor Vaughan.

SIR DAVID GAM.

The hostile bearing of this chieftain, in conjunction with his cousin Howel Sele) towards their more celebrated kinsman Owen Glyndower, whom he attempted to assassinate, has given him rather a black page in Welsh history, illumined, however, with liberal records of his dauntless valour: and more especially his celebrated answer to King Henry V., previous to the battle of Agincourt, when sent to reconnoitre the enemy,—"An't please your majesty," said he, "*there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.*" In the battle, David, his son-in-law Roger Vychan, and his relation Walter Lloyd, rescued the king when surrounded by his foes (viz. eighteen French cavaliers), whose life they saved at the expence of their own, and killed fourteen of the enemy: the king after the victory approached the spot where they lay, in the agonies of death, and bestowed on them the only reward that could be then paid to their valour, the honour of knighthood. Shakspeare in his play of King Henry V. designated Sir David Gam under the name of Fluellin.

My Countryman of olden days,
Bold David Gam demands my lays!
Who on the gory Gallic plain,
Rests among the valiant slain;—
He who doth fill a hero's grave,
Oh he—the bravest of the brave!

To battle France when o'er the main,
Harry of Monmouth led his train,

Of bearing bright and gallant mien,
The 'Squire of Wales brave Gam was seen,
Proud chivalry's undaunted son,
As Beauty's heart e'er caught or won.

'Twas near the towers of Agincourt,
Where mad Bellona ruled the sport;
King Henry sent his herald out,
The foe to number, weak and stout:
And he a tale, so fearful, told—
Its breathing chilled both faint and bold.

'Twas like the tale the stripling tells,
With faltering tongue that terror swells,
Of spirits yell in church-yard drear,
Wild-eyed, wall-cheeked, heart throbbed with fear—
Which strikes the listeners aghast,
Like forms that death's dread hour had past.

"The foes are like the stars of night,—
Their number such, their arms as bright!—
The foes are like the northern wind,
Of strength too vast to be defined;
And, oh! our lot if them we face,
Despair, discomfiture, disgrace.

"Oh wildly awful is the hour!
In madness let's not face their power;
Or as if borne by torrents force,
In ruin's tide sink foot and horse!
Like boats engulphed within the deep
Or sand before the whirlwind's sweep!

"As o'er the country bleak and bare,
Shivering in the sleety air,
I rode, roused by my startled steed,
That bathed in sweat then sprang and neighed,
I saw a sight—I see it still—
That haunt and thrill me ever will!

"I saw of wolves a deadly horde,
Rush down the hill—the river ford—
(Grim, panting, and fire-eyed they were!)
Cross the vale, three travellers tear—
And quick their steeds and them devour—
An omen 'twas, of France's power!

"The wolves—oh fierce and mighty they!
Left not a remnant of their prey,
E'en from the earth they lapped their gore;—
Soon all seemed—as 'twas before:—
And rooted from the earth; so we
By thy fell war-wolves, France! shall be.

"E'en now, as o'er the vale I sped,
The birds that prey upon the dead,
A baleful flight! that like a cloud,
Did shade the earth, and shriek aloud,
(Them famishment had nerved with ire,)
Rushed furious by—an omen dire!"

David Gam told another tale,
"I've marked the foe on hill and dale;
Why there's enough—*enough!* that's all—
Enough to fight, *enough* to fall,

Enough to grace our triumph gay,
And full *enough* to *run away!*"

Soon the mountain squire's story brave,
To cooling bosoms ardour gave—
When on they rushed and charged;—how well
The fame of Agincourt can tell!
Where, bleeding on the field of fight,
The dying Gam was dubbed a knight.

"Arise"—King Henry cried, "Sir Knight!"
He rose—but 'twas to Heaven's height!—
And ne'er at voice of potentate
Rose knight before, so high or great.—
The royal youth compassion shed,
And bathed with tears the valiant dead.

My countryman of olden days,
Bold David Gam, demands my lays!
Who, on the gory Gallic plain,
Rests among the valiant slain.—
He who doth fill a hero's grave,
Oh he—the bravest of the brave!

When David Gam's plot for assassinating Owen Glyndower was discovered, he was arrested and imprisoned ten years at Machynlleth, whence all the influence and power of his English friends could not release him. "The prison" (as described by Mr. Pennant,) "where Owen kept his captives, was not far from his house, in the parish of Llansantffraid Glyndwrdwy; and the place is to this day called *Carchardy Owen Glyndwrdwy.* Some remains are still to be seen near the church, which form part of a habitable house. It consists of a room, thirteen feet square, and ten and a half high; the sides consist of three horizontal beams, with upright planks, not four inches asunder, mortised into them: in these are groves with holes in the bottom, as if

there had been originally cross bars or grates; the roof is exceedingly firm, composed of strong planks almost contiguous; it seems as if it had been two stories, but the upper part is evidently modern." Not long after securing David Gam, Owen visited the marches of Wales, destroying all inimical to his interests, with fire and sword. Gam's house was burnt, and during the conflagration, calling to one of David's tenants, Owen, with all the *sang froid* imaginable, spoke to him in verse, thus;

O gweli di wr coch Cam
Yn ymovin y Gyrnigwen
Dywed ei bod hi tan y lan.
A nôd y glô ar ei phen.

TRANSLATION.

See'st thou a red-haired squinting man,
His lost sheep anxious seeking,
Tell him she lies beneath the hill,
With marks of fire reeking.

David Gam was a brother-in-law of Glyndower's, having married one of his sisters. His name of Gam, signifies *the one-eyed.* Carte says that he was instigated to attempt the destruction of Owen by Henry IV.; from which charge Pennant exculpates that monarch, and attributes his intention to party zeal.

OWEN TUDOR.

Soon after the death of King Henry V. Catherine, his widow, became enamoured of the manly graces of Owen Tudor, whom she married. The introduction of Owen, according to Drayton's epistles, was singular; "he being a courtly and active gentleman, was commanded once to dance before the queen, and in a turn, not being able to recover himself, fell into her lap, as she sate on a little stool, with many of her ladies about her."

Heard ye of Owen Tudor's fame,
First of that royal race,
The brightest gems that Britain's throne
Did ever deck or grace—
Founder of the British line
That gave Eliza's name to shine—
That gallant knight of Wales?
Heard ye of the graceful feats
In which the ancient legend treats
Of him, in sprightly tales?
How once he graced a tournament,
And vanquished every Saxon knight,
And how Harry Monmouth's queen,
The buxom widow Catherine,
Was ravished with the sight?

And how after tournament,
In vest of gold and green,
The handsome Owen Tudor came
And danced before the queen ?

The people of my mountain land
Delight his name to hear,
And I delight to tell the tale,
And vaunt it far and near;
Oh who that loves Eliza's name,
So great in peace and war,
The bright and glorious virgin queen!
But pleased will glance upon the scene
Of this her ancestor?
Then listen to the merry lay
Of chivalry's own halcyon day,
Though ages intervene,
And list ye to the Welshman's fame,
How Owen Tudor gayly came
And danced before the queen.

" And who is that youth, so tall and straight,
Of graceful tread and princely gait —
Of face so glad, so fairly clad,
O'ertowering all in height?"
Enquired the quick-eyed Catherine,
And thus her ladies told the queen.
" They say he comes from distant vales,
'Tis even he the knight of Wales,
Before whose prowess others bent
So lately in the tournament: —

'Tis said he his of royal line,
His ancestors high-famed did shine,
The Britons of the days of yore,
But now his country is no more!
Great hearts were broken when so banned
To be a province of this land.
And he has fought in Harry's train
In Gallic fields beyond the main,
And never a knight that wielded lance
Among the conquerers of France,
Or whispered in a lady's ear
A true-love tale, with him may peer,
For the gay and courteous art,
Beauteous look, or manly heart."

"Now, by my faith, 'tis fairly said!
And well I believe thee gentle maid,
None that resort our father's court,
Or this, or Spain's, can equal his porte."
The queen replied, as his form she eyed,
And gazed, and gazed again, and sighed,
"Now go to the knight so tall and bright,
Clad in the vest of green,
That we so admire, say we desire
He'll dance before the queen."
And he approached with fitful pace,
And bowed with graceful mien;
And he did dance to many a tune,
Now wild as Love, now gay as June,
Before the merry queen.

His hair of glossy ringlets black,
Hung in luxurious profusion,

And waved to and fro, as he danced with wild glow,
In beautiful reckless confusion.
Queen Catherine gazed, and the court ladies praised,
Some his green vest with orange galoon,
And bright to behold were the flowers of gold,
That embroidered his trunks and shoon;
And some more quick-sighted were rather delighted
His shapely leg in silk hose to discover,
While Catherine vowed to the court aloud,
That, save Harry Monmouth, now cold in his shroud,
She ne'er beheld knight so clever.

And he danced and danced—Owen Tudor danced!
While beauty's bright eyes admiration glanced,
His face spoke the gay heart's enjoyment;
His locks danced the while and his mouth bore a smile,
Speaking bliss, void of care's alloyment,
Pearly gems 'mid rose wreath, seemed his perfect white teeth,
Within lips that a gay smile severed;
The buoyant spirit, the elastic limb,
The bright eye that seemed in delight to swim,
The lady's gallant discovered,
And his greatful mien, to the thoughts of the queen,
Like the Genius of Beauty hovered.

And he danced and danced—Owen Tudor danced!
Lords lauded, and ladies approval glanced,
That shot to his heart a wild spirit,
Not a nerve of his frame was dormant; the knight
Danced and danced with a zest of delight,
As the queen looked confession of merit:

And looked the fond thought in the depth of the soul,
The passion that no female art can controul:
Now her bosom fast heaved—anon she look grieved,
Then vivid with admiration,
Then strives to conceal what her looks reveal,
With wit's cunning conversation.

Disdaining to shew exhaustion's throe,
Or gradual ebb of vigour,
He tapped the floor as theretofore,
With resolution's vigour;
And still he swam around! around!
And still he sprang with many a bound!
But soon chanced a *lucky mishap*—
In a turn of agility past his ability,
He fell in the fair queen's lap;
With fear she saw his balance lost
Her heart with sudden terror tossed—
Her face depicts the mental yearn,
Her ladies mark the wild concern—
Instinctively her lap and arms
She spreads—lost in her heart's alarms—
And instantaneous as a thought,
The gallant knight in her lap she caught.
Half senseless there, on her bosom fair,
His head was awhile reclined;
Again and again she asked of his pain,
With a tone of affection kind:
She passed her kerchief to and fro
O'er his hot face and reeking brow,
As on her lap he did remain,
Oh happy knight! sweet moments twain.

Oh happy knight! oh hours bright!
But brighter soon were seen;
And he had cause to bless the day,
When in gallantry's array,
He danced before the queen.

And from that hour the royal dame
Found hard from him to sever,
And vowed to cage, from Fortune's rage,
Her own dear bird forever;
And he hath sworn by all above,
His loving queen for aye to love,
Enraptured as he viewed her,
And Catherine hath told aloud,
To all the land and courtly crowd,
And o'er the main to France and Spain,
With many lands beside the twain,
Her love for Owen Tudor:[4]—
And she was seen in bridal trim,
And she hath pledged her troth to him;
Thence was seen the royal race,
Britain's gems and brightest grace![5]—
Thence the long-crushed Cambria too,
Erects with pride her mien,
Her bards' predictions proving true,
And pleasingly I ween,
Not brought about by gory rout,
But in the day serene,
A day of mirth and gallant sport,
When Owen Tudor came to court,
And danced before the Queen.

JOHN AP MEREDITH;

OR, THE

SQUIER Y GRAITH.

Owen Tudor, of the Lancastrian party, having been taken prisoner by the Yorkists, and confined in Uske castle, his cousin, John ap Meredith, and a hundred more Welshmen, with an intention of rescuing his kinsman, repaired to Uske castle. On their return, within two miles of Caerlleon, they were suddenly beset by a superior number of the York party, when, supposing destruction inevitable, Meredith harrangued his companions, to impress them with a consciousness of the necessity to maintain the honour, prowess, and credit, of their ancestors; "Let it never be said by posterity," added he, "that here a hundred gentlemen of North Wales fled, but rather let the place be memorable as the honoured spot where a hundred patriots were slain, in opposing an unequal force." Thus assuming courage from despair, he so arranged his small detachment, placing Howel ap Llewelyn, and some others (who were the only sons of their fathers, and as such, successors in their name and inheritance,) in the rear, and out of the brunt of the attack, whilst all his own sons were drawn out in the van, headed by himself, to death or victory. The onset was tremendous; he opened a passage with his sword, and the enemy was defeated. A scar from a wound in the face, caused him to his dying day to be called *Squier y Graith*, or the Squire of the Scar.

'Twas near the fortress on the Uske,
And hours four ere even's dusk,

Meredith* and his hundred true,
To rescue Owen Tudor flew,
Who, a captive drew the breath
Of one, for certain, doomed to death;—
And soon these pride-braved sons of war,
Disdaining each opposing bar,
With triumph's shout and knightly glee,
Hail the noble captive free,
And homeward bend their fearless course,
Nor dream of foemen's hidden force.
Now as they wind the rocky screen,
'Twixt ambushed foes that intervene,
Horror-struck, they turn, as lost,
And fly before the Yorkist host;
Who detached far o'er the ground,
Too soon the valiant few surround.

"Cease, cease to fly! turn, stand, and die,
Like gallant warriors, sword in hand!"
Meredith cried, with desperate pride,
And checked his flying band:
His words were like a thunder peal,
All to the heart's core strongly feel
The just rebuke with shame,
And stand as still as stag-hounds will,
Who hear the hunter's blame;
And thus with vehemence, he cried,
That roused each warrior's latent pride.
"What, though the Yorkists now prevail,
And in our enterpize we fail;—

* This name, to sound poetical, should have the accent placed on the second syllable, (the Welsh mode,) the English, very unaccountably accentuate it on the first.

Ne'er let fail the manly heart,
Ne'er fail we in the gallant part!
As die we must, (we cannot burst
The subtle toils around us cast,)
Though closed around, let us be found
Still battling to the last,
Face to foe and sword in hand,
Whence we'll be famed, and future named
The single-hearted band.
Shall it be told in future tales
When pointing to this spot,
A hundred gentlemen of Wales
Their ancestors forgot,
And fled, like cowards, from this place,
Gashed with back-wounds of disgrace?
No! let posterity with pride
Say, here a hundred Welshman died,
Who faced th' unequal brunt,
And not one fled; of those here dead,
Each bore his wound in front."

The flying band, like God's command,
Heard their chieftain's burning words,
And turned about with valour stout,
Firm grasping deadly swords;
And each of all the hundred cries,
"Accurst! accurst! be he that flies."

The fury of devoted men
Burnt in each ardent bosom then;
No words but these formed either's breath,
"On! on! to victory or death!"

They saw the sun sink in waves,
And thought alone of valour's graves;
They saw its last gleams o'er the main,—
As red it blazed, each, steady, gazed
The sad farewell of pain.

Calmness cool Meredith graced,
And his detachment thus he placed—
(The good, the great, the gallant man!)
Himself and sons, first in the van,
But in the rear was every heir,
To spare whom was his plan.
"Ye sons of mighty houses! ye
May chieftain's give in times to be;
If of this brave nest Death will dine,
First let him feast on me and mine!"
He cried, and gave the battle word,
The solid host a phalanx stirred;
Tremendous was the onset crash,
As hewing down they forward dash,
Cutting through the foes a lane—
Bellona's madness, frantic gladness,
Marked each, with rage insane.

Oh what can not the brave atcheive!
Time saw fair maids their chaplets weave,
The conquerors of that desperate day,
When many to the few gave way.
A scar of honour in the face,
Did John Meredith fairly grace,
Whence was he called (the record saith),
To his death day the Squier y Graith.

THE WIFE OF AP ROBIN.

In the civil wars of the white and red rose, distinguishing the rival houses of York and Lancaster, the Welsh sided with the different parties according to their political opinions of right. The earl of Pembroke, during his desolating warfare in North Wales, and according to his rigid system of severity, having taken Thomas ap Robin of Cochwillan, prisoner, beheaded him, near Conway castle, for no other cause than that he was an adherent of the house of Lancaster. His wife, a pattern of conjugal fidelity, witnessed the execution, and carried off her husband's head in her apron. Previous to the memorable battle of Danesmoor, near Banbury, Northamptonshire, the earl of Pembroke and Lord Stafford quarrelling for an inn for their quarters, at Banbury, gave the earl of Warwick an opportunity to attack them, when Pembroke, and his much celebrated kinsman, Sir Richard Herbert, of Coldbrook were taken prisoners and—*beheaded!* thus the judge became the criminal, for the same alleged offence, accomplishing an awful retribution.

"Earl Pembroke, must my husband die?"
"Of a surety yea!"—was the earl's reply;—
"The word is passed, the word of fate,
He dies to-morrow morn at eight."
The wife of Ap Robin then ceased her sobbing,
And marked him with dauntless eye.

"In sooth it is a useless task—
I know he will die—and need not ask-

Oh I bow me to this bruizing rod—
Oh I bow me low to the will of God!
But list, Earl Herbert, list to me,
A fate as cruel awaiteth thee!"
Thus said the dame in words of flame,
That, bursting, like inspiration came,
Which, sudden, dashed earl Herbert's pride,
Who looked in her face, as he would trace
If truth her words supplied;—
"Thou foolish woman!" he cried at length,
"To bait the lion in his strength—
But thou art sad, perchance art mad,
And I would not thy griefs deride."

"Earl Herbert, no! it is not so,
Though wild and maddening is my woe,
In spite of pain of heart and brain,
Oh I am truly sane;
As surely as my husband's doomed,
Thy headless trunk will be entombed—
Thine! and one of greater fame,
More good, more brave—of Herbert name;
I've said—and thou wilt briefly see—
Now earl, farewell, thou'lt think of me."

"Stay!—thy dark pythonic speech,
I shame to say't! my heart doth reach,—
Thy strange and spirit-wounding look,
Is like an awful mystic book,
Where characters of fate appear,
Deciphered but by gifted seer—
How groundest thou thy prophecy?
Relate!—I may be kind to thee—

Now as thou hope'st thy husband's life,
As hope'st to be a blessed wife,
Speak sooth! or mercy's smile is lost,
Tell me woman, what thou know'st."

"First, I know," the dame returns,
"Those wily hopes my bosom spurns!
Mercy never dwelt with thee,[6]
Nor lives credulity with me,
But thus it was—my husband's fate
Hung on my heart a deadly weight,
A fever hot calcined my brain,
The acrid barrenness of pain,
Like breathings of the torrid sphere,
That withers, scorches, far and near,—
No sweet thought sprung with healing tongue,
But dry and dusty sorrow clung—
Relaxed in frame, without an aim,
With every nerve unstrung,
Numbed in idiotcy of mood,
I paced the war-field's solitude,
And there, far spread I marked the dead,
Slain men and horses lowly laid,
Gored and gashed with many a wound,
In various postures on the ground,
Retaining still the grin of pain,
Distorting them the hour slain;—
I passed each form of horror by,
With a wondering wildered eye,
Till saw I two, whose youth I nursed,—
When loud my shriek of anguish burst;
The birds that prey upon the dead,
Startled, spread their wings and fled,—

I rubbed mine eyes, and found that true
Was each dread object of my view —
I prayed for tears to quench the flame
That seared my heart—and forth they came !
They came — a sweet and blessed shower !
Fraught with gentlest healing power —
Luxuriating in my grief,
I blessed my God — 'twas sweet relief!
I gathered then the corses twain,
Of my poor boys in battle slain,
I knelt between them on the earth,
And thought upon their days of birth —
I wept, till wild and scant of breath,
Ne'er deemed I once, that such their death !
Oh the wild and ruinous blast !
Death's lurid shadow o'er them cast —
The livid face — the blackening gore —
Are these my sons ? — no more ! no more !
But oh the sorrow far more sore
Was for him of dubious fate,
The captived victim of thy hate,
Dear partner of my griefs and joys.
The father of my gallant boys !
Who in Conway's fortress lies,
And who at eight to-morrow dies.
In all the fervour of a heart
Wild, mad, and fond, enough to part,
To snap in twain, grief severed,
I prayed to God to shew of thee —
And give a sign of what would be —
I prayed, till anguish fevered —
At length, with o'er-wrought wasted frame,
Supportless, spiritless, inane,

I fell, and slumber strong came o'er me,
Then shewed the sign I asked—the sign!
Oh list to what then past before me—
The sign! the sign! 'tis thine, and mine,
Oh how the vision tore me.
I fell into a gradual trance,
And then appeared a gathered crowd
Around a coffin and a shroud—
Methought there, on a scaffold laid,
A block, with horrid axe arrayed—
And silent men bore many a lance,
Pole-axe, and sword, around the spot,
Each face with doubtful meaning masked—
'What means this horrid pomp?' I asked—
All were dumb—but a whisper came—
Methought it was my husband's name—
At length the criminal was brought,
It was my husband's manly form,
Late foremost in the battle storm—
I plainly saw his severed head!
And shrieked, methought, and fell as dead.

Still, still, my trance of woe went on,
Methought I mourned him dead and gone—
Dread battles passed before my view,
I knew who fled, and who pursue—
At length my eyes my heart regaled!
Our friends succeed, our foemen failed!
Another execution day
Now passed before me as I lay,
And those as criminals were cast,
Who sat as judges at the last,

Sir Richard dread[7], our mighty foe,
And he who stands before me now!
Thou—thou Earl Herbert!—even thou!
I've said—and thou wilt briefly see—
Proud lord farewell—thou'lt think of me."
At length came on the hour of eight,
The brave Ap Robin met his fate,
And forward in her greatness came
Ap Robin's high heroic dame,
Her apron bore his severed head;—
As from the horrid spot she sped,
With mad conjugal love's regret,
Her eye and stern Earl Herbert's met—
She fixed him with her awful glance
As it would every sense entrance—
The serpent with death's awe unmixed,
Ne'er more its trembling victim fixed—
There was a still, dead, gazing, pause—
And none around divined the cause—
She shook her head and cried "alas,
Thou see'st what yet will come to pass"—
She pointed to the body—gashed—
Earl Herbert's proud looks fell, abashed—
She pointed to the gory head,
"And who will bear thine thus?" she said;
"E'en such a fate awaiteth thee,
Stern man farewell—thou'lt think of me."
Within his heart her words sunk deep,
And settled there, like slimy things
In stagnant pools, of deadly stings,
And did like baneful minerals keep
Rankling in its cored abode;
The springs of life seemed to corrode;

Of care-worn face and macilent
His soul beneath her last words bent—
Yes, on his soul, like Pleasure's knell,
They fell as numbing bonds—a spell—
Though outwardly he feigned to scoff,
A spell he never could shake off:
It checked him in the day of fight—
It curbed him in his hour of might—
Cool caution o'er his nature grew,
And Valour's dauntless bearing flew,
Fear, that long he laughed at—Fear!
Assailed him now in front and rear—
Fear cribbed him in her niggard scope
And weakened arm, and heart, and hope:
But 'spite of every cautious aim
The day of retribution came—
It came in storm, it came in ire,
It came like sky-floods raining fire,
Sweeping from the battle plain
The bravest of the Yorkist train;
The conquering Lancastarians led
By him to whom the regal head
Has bowed in homage for its crown,
Th' exalter and the crusher down—
King-making Warwick, in his high renown!
And lo, at length, in Danesmoor field
The cruel bloody Herberts yield,[8]
Captived by their mightiest foe,—
Stern Pembroke's haughty crest is low;
And to pass then briefly came
The dread prediction, (once deemed fiction,)
Of wronged Ap Robin's dame.

SIR RHYS AP THOMAS.

No cheating 'tis, to cheat the cheater;
No treason to betray the traitor.

Anon. from the Welsh.

KING RICHARD III. suspecting the intention of Rhys ap Thomas, wrote to demand hostages for his fidelity, and received in reply a letter full of loyal expressions, and a protestation that whoever should dare to land in that part of Wales, as an enemy to his highness, should make his entrance over his body, therefore, to satisfy his conscience he laid on the ground that the earl of Richmond might step over him.

MISTRUST and fear, in front and rear,
Embittered savage Richard's hours,
To him came tales, a 'Squire of Wales,
Held on the coast his powers:
But none could tell, to aid, or hurl
Destruction swift on Richmond's earl.
Thus wrote the king to gallant Rhys,
"Art thou a foeman to my peace,
Or art thou 'Squire my friend?
I know thou hast a mighty host,
Hovering on the Cambrian coast,
And dubious is thy end,
So send me hostages with speed,
If thou'rt untrue, thou'lt deeply rue,
If faithful, great thy meed."

Thus Rhys, the wily 'Squire, replied,
With cunning speech to over-reach
The tyrant in his pride;—
"'Tis true I hold a mighty host,
For aye alert upon the coast,
But 'tis to crush my country's foe,
With a great and sudden blow;
If ever here he dare appear,
To him be direst woe!
If e'er he tread fair Cambria's grass,
He first shall o'er my body pass."

At length young Harry crossed the seas,
With dragon banner in the breeze,
Rhys and all his Cambrian power,
Gayly hail and bless the hour;—
As warmly grasped he Richmond's hand,
He cried, "ere treads my liege the land,
(To make my mockery complete,
As I did with the tyrant treat,)
Ere press your feet our British grass,
You first shall o'er my body pass:"
When down he laid him on the sand,
And o'er him passed the Earl to land.

Then came the day of Bosworth field,
The dauntless form of Rhys was steeled,
Armed *cap-a-pee* for fight,
Long sought he Richard through each force,
At length he meets him horse to horse,
And cries "God save the right!"
The tyrant, thirsting for his gore,
Rushed on him like a foaming boar,

But bootless all his might;
He cursing, fell,—King Henry's hail
Was, "rise Sir Rhys a knight!"

Tradition reports that Rhys slew Richard with his own hand, but however this may be, the number and the fine d'sposition of his troops contributed greatly to Richmond's success; he was knighted on the field of battle, and soon after made governor of Wales. He afterwards distinguished himself for his loyalty and valour, against Simuel and Perkin Warbeck, and was made a knight of the Garter; the honour of an earldom he refused. His memoirs relate, that he was the third son of Thomas ap Griffith, a person of birth and fortune in South Wales, and born at Abermarles, in the 15th century. His elder brother dying, he became heir to the family estate, and went to reside for some time, with his father at the court of Burgandy. After his return he put an end to a deadly feud which had long subsisted between his family and that of Count Henry, by marrying the heiress of that house, by which he became one of the most opulent subjects in the realm, and maintained a splendid hospitality suitable to his great wealth; one of his residences was Abermarles, in the county of Carmarthen, in its time a princely mansion, and called by Leland "a fair house of old Sir Rees's." Newcastle Emlyn, in the same county (appertaineth to the Princes of Dynevwr, and celebrated in Cambro-British history) was also his property and frequent residence. After attending King Henry VIII. into France, he returned to his castle of Carew, in Pembrokeshire, where he passed his time chiefly in promoting military exercises and sports, and died in 1527, aged 76, he was buried in the Priory Church of Carmarthen. He was the ancestor of the present noble family of Dynevor. *The effigy of Sir Rhys ap Thomas and his lady*, in Carmarthen chancel, removed from the Priory at the dissolution of the Monastries, affords a handsome specimen of the costume in Henry VII. reign; his hair is flowing in ringlets over his shoulders, he has a ringed iron collar round his neck, a breast-plate, on which are painted his arms, a sword and dagger, and his legs and arms completely cased in armour; over all this he has a mantle, with a collar falling back, the arms in a garter, painted on his left shoulder.—His lady's cap is almost square, a neck-lace, a tucker above her gown, which is a short one. shewing the petticoat below, and tightened round the waist by a gold cord tied in the centre, the two ends of which reach below the knees, and are ended by tossels. Over all she wears a long flowing robe with large sleeves. This sepulchral mass is erroneously pointed out to strangers as the monument of Rhys ap Tewdwr.

DAVID LLOYD AP LLEWELYN;

OR, THE

WISDOM OF WOMAN.

THE Earl of Richmond, in his march from Milford, is said to have lodged one night with Davydd Llwyd ap Llewelyn, lord of Mathavarn, an illustrious Poet, herald, and reputed prophet, much venerated in that part of the country, whom he had known familiarly in his childhood; the earl, whether in real anxiety for the issue of this hazardous enterprize, or in the spirit of gaiety with his host, is uncertain, requested his private opinion, whether or not he should be successful. The seer cautiously replied, that a question of such importance could not be immediately answered, and that he would give his reply in the morning. He was greatly perplexed by the question, and his wife observed an unusual and inexplicable gravity in his manner during the remainder of the evening; she enquired into the cause, on learning which, she exclaimed with much astonishment, "How can you possibly have any difficulty about your answer? tell him that the issue of his enterprize will be most successful and glorious; if your prediction is verified you will receive honours and rewards; but if it fails, depend upon it, he will never come here to reproach you." Hence we have the Welsh proverb, *Cyngor gwraig heb ei ofyn*; i. e. A wife's advice without asking it.

THE prophet and bard David Lloyd ap Llewelyn,
Futurity scanned, piped, and thrummed the high telyn,
When gayly inspired with rich mead or ale,
Well chaunted the strain, and related the tale;

All true were his prophecies, loud was his laugh,
His verses were warm as the liquor he'd quaff;
At Jasper of Pembroke's munificent board,
Loud was his praise of that Cambrian lord!
And what was a circumstance strange as could be,
His wife was as clever and wise as he.

Young Harry of Richmond the courteous and brave,
For Richard the tyrant has bared the proud glaive;—
Young Harry of Richmond has crossed o'er the seas,
With dread host of war, and green flag* in the breeze!—
Young Harry of Richmond with trumpet and drum,
To battle Plantagenet Richard is come!
And the gay son of Tudor to David applied,
"Say bard, may success crown the dragon's high pride?
Or must the thick death-gore his free breathing clog,
And leave him a prey to the fierce Saxon hog?
Shall Cymru's 'reft sons hail a prince of their own?
Shall Harry of Richmond possess England's throne?
Or is it some other the bards have foretold,
Will give this proud Island her era of gold?"

Alarmed for his credit, with caution the seer,
Evadingly answered—his bold wife was near—
"Why tell him,"—cried Gwenny, "with confident swell,
The dragon shall flourish, and all will be well,
His head shall be circled in Britain's bright crown,
And his name, in Fame's annals, arrayed with renown:—
If verified, thou shalt be first famed of Wales,
And *he ne'er to reproach thee can come if he fails!*"

* One of the standards of the earl of Richmond was green with three dragons.

He said, and it happened!—grim crooked Richard
fell;—
David leaped with delight at his funeral knell:
And Gwenny, like lightning, ran o'er vale and hill,
To trumpet her husband's fatidical skill,
Declaring, *in secret*, how much was her own,
That she and her mate gave the young Earl the throne,
Oh bright shines the day when the Briton succeeds!
And bounteous to David was King Harry's deeds;
A lordship and castle, with brave wide domain,
Was blessed David Lloyd ap Llewelyn's fair gain;—
A sword at his side, and a star on his breast,
While "*The Wisdom of Woman!*" 'twas mottoed his
crest.

The pretended prophecies of David Lloyd ap Llewelyn, have been made the subject of ridicule by many of his countrymen, but by one it is asserted that "his dark, mysterious, pythonic prophecies, that a chieftain of Wales should liberate the nation from Saxon bondage, so wrought upon the valour of his countrymen, that many thousands enlisted under the banner of Sir Rhys ap Thomas, who received Richmond at Milford."

NOTES.

NOTES TO THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA.

Note 1. Page 2.

The three notorious Drunkards of the Isle of Britain.

The three abandoned drunkards of the Isle of Britain, were, first, drunken Geraint, king of Siluria, who in the paroxysm of a fit of intoxication set fire to the standing corn; the conflagration in consequence of which rash act spread so violently, that all the corn of the country, to an immense distance, was totally consumed, and a destructive famine ensued. The second was Vortigern, surnamed the wry-mouthed, who when intoxicated gave Horsa, the Saxon chief, the Isle of Thanet, for permission to have an illicit connexion with his daughter Rowena; and further promised, that her son, the fruit of that amour, should succeed to the crown of England: which proved productive of treachery, and a sanguinary massacre of a prodigious number of the chieftains of the Cambrian race. The third was drunken Seithenyn, the son of Seithyn Saidi, king of Dimetia; who, when in a state of intoxication, suffered the sea (by neglecting to attend to the sluices,) to overflow the Lowland Hundred (or Cantre'r Gwaelod) where lands and habitations the most beautiful in all Wales, excepting only Caerlleon on Usk, to the number of sixteen cities and towns, were in a short period inundated and ruined. The Lowland Hundred was the property of Gwyddno, surnamed longshanks, king of Cæredigiawn (or Cardiganshire.) This event happened in the reign of Emrys Wledig (or the illustrious). The inhabitants who escaped from that inundation landed in Ardudwy, a part of Carnarvonshire, and ascended the mountains of Snowdon, which had never been inhabited before that period.

Note 2. Page 2.

A moral Ode, a Poem on the inundation of Cantrev y Gwaelod, &c.

TRANSLATION.

THE SORROW OF GWYDDNO.

Though I love the beach, I will hate the sea,
Whose wave o'erwhelms the stepping-stone
Of the brave, the mighty, the generous champion!
The alighting stone of bards be it a ready help in need.
The fame of the feast-server caused a miserable fate,
Till the day of doom its effect will remain.

Though I love the beach, I will hate the wave.
The wave has woefully tyrannized to wound my breast,
I shall complain while I live on account of this:
It is a cheering work to cleanse with wine my breast;
Tho' the stomach may be full, the heart is not warmed,
And festivity will yield no consolation for this.

He has repented him of his errands:
The chatterer has hastened far for death:
Bold and cruel the exchange that befel us two,
To tell how God has turned the leaves.
Mechyd, they will uncover from thy arrival;
I shall not receive thee with much uncovering,
On my part I have sold my steed on thy account.

The reward of festivity to gratify the taste,
For the sweet dainties,
From thy circle thy anger hath been to me a foe.

TRANSLATION.

ON THE INUNDATION OF CANTREV Y GWAELOD.

Come forth, Seithenyn! and behold
Waste is the land of heroes bold:
Lo! bursting o'er his wonted shores,
On Gwyddno's plains wild Ocean roars.

Accursed Morfin ever be,
Who, after wine, let in the sea!
Let deep Gwenestr's raging flood
O'erwhelm the plains where Gwyddno stood.

Accursed Machtaith, whose fatal spleen
When hush'd the battle's clanging din,
Loos'd deep Gwenestr's gloomy wave
O'er Gwyddno's fertile plains to rave.

Hark! from the brow of hoary Caer,
Mererid's wailiugs fill the air!
Or soon, or late, Fate's vengeful blow
Still lays the proud oppressor low.

From Caer's high brow, smit by despair,
Mererid lifts his voice in prayer;
Check'd is oppression's towering pride
That whilom heaven itself defied.

From Gwinau comes Mererid's moan,
The chair of Cedawl is o'erthrown:
Where bloated excess ruled the scene,
Gaunt, griping penury is seen.

Mererid's groans oppress my soul;
Mirth, beauty, or the sparkling bowl,
Can to me nought of joy bestow,
God lays the proud oppressor low.

Dismal this night Mererid's cry
Compels me from my couch to fly.
Checked is oppression's haughty stride,
Destruction overwhelms his pride.

TRANSLATION.

THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN GWYDDNO AND GWYN AB NUDD.

Since it is a vain person that is thus adorned with gold,
Near the court of Gwalloc,
I also will appear as one possessing riches.

Be accursed the thicket
That pulled out his eye in his presence
Gwalloc son of Llênoc the sovereign.

Be there a curse to the black wood
That pulled out his eye that was black.
Gwalloc son of Llênoc, leader of a host.

Be there a curse to the white wood
That pulled his eye out of his head.
Gwalloc son of Llênoc the prince.

Be there a curse to the green wood
That pulled out the eye of my youth,
Gwalloc son of Llênoc the honourable.

Fierce Bull of war! when host with host
Is in the battle's tumult lost!
Supreme of those who mighty are!
Whose look of ire no mortal dare!

Yet foremost of the sons of earth
That light the hospitable hearth;
Soul of Hospitality!
Is there refuge here for me?

Persuasive tongue of him whose art
Can rule with words the human heart!
Chief of the brave! who can assuage,
And lull at will, thy bosom's rage:

Say if, in this distracted hour,
For me is refuge in thy power?
Here a suitor I await,
Speak and let me know my fate.

This boon bestow, and for thy name
I'll weave a song of deathless fame;
That whereso, Chief, thou shalt appear,
The shout of praise will glad thy ear:

And I, fresh from the battle's field,
Ere from my arm is dropp'd my shield,
Will join, with feeble voice, the song
That would thy valiant deeds prolong.

I greet thee, gallant youth! and yield.
Warrior, whose protecting shield
Guards the weak in troubled hour
From murder's blow, from rapine's power,

Thy name, thy origin declare.
Lover of Creirddillad fair
Daughter of Lludd of hoary brow,
Gwyn, son of Nudd, am I; and thou

Hast oft beheld my round-hoof'd steed
Bear me on with frantic speed
Through the battle's tide of blood.—
Gwyn, I know thee, brave and good;

Gwyddno Garanhir am I;
Vainly would I shun thine eye.
Though gloomy sadness shades thy brow,
In silence do not leave me now:

For cold and silent is my home,
And press'd with sorrow am I come!—
Gwyn, son of Nudd, of hosts the pride,
To thee what boon can be denied?

Eagle of the rocky shore,
For thee my lips I'll ope once more;
For thee, by whose resistless blow,
A thousand warriors lie low,

Strew'd like broken rushes round,
Prostrate gnaw the gore-stain'd ground.
By my carved ring with gold
Studded round, I will unfold

To thee the story of my woe,
The source whence all my sorrows flow.
I saw, where hoar Caer Mandwy shrouds
His head among the mantling clouds,

Slaughter stain with blood the snow,
And ravage all the plains below.

Gwyn, son of Nudd, the blessing of armies,
From the toil of thy arm quicker would hosts
Fall down than the broken rushes.

Ystec, my dog, that is well-trained,
And he is the best of dogs;
Dormarthedd, that belong'd to Maelgwyn.

Dormarthedd with brown nose; if thou didst look
Upon it, then thou would'st suppose
That he ranged with a surpent's motion.

The place where brave Gwenddolau fell,
Son of Ceidio, I can tell:

When loud the boding ravens scream'd,
Then his vital current stream'd :

Then of mighty bards, the pride,
Ceidio's son Gwenddolau died.
Gwerydd's son of mighty fame,
Brân, a host against him came :

When the clamouring raven rose
The hero sunk to dread repose ;
These eyes beheld the fatal place,
Where fell the pride of Gwerydd's race.

I know the place where Llachau fell ;
Who his valiant deeds can tell ?
Arthur's son, renown'd in song,
Oft he burst the conflict's throng,

He heard the raven's boding cry,
And met unaw'd his destiny.
Where Meiric died, Carcian's son,
Of matchless fame, to me is known ;

Dark was the raven's wing that spread,
When Meiric mingled with the dead.
Where Gwalloc fell I know the place ;
Brave issue of a noble race !

Lloegr's ruin, Llênoc's son,
Bloody, bloody set thy sun.
Where Britain's warriors lie low,
From east to north, the spots I know.

Low in the silent grave they sleep,
And I am left to live and weep.

Where Britain's warriors lie low,
From east to south, the spots I know ;
Mingling with their native earth ;
But I am left to mourn their death.

The five first verses, and the twenty-first, twenty-second, and twenty-third, are very obscure ; and therefore the translation is given as literally as possible : the versification of the remaining verses is by Anthony Todd Thomson, Esq.

Note 3. Page 5.

Hanes Taliesin, or Taliesin's History.

HANES TALIESIN.

Prifard cyffredin
Wy fi i Elffin
Am gwlad gynhefin
Iw bro Gerubin

Joannes Dewin
Am gelwis i Merdin
Bellach pob Brenin
Am geilw Taliesin

Mi a fum nawmis hayach
Yn mol Gridwen wrach
Mi a fum gynt Wion bach
Taliesin ydwy bellach

Mi a fum a gyda'm ner
Yn y goruwchelder
Pan gwympiod Luciffer
I Uffern dyfnder

My a fum yn dwyn banner
O flaen Alecsander
Mi a wn enwau's ser
Or gogledd hyd Awster

Mi a fum ynghaer Bedion
Tetragrammaton
Mi a dygum Heon
I lawr glyn Ebron

Mi a fum yn y Ganon
Pan las Absalon
Mi fum yn y Llyd don
Cyn geni Gwdion

Mi a fum bedrenog
I Eli ag Enog
Mi a fum ar fan crog
Mab Duw Tregarog

Mi a fum ben ceidwod
Ar wneuthur Twr Nimrod

Mi a fum dri chyferod
Ynghaer Eirianrhod

Mi a fum yn Arca
Gyda Nae ag Alpha
Mi a welais difa
Sodoma a Gomorra

Mi a fum yn Affrica
Cyn adeilad Roma
Mi a ddoethym yma
At wedillion Troia

Mi a fum gyda'm Rhêa
Yn mhreseb yr asen
Mi a nerthais Foesin
Trwy dwr Urdonen

Mi a fum ar yr Wybren
Gyda Mair Fadlen
Mi a gefais awen
O bair Griduen

Mi a fum fardd telyn
I Theon Llychlyn
Mi a gefais newyn
Am fab y forwyn

Mi a fum yn y Gwynfryn
Yn llys Cynfelyn
Mewn Cyff a gefyn
Undydd a blwyddyn

Mi a fum am Logawd
Yngwlad y Drindawd
Ni wyddis beth yw y cnawd
Ac cig ai pysgawd

Mi a fum dysgawd
Ir holl fydysawd
Mi a fyda hyd dyd brawd
Ar wyneb daiarawd

Mi a fum ynghadair flin
Uwch Caer Sidin
A honno yn troi fydd
Rhwng tri alfyd
Pand rhyfedd ir byd
Nas argenydd

TRANSLATION.

THE HISTORY OF TALIESIN.

The primary domestic bard
Am I to Elphin,
And my original country
Is the region of Cherubims.
Joannes the divine
Called me Merddin,
At length every king
Will call me Taliesin.
I was full nine months
In the womb of mother Cyridwen;
I was little Gwion heretofore,
Taliesin am I now.
I was with my Lord
In the superior state
When Lucifer did fall
To the infernal deep.
I have borne a banner
Before Alexander:
I know the names of the stars
From the north to Auster.
I have been in the circle of Gwdion
Tetragrammaton;
I conducted Heon
To the depth of Ebron vale.
I was in Canaan
When Absalom was slain,
I was in the Court of Don
Before Gwdion was born,
I was an attendant
On Eli and Enoc;
I was on the cross-devoting sentence
Of the son of the merciful God.
I have been chief keeper
Of the work of Nimrod's tower;
I have been three revolutions
In the circle of Arianrod.
I was in the Ark
With Noah and Alpha;
I beheld the destruction
Of Sodoma and Gomorra.
I was in Africa
Before Rome was built,
I am come here
To the remnants of Troia.
I was with my Lord
In the manger of the she-ass;
I strengthened Moses
Through the Jordan water.
I have been in the firmament
With Mary Magdalen;
I have been gifted with genius
From the cauldron of Cyridwen
I have been bard of the harp
To Teon of Lochlyn;
I have endured hunger
For the Son of the Virgin.
I have been in the White Hill
In the court of Cynfelyn
In stocks and fetters,
For a year and a day.
I have had my abode
In the kingdom of the Trinity;
It is not known what is my body,
Whether flesh or fish.
I have been an instructor
To the whole universe;
I shall remain till the day of doom
On the face of the earth.
I have been in an agitated seat
Above the circle of Sidin,
And that continues revolving
Between three elements:
It is not a wonder to the world,
That it reflects not a splendour?

Note 4. Page 7.

Privileged Harbours in Britain.

The three privileged ports of the isle of Britain. First, the port of Ysgewyn in Gwent, (Newport.) Second, the port of Gwygyr in Môn, (Beaumaris). Third, the port of Gwyddno in Ceredigion, (overflowed with the whole adjacent country in the fifth century.)

Note 5. Page 8.

Whose name is unknown.

For the poem here alluded to, the reader is referred to the "*New Aberystwyth Guide*," or to "*Meyrick's Cardigan*," where it appears in its original Welsh, accompanied with a translation.

Note 6. Page 14.

As o'er Pen-Dinas Hill I strayed.

Pen-Dinas is a hill adjoining the town of Aberystwyth, standing centrally between the rivers Rheidol and Ystwyth, and overlooking Cardigan Bay, from which Oliver Cromwell demolished Aberystwyth Castle which stood beneath, and its massive ruins still remain scattered about the base of the only remaining tower. These enormous fragments of the once formidable fortress, give interest to, and adorn the pleasure walks, called the Castle Ruins, there. Embankments and vestiges of earlier fortifications than Cromwell's time, crown the head of Pen-Dinas, while cornfields and pasture ground adorn its sides, variegated with wild flowers.

Note 7. Page 22.

As Britain's very Paradise.

The following account of the Vale of Clwyd is transcribed from the pages of an English tourist.—"From hence I passed the wide ferry at Conway, which brought me into Denbighshire, and traversed a hilly country, till within eight miles of St. Asaph, one of the four Welsh Bishoprics, where the fertile vale of Clwyd begins, and ends in a marsh at Rhyddlan. This heavenly enchanting vale is twenty-six miles in extent, and eight miles in breadth, which for beauty and richness, cannot be excelled by any spot of the same magnitude in all Europe; however, not in this Island. It is variegated with fine woods, high sloping hills, velvet lawns covered with snowy flocks, cows, and oxen in abundance, though very small in their kind; a num-

ber of gentlemen's seats, finely situate, with delightful prospects to them, and a sweet river runs through the whole length of it.

Note 8. Page 24.

Famed Taliesin, strangely found.

Taliesin was a foundling, having been discovered, exposed in a coracle, in King Gwyddno Girhanhir's fishing wear, by his son Prince Elfin, who reared and protected him. He afterwards became the most accomplished and celebrated bard of his time, and was introduced by Elfin to his father's court, where he delivered Gwyddno a poem, giving an account of himself, entitled "Hanes Taliesin," here nserted in Note 3.

Note 9. Page 39.

Their Coracles did others reach.

Coracles are little boats of a singular construction, peculiar to Wales, and generally used by fishermen on rivers: so small, that they admit but of a single occupant, who, being seated, will row himself with incredible swiftness with one hand, while with the other he manages his net, angle, or other fishing tackle, with admirable dexterity. They are of oval form, made of split rods, interwoven with twigs, and on the outside covered with a horse or bullock's hide, painted canvas, or pitched flannel. Five feet in length and three in breadth, is their usual measurement, sometimes larger, and so light, that coming off the water their owners left them on their backs, and carry them home, at which time they fully answer the purpose of an umbrella. These rude boats are specimens of the original British navigation, according to Cæsar, who made them turn to a good account in his spanish expedition against Pompey; for Cæsar's bridges over the Segre being hurried away by the torrent, he transported his legions across it in Vessels of this construction. Pliny in his account of Britain, speaks of a six days' navigation on the open sea, with these coracles.

Note 10. Page 40.

Some settled on Eryri's top.

Eryri is the Welsh name of Snowdon. The inhabitants of Cantrev y Gwaelod who escaped from the drowned country, landed in Ardudwy, a part of Caernarvonshire, and ascended the mountains of Snowdon, which had never been inhabited before that national calamity.

Note 11. Page 42.

While sighed he o'er his floated land.

These lines are founded on the Cardiganshire proverb or adage mentioned in the introduction to this Poem,

> " The sigh of Gwyddno Garanhir,
> When o'er his land rushed waves severe."

Note 12. Page 53.

A merry time! the bidder's rhyme.

The following account of Welsh Biddings is from the pen of a popular Welsh Poet, and addressed to the editor of a periodical work:—

" A Bidding is an invitation sent by a couple, about to be married, to their friends and neighbours, to solicit their assistance by the contribution of trifling sums of money, towards the purchase of such commodities as may be necessary on entering a matrimonial state. For all gifts of this nature there is a sort of promissory note given, by setting down at the bidding, the name and residence of the donor, with the sum he deposits: and all debts of this description are repaid on occasions of the like nature, and are claimable even in different circumstances. Contributions of bread, cheese, butter, tea, sugar, &c. are also sent by the neighbours and acquaintance of the young couple, as materials for the nuptial banquet; which is always furnished *gratis*, (the *cwrw* drank afterwards is paid for.) If required in a similar case, these donations are remembered and returned—and not otherwise. The Bidding is generally, but not always, held in the evening of the wedding-day. A person called Bidder, in Welsh, *Gwahoddwr*, travels the neighbourhood several days before the Bidding-day to proclaim the intended invitation, to mention the names of those relatives of the young couple, whose gifts are requested to be returned to them on this occasion, as, also, the names of those relatives and friends, who publicly acknowledge their obligation for any demonstrations of kindness and favour that may be manifested towards the young party. Before the commencement, or after the conclusion, of this particular narrative, the Bidder delivers a song or rhyme, in which an allusion is generally made to the dainties and good cheer of the feast.

There is an old man in this neighbourhood, of the name of Stephen, employed in the vocation of *Gwahoddwr*, who displayed, in my hearing, so much comic talent and humour in the recitation of his Bidding-Song (which, he complained, was, by repetition, become uninteresting to his auditors) as to induce me to furnish him with some kind of fresh

matter. My humble composition, adapted, in language and conceptions, as far as I could make it, to common taste and capacities, this man now delivers in his rounds; and I send it to you as a specimen of a Bidder's Song, hoping that your readers will be, in some measure, amused by its perusal.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

D. E.

CAN GWAHODDWR.

Dydd da i chwi, bobol, o'r hyn'af i'r baban,
Mae Stephen Wahoddwr â chwi am ymddyddan;
Gyfeillion da mwynaidd, os felly'ch dymuniad,
Cewch genyf fy neges yn gynes ar ganiad.

Y mae rhyw greadur trwy'r byd yn grwydredig,
Nis gwn i yn hollol ai glanwedd ai hyllig,
Ag sydd i laweroedd yn gwneuthur doluriad,
Ar bawb yn goncwerwr—a'i enw yw Cariad.

Yr ifaingc yn awchus mae'n daro fynycha',
A'i saeth trwy ei hasen, mewn modd truenusa';
Ond weithiau â'i fwa fe ddwg yn o fuan
O dan ei lywodraeth y rhai canol-oedran.

Weithiau mae'n taro yn lled annaturiol,
Nes byddont yn babwyr, yn wir, yr hen bobol;
Mi glywais am ryw-un a gas, yn aflawen,
Y bendro'n ei wegil yn ol pedwar-again.

A thyma'r creadur, trwy'r byd wrth garwydro,
A d'rawodd y ddau-ddyn wyf drostynt yn teithio,
I hol eich cynhorthwy a'ch nodded i'w nerthu,
Yn ol a gewch chwithau pan ddel hwn i'ch brathu.

Ymdrechwch i ddala i fynu, yn ddilys,
Bawb oll yr hen gwstwm, nid yw yn rhy gostus—
Sef rhoddi rhyw swlltach, rai'n ol eu cyssylltu,
Fe fydd y gwyr ifainc yn foddgar o'u meddu.

Can' brynu rhyw bethau yn nghyd, gan obeithio
Byw yn o dawel, a'u plant yn blodeuo;
Dwyn bywyd mor ddewis wrth drin yr hen ddaear,
A Brenin y Seison, neu gynt yr hen Sesar.

Can's nid wyf fi'n meddwl mai golud a moddion
Sy'n gwneuthur dedwyddwch, dyweden' hwy wedon';

Mae gofid i'r dynion sy'n byw mewn sidanau,
Gwir yw mai'r byd hawsaf yw byw heb ddim eisiau.

'Roedd brenin mawr Lloeger a'i wraig yn alluog,
A chig yn eu crochan—ond etto'n byw'n sgrechog:
Pe cawsai y dwliaid y gaib yn eu dwylo,
Yr wyf yn ystyried y buasai llai 'stwrio.

Cynnal rhyw gweril yr oe'nt am y goron,
Ac ymladd â'u gilydd, a hyny o'r galon;
'Rwy'n barod i dyngu, er cymaint ein hangen,
Nad oe'nt hwy mor ddedwydd a Stephen a Madlen.*

* * * * * *

Yr wyf yn attolwg ar bob un o'r teulu,
I gofio fy neges wyf wedi fynegu,†
Rhag i'r gwr ifanc a'i wraig, y pryd hyny,
Os na chan ddim digon, 'weyd mai fi fu'n diogi.

Chwi gewch yno roeso, 'rwy'n gwybod o'r hawsaf,
A bara chaws ddigon—onidê mi ddigiaf;
Caiff pawb ei ewyllys, dybacco, pibelli,
A diod hoff ryfedd—rwyf fi wedi ei phrofi.

Gwel'd digrif gwmpeini wy'n garu'n rhagorol,
Nid gwiw i ni gofio bob amser ein gofol;‡
Mae amser i gwyno, mae amser i ganu,
Gwir yw mai hen hanes a ddywed in' hyny.

Cwpanau da fawrion a dynion difyrus
I mi sy' ryw olwg o'r hen amser hwylus,
Ac nid wyf fi'n digio, os gwaeddi wna rhyw-un,
Yn nghornel y 'stafell,—a yfwch chwi Stephen?

Dydd da i chwi weithian; mae'n rhaid i mi deithio
Dros fryniau, a bronydd, a gwaunydd dan gwyno;
Gan 'stormydd tra awchus, a chan y gwlaw uchel,
Caf fi lawer cernod—a chwithau'n y cornel.

The above description applies principally to Cardiganshire, as there is some slight difference in other parts of Wales, but the long pole with ribbons flying at the end of it, which formed the Bidder's staff,

* Magdalen, the name of the Bidder's wife.
† The Bidder has now told the particulars of his errand.
‡ Gofal, vulgarly pronounced gofol.

is now discontinued almost every where. Biddings are generally kept up by the lower classes, but if the parties are of the richer sort, as sons and daughters of considerable farmers, they send by the Bidders circular letters of invitation, in English.

Note 13. Page 53.

The quintain sport, the church bell chime.

This, with many of the more noble sports, practiced at Weddings, in Wales, has long been discontinued. "It was a ludicrous and sportive way of tilting on horseback, at some mark hung on high, moveable, and turning round, which, while the riders strike at with lances, unless they ride quickly off, the versatile beam strikes upon their shoulders."

Dr. Watts in Verbo Quintena.

Sir H. Spelman, from being a spectator of it says, "It is a piece of board fixed at one end of a turning beam, and a bag of sand at the other, by which means, striking at the board whirls round the bag, and often dismounts the rider. It is supposed to be a Roman game, and left in this Island ever since their time." Among the sports at the princely fete given by Sir Rhys ap Thomas, at Carew Castle, in Pembrokeshire, Quintain is thus named by his biographer. "When they had dined they went to visit each Captaine in his quarter, where they found everie man in action, some wrestling, some hurling of the bar, some taking of the pike, some running at the quintain, every man striving in a friendlie emulation to performe some act or other, worthie the name of Souldier."

Note 14. Page 85.

I walked the bottom of the sea.

This refers to the quotation from Camden, p. 632. that appears in the "Historical Authorities," which precedes this poem, where it said "it did not appear like the sea shore, but rather resembled a grove, by a miraculous metamorphosis, perhaps ever since the time of the deluge."

Note 15. Page 87.

The rocks were slimed with alga weed.

Near St. David's and many other parts of the coast of Cardigan and Pembroke, they gather in the spring a kind Alga, or sea weed of which they make a sort of food, called in Welsh, Llafan, and in En-

glish Laver, and sometimes black butter: having washed it clean they lay it to sweet between two flat stones, then shred it small, and knead it well, like dough for bread, and afterwards wake i up into great balls or rolls, which some eat raw, and others fry with oatmeal and butter. It is accounted excellent against all distempers of the liver, and spleen, and some affirm that they have been relieved by it in the sharpest fits of the stone.

Note 16. Page 89.

A weak blue flame from Ocean came.

In 1694, the prodigious phenomenon of fire, or kindled exhalation, which disturbed the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Harlech, is both singular and extraordinary; sixteen ricks of hay and two barns were burnt by a kindled exhalation, or blue weak flame proceeding from the sea; this lasted about a fortnight or three weeks, poisoning the grass, and firing it for the space of one mile. It is extraordinary, that it had no effect on the men who interposed their endeavours to save the ricks from destruction, even by running into it. The air and grass was so infected, that it occasioned a great mortality of cattle, horses, sheep, and goats. It appeared chiefly in stormy nights, and sometimes in calm evenings; but any great noise, such as sounding of horns, firing of guns, &c. repelled, and often extinguished it, which saved much hay and corn from its baneful effects. Although its appearance is stated to have been for three weeks, at the utmost, its poisonous influence on cattle extended to the alarming period of three years. The various conjectures that have been formed, to account for this kindled exhalation, seem to be very unsatisfactory; Mr. H. Llwyd attributes it to locusts, that arrived here about two months before, which being drowned in the sea, or dying of extreme cold on land, are supposed to have occasioned this infection; a great number of them were found dead on the sea shore. The author of the Cambrian Directory, to whom I am indebted for part of the above information, concludes his remarks by referring his reader for a more accurate account of this singular phenomenon, to the Philosophical Transactions, No. 208, and likewise to the Addenda, in Camden. Something similar to this, both in appearance and in the effect, happened in France, in the year 1734.

Note 17. Page 106.

There have been kings as Arthur brave.

As a being of romance, Arthur's splendour, has dazzled the world; he is often recorded in the triads, which are documents of undoubted credit; but neither by the poets, nor in the triads, is he in anywise exalted above other princes who held similar stations in the country.

Cambrian Biography.

Note 18. Page 109.

Our Shakspeare, Spencer, Bacon.

There is a singular historical coincidence, highly honourable to our country, in the two great Poets of England, Shakspeare and Milton, having flourished under the only two *Welsh dynasties*, the former gracing the age of Elizabeth, and the latter that of Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell's detractors designate him "a Private Gentleman of Wales," but his claims to nobility are indisputable; his family name of Williams, was changed by an intermarriage into the family of Cromwell, earl of Essex: notwithstanding which noble alliance, our servile time-serving writers, who see no merit in any but the owls, hawks, and peacocks of legitimacy—feign to consider that great soldier and legislator, as an obscure and lowly adventurer.

Note 19. Page 111.

Had bank more sweet than Cambrian grave.

There is an endearing custom, apparently of great antiquity, among the Welsh, of planting the graves of departed friends with wild and garden flowers, which they attend, weed, and decorate with an affectionate constancy, expressive of their national character, in which an amiable enthusiasm blends with, and gives a tone of sublimity even to the sorrows of a peasant. The higher classes in Wales, whom interest, and increasing anti-patriotism, has attached to English manners and habits, have discontinued this custom, but to the ardent and unsophisticated sons of the Cymry, it will ever be held in warm veneration. Notwithstanding the imputed superiority of the English in matters of taste, it is hoped the very *popular epitaph*, "Affliction sore, long time I bore," with a thousand of the same description, so prevalent on their tombs, will long remain unknown to our churchyards.

Note 20. Page 122.

Britain's little Rome's in sight.

The following extract from Fenton's Pembrokeshire throws a strong light on the ancient grandeur of St. David's. "When we consider that for some centuries it had to boast of archiepiscopal authority, that its possessions extended over the greatest part of Pembrokeshire, and that Dewisland or Pebidiawg was entirely theirs, that the shrine of St. David's was frequented by crowned heads, it having been ordained by the see of Rome that *a pilgrimage twice to St. David's was equal to one to Rome*, a commutation of extensive influence, and that messengers were continually employed to go about with relics and indulgences, not only over all the churches of the diocese, but those

of other dioceses, and particularly to North Wales, to collect contributions towards the fabric of the Cathedral; and when in every will, even so low down as the time of Charles the first, there always occurs a bequest to the church of St. David's, such was the sanctity attached to it; we are justified in supposing the revenues to be enormous."

Note 21. Page 123.

From what thou art to what thou wast.

"A history of the see; (of St. David's) a history not inferior in interest to that of any in the kingdom, whether we pursue it through every eventful period of its various revolutions, from the cell of the anchorite to the plenitude of archiepiscopal power; whether we consider it as the nursery of piety and learning, as having given birth and education to a David and an Asser; or whether with a melancholy reflection on the perishable nature of every thing human, we contrast its meridian splendour with the present sunset of its glory. For St. David's, now a Suffragan itself, once numbered seven* Suffragans within its metropolitan pale (viz.) Worcester, Hereford, Llandaff, Bangor, St. Asaph, Llanbadarn, and Margam, all which, as such, gave meeting to Austin and his associates for composing some differences between the old and new christians. And that mitre which now dimly beams on the lowest step of the episcopal ladder, once held so high a place, and shone with such a lustre, as to attract and dazzle the proudest ecclesiastics. It has had the greatest number of Bishops, of any see in the kingdom, twenty-six of whom had not only the title, but the full power of Archbishops, till Samson, in the time of a pestilence, carried the archiepiscopal pall and its dignity to Dole, in Britanny. Yet his successors, to the forty-seventh, Bernard, though they lost the name, yet retained the power of Archbishops; but Bernard after a spirited struggle for metropolitan jurisdiction, was obliged to submit himself to Canterbury. St. David's, in the list of its bishops has to boast of one saint, three lord high treasurers, one lord privy seal, one chancellor of Oxford, one chancellor of England, and in the person of Ferrar, one greater than all—a martyr. St. David's, though now the meagre exuviæ of the city it once was, conveys to us the outline of its former consequence."

Fenton's Pembrokeshire.

* But Giraldus asserts, that it once had twelve Suffragans, "Sicut ex antiquissimis historiis, vel ex veterum relatione fideli et assertione colligitur."

Giraldus de jure et Statu Ecc. Menev.

Note 22. Page 125.

By the lettered sage of Manorbeer.

Giraldus Cambrensis was born at Manorbeer, Pembrokeshire, in the year 1146, and educated under the superintendance of his uncle, the bishop of St. David's. Archdeacon Davies remarks of him, "His writings, (divested of the legendary gloss of a superstitious age, and in some instances, of the irritated language of a disappointed man) would not have disgraced the brightest periods of Roman literature. The fidelity and fortitude of this man's exertions to restore its faded rights to his native church, are well deserving of record, although the jealousy and intrigues of a fearful and suspicious court debarred him of that promotion to which he had been deservedly appointed." On the death of his uncle the bishop, he was elected to that see, but King Henry refusing to ratify the election, another was raised to the dignity. So anxiously desirous was he of becoming bishop of St. David's, that he refused several other sees; and on the death of the prelate who had succeeded his uncle, he was again elected, but again set aside, in consequence of which he went three times to Rome to plead his cause, but in vain. His election was annulled, and he returned to England in great disgust; soon after he threw up his preferments, and in his retirement composed his various voluminous works. His greatest failing is said to have been a display of intolerable vanity.

Note 23. Page 125.

Vallis Rosina, that name to thee.

"In the district of Menevia, or as some wrote it Menapia, (the western extremity of Pembrokeshire) stood Vallis Rosina, which continued to be so called till Dewi or David, the apostle of Wales translated the Archbishopric of Caerlleon there, from which period it took the name of Tŷ Dewi, or David's House, in Welsh, and St. David's, in English. The name of Vallis Rosina continued to be applied to a portion of the ground originally so designated, in the vicinity of St. David's, where, soon after the year 519 that celebrated church militant built a monastery for monks, and instituted rules for their guidance, of the most rigid austerity perhaps ever known. Prior to the time of St. David, Patrick, a native of Wales, afterwards the celebrated patron saint of Ireland, as Fenton in his history of Pembrokeshire expresses it, "became enamoured of the retired situation of the vale called Vallis Rosina, remote from all worldly intercourse, on the Irish sea in which the present Cathedral stands; and there abiding, vowed to devote himself to the service of God, but by a heavenly vision was warned not to fix his heart on this obscure retreat, as the spot was intended for one who should not be in existence

in less than thirty years;* and that he, St. Patrick, was reserved for a more glorious and active employment in a country yet a stranger to the word of life, which he was destined to convert to christianity." Such is the legendary account of St. Patrick's angelic appointment to convert Ireland, which it seems, was also miraculously pointed out by the Hevenly instructor. After wading through much traditionary matter respecting the birth of St. David, Fenton observes, "By the best accounts, the celebrated patron Saint of Wales was born A. D. 460, 'the same year,' to use the impressive words of an ancient author, 'in which Britain was dismembered by the Saxons, God recompensing that loss by the birth of St. David, one of the greatest lights the church ever enjoyed, both in regard to the sanctity of his life, vigour of his authority, and zeal in repressing heresy, and exalting exclesiastical discipline.' Having received a preparatory education, he no sooner was promoted to the priesthood than he became a disciple of Paulinus, in the Isle of Wight, and after living some years profiting by his instruction, returned to his native country, where, at a place not far off from old Menapia, called Vallis Rosina, endeared to him as well on account of its secluded situation as from the partiality shewn to it by St. Patrick, who there laid the groundwork of a religious establishment, he founded a monastery." Capgrave remarks, "St. David having built a monastery near Menevia, in a place called the *Rosy Valley*, gave this strict rule, &c." In the early part of his institution he met with great annoyance from a heathen Regulus of that district named Boia, whose castle overlooked the vale. But the amiable inoffensiveness of the saint's life at last had so won on the pagan tyrant, (though legend has recourse to miracles to produce that change in time) that he was "almost persuaded to become a christian," and was clearly so far a convert as to be induced, not only to abate of his persecution, but to settle the vale and other lands forever on the monastery, a guarantee for his future favour and protection. And such was the high repute his sanctity had acquired, far and wide, that men of the first distinction, even princes, ambitious of ranking themselves among his followers, abandoned the world and its empty pleasures to enjoy the calm tranquility of this holy retirement. The Pelagian heresy, that had been by Germanus, bishop of Auxerre, and Lupus, bishop of Troyes, apparently extinguished, at this time began to break out anew, giving occasion to collect a synod of all Wales at a central place appointed for that purpose in Cardiganshire, called

* In the ancient church of Sarum, in the following collect, repeated anniversarily on St. David's day, this prophesy was pointed at: "Oh God, who by an angel didst foretel thy blessed confessor St. David, thirty years before he was born, grant unto us, we beseech thee, that celebrating his memory, we may, by his intercession, attain to joys everlasting."

Brevi. Paulinus, under whom David had studied, and who best knew the depth of his theological knowledge, and the persuasive powers of his tongue, recommended an invitation of him to the synod, which, at the entreaties of Daniel and Dubricius, who had been commissioned to wait on him for that purpose, he cheerfully accepted. Being enjoined to preach, such was the force of his eloquence that the heresy was confuted and repressed, and by the general acclamation of the clergy and the people, on the resignation of Dubricius, he was exalted to the metropolitan see of Caerlleon; accepting it on no other condition than that the see should be removed to St. David's. A translation approved of by his uncle King Arthur, and the whole synod, then not dissolved."

Fenton's Pembrokeshire.

Note 24. Page 127.

Thy promontories, thy sunken rocks.

The promontory called St. David's Head, is a scene wild and secluded as it is possible to conceive, open to an ocean more turbulent from the confluence of islands and sunken rocks, occasioning some of the fiercest currents in the known world. Carn Lludw, so called probably from the frequent sacrificial fires, or fires of alarm, kindled on its summit, presents its sublime front at the entrance of this desolate region.

Note 25. Page 128.

The Peregrine, once pride of kings.

There is a very good breed in this county (Pembroke) of that kind of falcon they call Peregrine, which name bespeaks them to be no indigenæ, but foreigners, at first lighting here by some casualty. King Henry the Second passing hence into Ireland, cast off a Norway goshawk at one of these, but the goshawk, taken at the source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's feet, which performance in this ramage, made him yearly afterwards send hither for eyesses. These hawk's aeries, (not so called from their building in the air, but from the French word *aire*, an egg,) are many in the rocks of this shire.

Fuller's Worthies.

Note 26. Page 128.

And cover Ramsey's isle of rocks.

Near St. David's Head stands Ramsey Island, which on the east shoots out in a high promontory, but on the west is level and fruitful,

and is said to have been inhabited by so many saints, that no less than twenty thousand are said in ancient histories to lie interred there.

Anonymous.

Ramsey Island is all high ground, but at the two extremities of it rise two mountains of great height, giving it a very grand and romantic appearance; whereas Caldy, and other islands off Milford, are level and tame, or with very little variety of surface. From the cove where we moored our boat, we ascended by a flight of irregular rocky steps, and afterwards with cautious footing over a length of glassy slope to the plain, then walked across the narrowest part of the island between the two mountains, to a place called the Organ, on account of the different, and, if I may be allowed the expression, musically discordant notes of the birds frequenting these cliffs, some portions of which are tremendously high, and in many places with beetling brows overhanging their base. Saw here two falcons of that breed this island has been so celebrated for, who being disturbed, had deserted their nest, yet often dropped on the wing to flutter round it, testifying their fierceness and parental anxiety by most horrible screams.

We stayed not long here, but walked through deep heath to the north side of the largest mountain, to a still more curious place than that we left, called the Choir, an amphitheatre of rocks, precipitous and of stupendous height; from whose ledges, thickly tenanted by birds of various kinds, forming a most singular concert; at the firing of a gun hundreds flew off, succeeded by fresh hundreds in uninterrupted succession, whilst the sea beneath was covered with other hundreds darkening its surface.—On these rocks (Ramsey Isle, the Bishop and his Clerks, &c.) an infinite number of sea birds breed, whose eggs are so thickly deposited all over the surface of them, that if one egg on the summit be stirred in its irregular rotation, it is known to carry hundreds with it. Though the birds are perpetually hovering round the rock, yet no regular incubation is performed, and the eggs are chiefly hatched by the sun, here felt, at the season of their breeding, in an almost tropical degree. The eggs are very large in proportion to the birds they belong to, all beautifully marked, and endlessly varying. They are often eaten, and by some esteemed a luxury; but they are now principally taken to be sent to Bristol for the purpose of fining wines.

Fenton's Pembrokeshire.

Thither yearly resort, about the beginning of April, such flocks of birds of several sorts, as appear incredible to those who have not seen them; they come to these rocks (Ramsey Isle, the Bishop and his Clerks, &c.) in the night time, and leave them also in the night time; for in the evening the rocks shall be covered with them, and the next morning not a bird is to be seen. In the same manner, not a single

bird shall appear in the evening, and the next morning the rocks shall be covered with them. The also make a visit about Christmas, staying a week or longer, and then take their leave till breeding time. The Eligug is the same bird which they call in Cornwall a Kiddaw, and in Yorkshire a Skout. The Razor-bill is the Merre of Cornwall. The Puffin is the Arctic duck of Clusius, and the Harry-bird the Shire-water of Sir Thomas Brown.

Anonymous.

Ramsey is an island of considerable extent, with a great deal of good arable and pasture land, and abundantly supplied with fresh water. Its broadest part is about a mile over, and its mean length three miles. It is reported to contain nine ploughlands. The rabbits which were formerly so numerous as to pay the rent of the place, are now almost extinct, the rats having overpowered them; and there are but few puffins to what I recollect. The Bishop and his Clerks are appurtenant to Ramsey. Sheep are fed on three of them: to that named Carreg Rhosson, a former tenant of Ramsey used every summer to make a very profitable voyage, for the purpose of taking several dozen puffins, from whose breasts and backs, being the only parts they stripped of the feathers, they filled an immense sack with a soft plumage not inferior to eiderdown.

Fenton's Pembrokeshire.

After describing Ramsey Island and the coast of St. David's generally, Fenton says, "An account of the most principal of the other insulated rocks, called the Bishop and his Clerks, I shall beg leave to give in the very quaint language of the celebrated antiquary George Owen; thought quaint, yet very forcibly expressed, and justly characteristic, not without a most satirical application. 'A seaborde of this Island, Ramsey, rangeth in order the Bishop and his Clerkes, being seaven in number, alwaies seen at low water, who are not without some smalle quiristers, who shewe not themselves but at spring tydes and calme seas. The cheefest is called of the inhabitants the Bishop's Rock, or the Great Bishop, another, Carreg y Rosson, the third Divighe, the fourth Emskyr, and of the rest I have not yet learned their names, if they have any. These rockes are accounted sore daungers to those that seek Milford coming from the South West Seas, and are to the headland of St. David's what the sterlinges, commonly cleped Silly, to the land's ende of England; and if the better skill guide not the passengers the proverb may be fulfilled, The Bishop and these his Clerkes preache deadly doctrine to their winter audience, such poor sea-faring men as are forcyd thether by tempest, onelie in one thing they are to be commended, *they keepe residence better than the rest of the canons of that see are wont to do.*'"

"The deadly doctrine," here alluded to, was sadly verified on the 22nd of October 1707, when the celebrated admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel was returning from the siege of Toulon. His ship, the Association, struck on the "Bishop and his Clerks," and was instantly wrecked; the admiral and all his crew, amounting to nine hundred men perished in the ocean. This gallant sea officer's body being thrown ashore on one of the Scilly islands, was stripped by some fishermen, and buried in the sand, but it was afterwards taken up and interred with great pomp and solemnity in Westminster Abbey.

Note 27. Page 133.

The Saxon, Norman, and the Dane.

In Brown Willis, and in the Annales Menevenses, it is stated that the church was pilfered five or six times, and that Morgenu the bishop was slain in the year 1000, and Abraham, another bishop, about seventy years afterwards; both these murders were committed by the Danes. In the year 812, when Lendivord was archbishop of St. David's, the church was burnt by the West Saxons. Vide Annales Menevenses, in Wharton's Anglia Sacra, which are said to be written by a canon of St. David's.

Note 28. Page 133.

"*Oh infamy's worst tainted shame,*
For aye on Barlow's scoundrel name."

The intriguing, lucre-hunting spirit, the base and sycophantic tone, as well as the utter disregard of truth, discoverable in this worthless prelate's letter to Cromwell, to induce him to use his influence with King Henry VIII. for the translation of the see to Carmarthen, for his own convenience, together with the stigma he has endeavoured to attach to the Welsh name, may justify the most boundless indignation and hatred of his name. The last blaze of the splendour of St. David's was by him fairly extinguished; he stripped the palace of St. David's, and the castle of Llewhaden, of its leaden roof, to help to portion his five daughters, whom, with a singular spirit of monopoly for the good things of the church, he married to five bishops!—Fenton describes him as "committing every sort of spoil and depredation on the episcopal manors, alienating the lands, and at last beggaring the see." "He wrote a letter to Cromwell, full of the most wicked misrepresentations."

Note 29. Page 134.

Miraculous Lechlavar's stone.

The river Alyn, bounding the church yard of St. David's flows under a stone called Llechlavar, which serves as a bridge over the river. It is a beautiful piece of marble, polished by the feet of passengers, ten feet in length, six in breadth, and one in thickness. Llechlavar signifies, in the British language, a talking stone. There was an ancient tradition respecting this stone, that at a time when a corpse was carried over it for interment, it broke forth into speech, and by the effort cracked in the middle, which fissure is still visible; and on account of this barbarous and ancient superstition, the corpses are no longer brought over it. When Henry II. on his return from Ireland landed in the port of St. David's, and was going in procession to the shrine of St. David's, a Welshwoman threw herself at his feet, and made a complaint against the Bishop of St. David's, and it not being attended to, she with violent gestulations exclaimed repeatedly, "Avenge us this day, Llechlafar; avenge us and the nation in this man;" alluding to an idle prophecy commonly attributed to Merlin, "That a king of England, and conqueror of Ireland, should be wounded by a man with a red hand, and die upon Llechlavar, on his return through St. David's."

Giraldus, Book II, *Ch. I.*

NOTES TO THE NOBLE OF NATURE.

Note 1. Page 163.

Oh! plenteous Isle of Anglesea.

This island (the celebrated *Mona* of the *Romans*, and ancient seat of the *Druids*,) is blessed with a very fruitful soil, producing most sorts of grain, (especially wheat) in such abundance, that we commonly term it *Món mam Gymry*, i. e. *Món, the Nursery, or Mother of Wales*, because that principality is frequently supplied from thence in unseasonable years. It is commonly reckoned as one of the counties of North Wales.

Note 2. Page 165.

The Sevi-lan-Gwy.

Sevi-lan-Gwy, signifies "The Sives of the Wye," as this herb is seen to grow wild in no other part of the island than on the banks of this river its denomination is accounted for. The Sive, so little regarded in the present day, (being common to every peasant's garden,) I have been confidently assured was once the national emblem of the Welsh, and not the Leek, as vulgarly adopted: it has the peculiar property of flourishing better in a wild state than when transplanted with the utmost care and attention into gardens, where the growth is comparatively dwarfish. The finest that I ever saw grew on a small isolated rock in the middle of the Wye, near Builth, apparently without any earth to their roots, so firmly fixed in its fissures and crevices that it

was difficult to pull or dig them up. Although partaking of the smell and flavour of the Leek or Onion, the Sevi is less offensive and infinitely handsomer worn as the plume of rural festivity.

Note 3 and 4. Page 167.

Aberedw, Llanvair, and many a town.

Aberedw, a village in Radnorshire, (four or five miles from Builth,) on the site of an ancient town, the inhabitants of which betrayed Llewelyn to the English who were in pursuit of him, after his defeat in battle.

Builth, or Llanvair-in-Builth, a town of Breconshire, on the banks of the Wye, parted only by that river from Radnorshire.

Note 5. Page 169.

Dealt death to thy genius—thy sons of song—

Alluding to the well-known butchery of the Welsh bards by the command of Edward the First.

Note 6. Page 170.

Once crowned with the vast stately forest.

Such was the barbarous policy of Edward the First to break the spirit of a brave people, not only razing their castles and murdering the most intelligent among them, but mutilating and disfiguring the whole face of the country, by cutting down the vast forests that formerly covered all the mountains of Wales.

Note 7. Page 171.

Thy language that softness and ardour combine.

Let those who denounce what they deem uncouth in the Welsh remember, that Homer wrote in a language no less guttural nor more energetic; and were the Illiad translated into Welsh, there is not an European tongue that would do less violence, or more accord with the spirit of the high sounding Greek. Lord Chesterfield has deservedly ridiculed the mincing names of the Grecian heroes in French translations, and were he aware of the similarity between the Greek and ancient British language, he might have nearly equal cause to lament the insufficiency of the English to echo the broad and full tone of the Greek. For a simple instance, Achilles is written in English exactly

as in Welsh, but from a dificiency of guttural the (ch) in the former is pronounced like (k), while in the latter it has the very identical sound of the original, the guttvral being the very acid that gives a gust to the tone, the absence of which renders it to my ears insipid and utterly void of piquancy.

Note 8. Page 172.

The Legend of Aberedw.

Aberedw is a small and obscure village, built on the site of an ancient town, or some assert city, of that name, the only vestige of which is its castle in ruin, on the banks of the river Edw, near where it falls into the Wye, on the Radnorshire side, about four miles from Builth; the natives of which, even at this day, are jocularly called "*the traitors of Aberedw*," in allusion to the ancient inhabitants of the town, who are said to have betrayed their sovereign Llewelyn, the last native prince of the Welsh, in the manner set forth in the Poem, into the hands of the English, by whom he was consequently overtaken in his flight, after his defeat in battle, and savagely mutilated and murdered by a troop of horsemen, just as he had crossed the river Irvon. Alone, wounded, forsaken, but still a royal fugitive, he chose ruin and death rather than hold a disgraced and tributary crown, in vassalage to his faithless and sanguinary enemy Edward the First.

Note 9. Page 181.

Is the crest of her proud-crowing cocks of blue.

The blue cocks, almost peculiar to Wales, so highly valued by anglers, are well known; when they are removed from their native spot, their plumage soon undergoes an entire change of colour.

Note 10. Page 182.

Of amber-bright hue its streams.

There is a lake in Brecknockshire called *Llyn Savadhan* in Welsh, in English *Brecknockmere*, which is the same that Giraldus calls *Clamosum*, from the terrible noise it makes, like a clap of thunder, at the cracking of the ice. It is two miles long, and near the same in breadth; well stored with otters, tench, perches and eels, which the fishermen take in their coracles. Llewenny, a little river, having entered this lake, still retains its own yellowish colour; and, as it were, disdaining a mixture, is thought to carry out no more water than what it brought in. There is an old tradition amongst the inhabitants, that there was formerly a city where the lake is, which was swallowed up by an

earthquake ; the probability of which is certainly strengthened by the highways leading to it from all quarters. The general conclusion among antiquarians is, that no city could have been on the Llewenny but Loventian, which Ptolemy places in this tract, but although diligently searched for, there appear no where any remains of the name, ruins, or situation of it.

Note 11. Page 182.

The powerful hell-gallop vein.

This characteristic name is given by miners to the potter's ore, the firm strata of which is found entire, breaking through every other vein in its course through the bowels of the earth.

Note 12. Page 187.

Thou ruddy-berried Ash of Britain.

A liquor is brewed from the berries of the mountain Ash, in Wales, called *Diod Griavol*, by only crushing and putting in water : after standing a night it is fit for use.—The taste is like that of Perry.

Note 13. Page 195.

Lew Chew.

The subject of this little Poem is gathered from that portion of " M'Leod's voyage of the Alceste," which relates to the Island of Lew Chew, than which a more pleasing narrative never issued from the pen of the traveller, as the few passages here transcribed will testify. " The Island of Lew Chew is about sixty miles long and twenty broad, it is the principal of a group of thirty-six Islands (generally termed Lucayos in the charts) of which this is the principal and the seat of government. They all belong to the same monarch. The Island of Lew Chew is situated in the happiest climate of the globe.—Refreshed by the sea-breezes, which, from its geographical position, blow over it at every period of the year. It is free from the extremes of heat and cold, which oppress many other countries ; whilst from the general configuration of the land, being more adapted to the production of rivers and streams, than of bogs and marshes, one great source of disease in the warmer climates, has no existence. The verdant lawns and romantic scenery of Tinian and Juan Fernandez so well described in Anson's Voyage, are here displayed in higher perfection, and on a much more magnificent scale ; for cultivation is added to the most enchanting beauties of nature. From a commanding height above the ships, the view is in all directions pic-

turesque and delightful. On one hand are seen the distant islands, rising from a wide expanse of ocean, whilst the clearness of the weather enables the eye to trace all the coral reefs which protect the anchorage immediately below. To the South is the city of Nafoo, the vessels at anchor in the harbour, with their streamers flying; and in the intermediate space appear numerous hamlets, scattered about on the banks of the rivers, which meander in the valley beneath; the eye being in every direction, charmed by the varied hues of the luxuriant foliage around their habitations. Turning to the East, the houses of Kintching, the capital city, built in their peculiar style, are observed here and there, opening from among the lofty trees which surround and shade them, rising one above another, in gentle ascent, to the summit of a hill, which is crowned by the king's palace; the intervening grounds between Napafoo and Kintching, a distance of some miles, being ornamented by a continuation of villas and country houses. To the North, as far as the eye can reach, the higher land is covered with extensive forests. At a shortest distance from this eminence, the traveller is led by a footpath to what seems only a little wood; on entering which, under an archway formed by the intermingling branches of the opposite trees, he passes along a serpentine labyrinth, every here and there intersected by others. Not far from each other, on either side of these walks, small wicker doors are observed, on opening any of which, he is surprised by the appearance of a court yard and house, with the children, and all the usual cottage train, generally gamboling about; so that whilst a man fancies himself in some lonely and sequestered retreat, he is, in fact, in the middle of a populous, but invisible village. If M'Leod's descriptions of the country are singularly fascinating, those of the inhabitants are even more so: a more benevolent or amiable people it seems, was never found among the human race. The most spirited liberality, a delicacy of feeling, and a most refined urbanity, distinguished the whole of their intercourse with our countrymen.

Note 14. Page 196.

Where the foliage of Asia with Europe's combine.

Mr. M'Leod remarks, "Nature has been bountiful in all her gifts to Lew Chew; for such is the felicity of its soil and climate, that productions of the vegetable kingdom, very distinct in their nature, and generally found in regions far distant from each other, grow here, side by side. It is not merely, as might be expected, the country of the orange and the lime, but the banyan of India and the Norwegian fir, the tea-plant and sugar-cane, all flourish together. In addition to many good qualities, not often found combined, this Island can also boast its rivers and secure harbours; and last, though not least, a worthy, a friendly, and a happy race of people.

Note 15. Page 197.

Where the flower-tree's blossom grows scarlet or pale.

On the Island of Lew Chew, says Mr. M'Leod, is found a remarkable production, about size of a cherry tree, bearing flowers, which, alternately, on the same day, assume the tint of the rose or lily, as they are exposed to the sunshine or the shade. The bark of this tree is of a dark green, and the flowers bear resemblance to our common roses. Some of our party, whose powers of vision were strong, (assisted by vigorous imaginations) fancied that, by attentive watching, the change of hue from white to red, under the influence of the solar ray, was actually perceptible to the eye: that, hoewever they altered their colour in the course of a few hours, was very obvious.

Note 16. Page 197.

Here man and his consort are mild and humane.

The humanity of the islanders is exemplary. It does not appear that they possess fire arms; and when they saw the effect of our fowling pieces, they begged that our officers would not kill their birds, *which they were always glad to see flying about their houses*; to this they added, that if we wanted the birds to eat, they would send each day an additional number of fowls in their stead.

NOTES TO THE MISCELLANEOUS.

Note 1. Page 210.

Huge floating bulwarks on the sea.

The last advice of St. Germain to the Britons, previous to his leaving the island, after having quieted the religious discord, and repelled the foreign enemy, was to make them sensible of the necessity of establishing a naval force; well knowing that no security could be depended on, without such a measure.

An account of the origin of the Pelagian heresy, which caused so much trouble in Britain, and forms so conspicuous a feature in the history of the church, may not be uninteresting. The departure of the Romans from this island, again brought persecution on the christian church. The devastation occasioned by the incursions of the Scots and Picts, and the contempt of christianity by the pagan Saxons, all contributed to this effect. During this period of confusion, a new heresy had taken root, and made considerable advances in the British church. One Morgan, a native of Wales, who had been educated in the monastery of Bangor, about the middle of the fourth century, assumed the name of Pelagius, a translation of his own into the Greek language. The particular tenets which he held were derived from the druidical or bardic theology, and blended with those of the scriptures. The following account of them is given by Sigebertus: "In Britanny, Pelagius endeavoured to defile the church of Christ with his execrable doctrines; teaching that man may be saved by his merits, without grace; that every one is directed by his own natural free will to the attaining of justice; that infants are born without original sin, being as innocent as Adam was before his transgression; that they are baptized, not to the end that they should be free from sin, but that they may, by adoption, be admitted into the kingdom of God: and though they were not baptized, yet they should enjoy an eternal and happy life, though excluded the kingdom."—*Cressy, p.* 164. A conference was

held between the Pelagians and the established clergy, headed by St. Germain and Bishop Lupus, at Verulamium, when these learned prelates are said to have so effectually maintained their cause, that many of the new sectaries were brought back to the church. But it seems the heresy was only stifled for a short time, to blaze again with greater vigour; as in the year 447 St. Germain was again sent for, and on his arrival, finding he could not conquer the evil by mildness, he put in force the edict of Valentinian, which had ordained the penalty of banishment to heretics who could not be reclaimed. But the church militant by whose industry and zeal the Pelagian heresy was ultimately eradicated, was Dewi, or St. David, who flourished in the fifth century, who was thence, and for his military services against the Saxons, considered the patron saint of Wales.

Note 2. Page 221.

A British maiden thus departs all custom.

Hilda was the niece of Edwine, king of Northumberland, educated by Pauline and Aedan. She publicly opposed Wilfride, Gilbert, and other superstitious Saxon monks, as to such trifles of bigotry in religion; alledging out of Polycrates, the fact of Irenæus, who withstood Victor, bishop of Rome, upon the same account; and the custom of the churches of Asia observed by St. John the evangelist, Philip the apostle, Polycarpus and Melito; and likewise observed in Britain by Joseph of Arimathea, who first preached the Gospel here.

Note 3. Page 222.

With us of Britain, from the Roman mode.

The Britons did differ with the church of Rome in the celebration of this feast; and the difference was this. The church of Rome, according to the order of the council of Nice, always observing Easter-day the next Sunday after the 14th day of the moon; so that it never happened upon the 14th day itself, nor passed the 21st. The Britons, on the other hand, celebrated their Easter upon the 14th, and so forward to the 20th, which occasioned this difference, that the Sunday observed as Easter-day with the Britons, was but Palm Sunday with the Saxons. A learned and pious man of those days named Elbodius, endeavoured in Wales to rectify this error, and to reduce it to the Roman calculation, which the Saxons always observed.

Note 4. Page 256.

Her love for Owen Tudor.

Yorke has the following anecdote respecting this union. "Queen Catherine being a French woman born the relict of Henry V. knew

no difference between the English and the Welsh nations, until her second marriage being published, Owen Tewdwr's kindred and countrymen were objected to, to disgrace him as most vile and barbarous, which made her desire to see some of his kinsmen. Whereupon Owen brought to her presence John ap Meredith and Howel ap Llewelyn his near cousins, and men of goodly stature and personage, but wholly destitute of bringing up and nurture; for when the queen had spoken to them in different languages, and they were not able to answer her, she said they were the goodliest dumb creatures that ever she saw."

Note 5. Page 256.

Britain's gems and brightest grace.

The issue, from this odd adventure, and consequent marriage, was a son, named Edmund de Hadham, who was created Earl of Richmond, by his half brother Henry VI. with this peculiar privilege, that he should take place in parliament next to the dukes. Edmund married Margaret, only daughter of John, the first duke of Somerset, and had issue Henry VII. Edmund had a brother, Jasper of Hatfield, created earl of Pembroke, who had precedence of all earls; he was afterwards, on the failure of Lancastrians, divested of the title, which was bestowed on his Yorkist opponent, who took, at the request of Edward IV. the surname of Herbert.

Owen Tudor was taken prisoner, fighting against Edward IV. at the battle of Mortimer's cross, and beheaded. He was buried at St. David's, in the cathedral church of St. David's, "beyond the skreen separating the choir from the altar, and exactly opposite the entrance to it, is an altar tomb of Owen Tudor's son, Edmund, earl of Richmond. He was first buried in the Grey Friars, Carmarthen, and at the dissolution of that house his remains were removed, and the monument brought hither, the brasses fell a prey to the civil wars. The epitaph was copied and preserved by Sir Thomas Cotton."

Fenton's Pembrokeshire.

From a Commission sent into Wales by Henry VII. to investigate his descent, Owen Tudor's genealogy will evince he was neither *vilely* nor *barbarously* descended, but from the princes of the country to a very remote era; as the commission was entrusted to persons deeply versed in heraldic lore, and executed with that fidelity and accuracy which the subject demanded; it had the effect of silencing the tongue of calumny, which, sharpened by the long prejudice of the English against the Welsh, had been very active in aspersing the king's descent; although, independent of his ancient nobility, his marriage with Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. heiress of the house of York, and being himself, maternally, heir of the house of Lancaster,

gave him a legitimate claim to the throne of England. "The Tudors, a considerable time before the extinction of their race, assumed the name of Owen."

Pennant.

Note 6. Page 263.

Mercy never dwelt with thee.

Of Herbert, earl of Pembroke's devastations in North Wales, Sir John Wynne, of Gwydir, has this paragraph: "Earl Herbert's desolation consumed the whole borough of Llanrwst, and all the vale of Conway, to cold coals, (cinders) whereof the print is yet extant; the very ruins of many habitations carrying yet the colour of fire."

History of the Gwydir family.

Note 7. Page 266.

Sir Richard dread, our mighty foe.

He (Sir Richard Herbert) was a man of uncommon stature and courage; in the battle of Danesmoor, he displayed such striking instances of prowess and force, as can scarcely be equalled in the annals of chivalry. With his pole-axe he passed and returned twice through the enemy's army, and killed with his own hand 140 men; but when his party were on the point of obtaining the victory, the Welsh troops under his command, mistaking a small detachment of the army for the advanced guard of the Lancastrians, under the earl of Warwick, were struck with a panic, and fled on all sides. Much intercession was made to save his life, but ineffectually. He suffered death with a spirit and resolution worthy of his character and fame. Thus fell Sir Herbert! the intrepid soldier and flower of chivalry. Sir Richard's ashes repose beneath an alabaster monument in Abergavenny church.

Picture of Monmouthshire.

Note 8. Page 267.

The cruel bloody Herberts yield.

Camden says "the earl of Pembroke, and his cousin, Sir Richard Herbert, of Coldbrook, were taken prisoners, and barbarously beheaded;" but Mr. Yorke terms this affair "a retaliation of similar cruelties," and instances the execution of Thomas ap Robin, before mentioned.

THE END.

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